Reform'd Devotions,

IN

MEDITATIONS, HYMNS

AND

PETITIONS,

FOR

Every DAY in the WEEK,

AND

Every HOLIDAY in the YEAR.

Divided into Two PARTS.

The Fifth Edit. Revis'd & Corrected.

To which are Added

The Contents. And (to render the Devotions Compleat and Useful upon all Occasions) A Holy Office, Before, At, and After Receiving the Holy Sacrament.

By, Dr. *Edw. LAKE.*

LONDON,

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THE

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

THE LADY

ANN BOSCAWEN.

MADAM,

WHen the beſt things of the World are preſented to the *Great*, this is a piece of Juſtice done, both to thoſe Honourable Perſons, and to the things that are preſented; for thus much is undoubtedly due to the deſerts of both. And when ſuch exalted perſons are pleaſed to receive thoſe things, and approve by uſing them, this becomes an advantage to both: They have the ſervice of what is moſt uſeful in its kind; and their uſing it recommends it to others: For the inferiour ranks of Mankind commonly derive their Eſtimates of things from the Opinions and Practices of thoſe that are above them. It is becauſe I ac-

count this Book very excellent in its kind, and worthy to be recommended as ſuch to the World, which makes me preſume, *Madam*, to Dedicate it to ſo high a Perſon, as your Honour. I hope, if you pleaſe to acquaint your ſelf with it, that I ſhall have the Honour to be approv'd in my Judgment of it, and it may have the great advantage to be recommended by you. I know that your accompliſh'd Mind is diſpoſed to approve of what is Ingenuous and Devout. Here preſents it ſelf to your Honour, Divine Truth in a decent and faſhionable Attire; it were not fit for any one to make you a Viſit in a careleſs Undreſs. The Beauty here is not conceal'd and diſguis'd by too much external Ornament, nor expos'd to Contempt by too little. This Book, you may be pleas'd to obſerve, is fitted to poſſeſs Men's Minds with that pure and peaceable Wiſdom which is from above; to Excite Devotion in the coldeſt and moſt careleſs Hearts; and to poſſeſs with a love of Devotion our too nice and witty Age, ſince here it appears ſo rational and ingenuous even in its higheſt flights.

Madam,

I must readily acknowledge the Hand that makes you this Present is too mean and unworthy; but since you have not thought me too mean, to receive Obligations from you, I must not believe my self thereby excus'd from bringing all such Testimonies of Respect and Gratitude as I am able. Yet I must humbly crave your Pardon for this Presumption, as what it were still greater presumption to expect without seeking it: And doing thus, it were a very guilty despair on the other hand, if I should not hope to obtain it from a goodness such as yours. Your Honour cannot want any Noble Quality in an answerable degree, who derive your high Birth from two Illustrious Families; and are furnisht in them with so many excellent Presidents. While I present this Book to you, I present also my Prayers to Almighty God; to the giver of every good and perfect Gift, that by his Blessing it may become to your Honour, a very profitable Entertainment: That it may nourish in you those good Advances of Piety and Vertue, which adorn your Youth: That it may help to maintain still that prudent constancy, which has shewn it self able to conquer the violent cur-

rent of preſent Wickedneſs, while ſuch a number of unthinking Sinners are carried along with the fatal ſtream. I pray that the God who has bleſt you with Beauty, and Wealth, and Honour, the three greateſt Gifts of this World, may ſtill continue favourable to you in the Diſpenſations of his Providence; and after a long and happy Life, may remove you to Heaven. Thus my Prayers ſhew, what I am ready in any other poſſible way to expreſs, that I am,

MADAM,

Your Honours

Moſt Humble,

Moſt Obedient, and

devouted Servant.

Theophilus Dorrington.

THE

THE PREFACE.

SOme Account of the following Book I am bound to give, in point of Juſtice both to it and my ſelf; and ſomething may be ſaid tending to promote the Uſefulneſs of it. Which things will be the matter of this Preface; and in ſuch matter it will not be impertinent to detain the Reader for a little while.

It was a Book of Devotions diſpos'd into the Form and Method of the Roman *Breviary; and though the matter of it was not the ſame with that, yet therein were the Truths of Chriſtian Religion frequently mixed, as in the Belief of that Church, with thoſe erroneous Doctrins which in latter Ages have been added to Chriſtianity. What I thought to be ſuch by the direction of Holy Scripture, and the Articles of our Church which are drawn from thence, according to the uſual Interpre-*

tation made of it by the most pure and Primitive Ages of Christianity, that I have taken away and connected the Sense with what those Rules suggested to be truth. Therefore has this Book the Title of Reform'd Devotions. *And I dare say, if holy Scriptures may be the Rule to judge by in these matters, (as it must be in all such matters) the Book is now more truly corrected and amended, than it was in any of the former Editions, though it pretends to have been four times Printed, and twice with that Advantage. In the fourth and last Edition, which is dated,* Roan 1685. *it is said to be Corrected and Augmented; and there is added to it in that a whole Office for the Virgin* Mary; *which being very different from the former Book, and much inferiour to it in all Respects, and more corrupted, I have wholly left it out; and having made use of that part of the former Book which provided for all the Saints Days, I should have wanted a good Reason, for so regarding one particular Saint, if I had used that part of the Book distinct: And there being enough of the other to serve my Method, I did not trouble my self to pick out the best Sentences of that to mix with the rest. This I did out of one Office in the other Book; because in the present Method I had no occasion for it distinct, and because the*

the greateeſt part of that Office related to the Souls ſuppos'd to be in Purgatory.

I am juſtified in the reforming of this Book, and purging out thoſe foremention'd Doctrines, by the Authority of our Nation, which did, for the ſake of them, a few years ago condemn the Book to a publick burning. And becauſe there was a great deal of it very good Senſe, and that compos'd in a very devout ſtrain, and an ingenuous ſtyle, and mixt with ſeverol curious Hymns; I thought it was worthy of a Reformation, and as well too good to be thrown away whole, as too bad to be uſed whole: Which I doubt not, all ingenuous and devout Readers will acknowledge upon peruſing what is here preſented, when I ſhall have ſaid that the moſt of it is but what I found in that Book. Yet I ſubſcribe to the Wiſdom and Juſtice of that Condemnation which it underwent as it was; for the better it was in ſome reſpects, (ſince many offenſive things were contain'd in it, and they often with great Artifice inſinuated in very diſguiſing terms) the more it did deſerve that fate. Some paſſages there were in it capable of two Interpretations, which joyned with falſe Doctrines, muſt be interpreted to an ill meaning; but joyn'd with Truths, muſt be underſtood to mean well. And ſome of theſe do ſtill remain here, be-

cauſe I was loath to throw out any thing needleſly; and eſpecially if there was Wit and Elegancy in the Compoſure; that ſo this Book might be in ſome reſpects better, and in others, at leaſt, no worſe than the former. There were in it Leſſons *to every Office, which I have left out, becauſe they conſiſted but of ſome Sentences of the truly Canonical Scripture, joyn'd without diſtinction with other Sentences; and that Tranſlation which thoſe Scriptures were in, is different from that Authentick among as: Beſides, I did not always think them exactly ſuited to the places they held; and I think the abſence of them may be reckon'd well enough ſupply'd by the pertinent Sentences of holy Scripture, which I have through the whole Book frequently mixed with the matter of it; eſpecially ſince thoſe that will read Leſſons in their private Devotions, have the holy Scriptures in their hands, Tranſlated into the vulgar Tongue. The* Hymns *that were in the former Book are all retain'd, and one is added to fill up the preſent Method: But they are many of them alter'd; ſome to be corrected, ſome to be ſupplied with a few Syllables, or a Stanza here and there to fit them to the Tunes of our ſinging Pſalms, as many of them were before, and now they all are. The* Petitions *here are gather'd partly*

partly out of those parts of the former Book, which in that were called Psalms, in this Meditations; *and partly from other places.*

The Devotions for every Day in the Week, *are not so appropriated to those Days of the Week they are design'd for, but that they may be used on any other Day; as indeed I know no reason for such appropriation: They are thus placed to dispose them in some Method, that they might not lie together like a confus'd disorderly heap. Only those for the Lord's Day, are most proper for that: Those set to* Thursday, *because all the Subject of them is the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, are very fit to be used on any Day when we receive that Holy Sacrament. To this, that some of the Devotions are said to design'd for the* Holy-days, *I say; Those that will be pleas'd but to look beyond the Title, will be as well satisfied with the matter of that, as of any other part of the Book. I did not contrive the Book so distinguish'd, but found it so, and thought that method might render it the more useful to those who shall be willing to use it in a Method. Some among us are willing to observe such Days according to the Appointment of our Church, and they may profitably on them make use of what is here alloted to those Days, for their sake. Others perhaps*

perhaps are not fully ſatisfied in their minds to do this, and they may with good Profit (if they pleaſe) read that part of the Book on any other Days: And why then ſhould the latter ſort be diſpleaſed, if the former are gratified; and I, according to the excellent Rule and Practice of St. Paul, *do become all things to all Men for their good. To my Charity he that regards a Day regards it to the Lord; and he that regards not a Day, to the Lord he doth not regard it. I ſuppoſe the different Practice may proceed in both from pious minds, (but ſuch as are poſſeſs'd in this matter with ſome difference of Opinions) and I will not judge or ſet at nought any of my Brethren: And as I am not willing to put the worſt Interpretation that can be upon the Practices of any, ſo I deſire all would deal thus with me, and where any thing in the Book may be interpreted to a good meaning, that they would do ſo. This Practice, I am ſure, is contain'd under that general and indiſpenſable Rule, of doing to others as we would they ſhould do unto us. I have aſſiſted the one ſort the more willingly, becauſe it will be no prejudice to the other; unleſs they pleaſe to reject what is not in it ſelf the leſs uſeful, meerly for bearing ſuch a Title as this, and for being in ſuch a method as may render*

render it the more useful to some of their Brethren. I desire of the World but this piece of Justice also (which I shall certainly obtain from all that are not ill-natur'd in the case) that every one do commend what they may like in the Book; for then I am sure it will be Universally commended; and then it will be the more generally and the more profitably used, which is the end I aim'd at in seeking to approve it to many.

In Reforming a Book from such principles as are purg'd out of this, it is well known I am not without several Presidents. And what has been done of this kind before having found good acceptance, both formerly and more lately, I was thereby the more encourag'd in this undertaking: I will not disparage what others have done; but I think there may be observed some defects in their Work; which I have avoided. The Book that I have chosen to correct, does equal, at least, if not exceed any other, that has been thus used. Indeed I have not seen that Writing of any Author of the same Communion, which in my Judgment, was comparable to this excellent piece: The matter of the Book I presume is not at all less fit to assist, and excite true and wise Devotion than it was before: For there is no need of errors to promote any exer-

exerciſe of true Religion: And there being ſo much of excellent and uſeful matter ſtill left, what is ſeparated may the better be ſpar'd. And the leaving out thoſe Principles renders the Book more generally uſeful, ſince now it is become ſo to thoſe of our Church, while they will meet with nothing in it, but what they can aſſent to: And it may ſtill, if they pleaſe be uſeful to thoſe of the other Communion, ſince the peculiar Principles, which they have receiv'd are only left out, and the remaining matter is what all ſober Chriſtians may agree in: Indeed I intended not to infect it with Controverſie, and not to gratifie, but rather divert the contentious humour of the Age; I would not engage the World more in Controverſie, which perhaps is already too much engag'd in it; but had rather poſſeſs Mens Minds with an affectionate powerful ſenſe of thoſe important Truths, which Chriſtians do generally aſſent to; and which are of abſolute neceſſity to be known, and lov'd, and obey'd; for which purpoſe this Book is perhaps as well fitted now, as any that can be met with: Unleſs any one will except that incomparable Book the Expoſition *of our* Church Catechiſm, *lately compos'd for the uſe of the Dioceſs of* Bath *and* Wells; *I can readily aſſent to him that ſhall prefer that to*

this.

this. In this following Book I am sure no impartial and judicious Reader, can think that the devout and serious Expressions do want their Foundation in Reason, by being separated from the Principles, that are purg'd out. Many such Expressions may be found in the Writings of the Devout and elegant Fathers, which could not be drawn from such Principles, because they are of a latter invention: Besides, the Holy Scripture and the fundamental Truths drawn from thence, and contain'd in the four first Creeds, are Foundation enough for such things. It were a mistake therefore to imagine, that we must needs be beholden to any peculiar or distinct Principles, not held by the truly ancient and Apostolick Church, for such a production as this. I think it may appear by the following Book, that those Principles are not necessary as a Foundation, nor any ways advantageous to the superstructive.

For the sake of those who shall be willing to use this Book in a certain Order and Method in their Private Devotions, (where a good Method constantly observ'd is of great advantage) I shall suggest a few things for Direction in the use of it. *I suppose the ordinary Course of most Persons in this private Exercise, is only to Read, perhaps, the Holy Scripture, or some good Book, and to*

Pray

Pray: But I think those that do only so, leave out one of the most profitable parts of the Exercise, which at least those Persons that have or might have leisure, should never omit, that is, Meditation: *To revolve, and over and over consider, and reflect upon some divine Truths, that they may make impression on their minds, and raise in them suitable Affections: This tends to make the temper of the mind, and the course of a Man's life conformable to those Truths, which is the end every Man should aim at in his private Devotions: None may account themselves the more religious and good for spending much time in them, unless they have this influence and effect upon their Hearts and lives, unless they practice the more of Religion in their Conversations. Now in the performance of this part of private Devotion, it were doubtless best, if every one could raise suitable and effecting thoughts to be Meditated upon from the Scriptures he has read; which is according to the Advice of a late very prudent Author, who has written,* A Method and Order for private Devotion. *But I fear there are but few that can practise this way with any great advantage to themselves, at least till they have long practised it, and taken a great deal of pains to accustom themselves to it, and*

so

ſo can perform it with eaſe and pleaſure; the difficulty therefore, and little advantage at firſt, do I doubt, keep many from a reſolute trial of it. Inſtead therefore of that way of Meditating, and for ſuch as cannot uſe it, I think theſe Meditations *fit to be uſed. Then, after that a perſon has* Read his Chapters *in the order which he has propoſed to himſelf, he may do well to read over the Meditations here provided for the day: But this he muſt do, ſo as that it may be properly a Meditating on theſe things, not a curſory reading of them: He ſhould proceed very deliberately, often looking back, and reviewing a Sentence that is paſt, to ſee, if it did not affect him before. whether it may not do this upon the review; and to try if he may not find ſomewhat more of importance in it, than he apprehended at the firſt reading. After Meditation is done, then he is to proceed to* Prayer, *wherein he may have aſſiſtance from the* Petitions *here added; they are not a compleat Prayer of themſelves, nor were deſign'd to be ſo, but only to ſuggeſt ſome Requeſts fit to be put into our Prayers, ſuitable to the foregoing Meditations: Therefore there are not in them any ſuch Petitions or Acknowledgments as are proper for the Morning or the Evening, nor any Petitions for the King, the*

Church,

Church, or our Friends, which ſhould never be omited in our Prayers. Now they that uſe a Form which has thoſe other parts, may take in theſe where they think fit, having conſider'd and reſolv'd it before they begin, or elſe they may ſay theſe by themſelves: They that do not uſe a Form in private, may add theſe to their Prayer by their Memory, or by having the Book before them: And if any perſon has been ſeriouſly affected by the Meditations, he will be mightily diſpos'd to make ſuch Requeſts as theſe that follow them. As for the Hymns, *it will be fitteſt, if any perſon will ſing them, either to begin his Exerciſe, or end it with them, according as he finds himſelf inclin'd: To help thoſe that may not readily find out the Tunes which theſe may be ſung to, I think fit here to ſuggeſt this; thoſe that will go to the more common Tunes, are Hymn* 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 11, 13, 14, 15, 18, 20, 21, 28, 31, 39. *Thoſe that will go to the Tune of the Hundredth Pſalm, are Hymn* 7, 12, 16, 17, 23, 24, 25, 27, 33, 36, 38, 40. *Thoſe that will go to the Tune of the Hundred thirteenth Pſalm, are Hymn* 10, 26, 29, 30, 35, 37. *Thoſe that will go to the Tune of the twenty fifth Pſalm, are Hymn* 19, 22, 33, 34. *If the time will allow a Man, and devout affection inclines him*

him to it, he may use at once Both Parts *of the Devotions for the Morning or Evening of the day, but by no means should any Man constrain himself to this, and therefore they were thus divided: For, according to the very prudent* Advice *that an excellent Guide in these matters gave* to a Friend: "*We should observe what we can do with ease* "*and pleasantness of Spirit, and when we* "*find our selves to be free and forward, then* "*we may be the longer and the more en-* "*larg'd in our Devotions; but when we* "*are heavy and streightned, then it is not* "*fit to tire our Spirits, and drag them along* "*with us whether they have no strength to* "*accompany us, nor disposition to comply* "*with our desires. And the whole Book being thus divided, some may find it of use to them, to use sometimes one part and sometimes another, as being most affected with such variety. I shall not need to direct particularly on what days those parts of the Book design'd for the Holy-days should be used, for that will be sufficiently suggested by the publick Liturgy of our Church, to those that are acquainted with it; where also they will be directed to very apposite, and fit portions of Scripture to be read upon such Occasions. And now I dare say, that the followong Book is not only better*

in

in the matter of it than it was before, but it is alſo better fitted in its method to aſſiſt our private Devotion.

With hearty Prayers to Almighty God for its good ſucceſs, I ſend it forth into the World: May it abundantly promote his Honour, may it cauſe many to have ſerious and Affectionate thoughts of Religious matters, may it promote a true and ardent Love to God in the World, which will be proportionably attended with Love to our Neighbour; may none through Envy, or diſlike of a few ſmall particulars, when they muſt needs approve the greateſt part of it, be ſo guilty as to oppoſe and hinder its uſefulneſs; ſo preferring the advancement of their private Opinions before the ſervice of Religion in general, for promoting the Life and Power of which it is deſign'd and fitted. Let all know, I conſtantly endeavour that it may be a ſmall thing to me to be judg'd by Man's Judgment, which is oft miſtaken both in approving and condemning: And there is one, even the great God, who will be the final Judge of us all, to whom I am chiefly concern'd to approve my ſelf: To him be Glory from us all, for ever and ever. Amen.

DEVOTIONS

FOR

Every DAY in the WEEK.

PART I.

For Sunday Morning.

MEDITATION I.

WElcome bleſt Day wherein the Sun of Righteouſneſs aroſe, and chaſed away the clouds of fear. Welcome thou art to my Soul, thou Birth-day of our hopes; a Day of joy and publick refreſhment; a Day of Holineſs and ſolemn Devotion; a Day of reſt and univerſal Jubilee. Welcome to us, and our dark World; for the healing ſaving light thou bringeſt. May thy radiant Name ſhine bright for ever! May all the Earth

Earth be enlightened with thy beams, and every frozen Heart diſſolve and ſing. May all the Generations to come entertain thee with reverence, and employ thee in the praiſe, and worſhip of the Lamb who is the Light of thee. This is the Day which our Lord has made, let us be glad and rejoyce therein. This is the day that he has ſanctified to himſelf; and call'd by his own moſt Holy Name. Hark, O my Soul, doſt thou not hear the King of Heaven invite thee into his preſence? He graciouſly bids thee to ſuſpend the mean Employments of this World; to lay aſide thy corroding earthly Cares: He calls thee to the Honour of Communion with himſelf; to ſpend a Day in his moſt delightful ſervice; he deſires to entertain thee with unſpeakable Joys in his Houſe of Prayer; to feaſt thee with Spiritual Dainties, that afford ſtrength and pleaſure to the Mind. Worthy art thou, O Lord, of all our time; worthy to receive the Praiſes of all thy Creatures. Every moment of our life is bound to bleſs thee; ſince every moment ſubſiſts by thy Goodneſs. Shall others labour ſo much for Vanity, and ſhall we not reſt for the Service of our God? Shall we employ the whole

Week

Week on our ſelves, and not offer in gratitude one Day to Thee? To *thee* who beſtoweſt on us all we have; and wilt give us hereafter more than we can now receive, or hope for. A day ſpent in thy Courts, O Lord, I will prefer to a thouſand that engage me in any other places. I will go to the Houſe of my God, to the Aſſembly of his Saints. Know ye all the Nations of the World, it is the Lord who is the only true God. It is he that hath made us, and not we our ſelves. Let us enter into his Gates with thankſgiving, and into his Courts with praiſe. Come let us adore our Glorified Saviour.

HYMN I.

BEhold we come, Dear Lord, to thee;
And bow before thy Throne:
We come to offer, on our Knee,
Our Vows to thee alone.

Whate're we have, whate're we are,
Thy Bounty freely gave:
Thou doſt us here in mercy ſpare,
And wilt hereafter ſave.

But O, can all our Store afford
No better gifts for thee?

Thus

Thus we confeſs thy riches, Lord;
And thus our Poverty.

'Tis not our Tongue, or Knee can pay
The mighty debt we owe:
Far more we ſhould than we can ſay;
Far lower ſhould we bow.

Come then my Soul, bring all thy pow'rs,
And grieve thou haſt no more:
Bring ev'ry day thy choiceſt hours,
And thy Great God adore.

But above all, prepare thy heart,
On this his own bleſt day;
In it's ſweet task to bear thy part,
And ſing, and love, and pray.

Glory to Thee, Eternal Lord!
Thrice bleſſed three in one:
Thy name at all times be ador'd,
Till time it ſelf be done. *Amen.*

MEDITATION II.

WHen the Harveſt Sun provides a Cloud, and ſeems to reſt his wearied Beams: He ſeeks not to ſave the journey of his light, he only ſpares the Reapers head. Much leſs, O Lord, doſt thou

thou, who mad'ſt the Sun, ſeek by the reſerve of a day, to procure thine own repoſe. Thou haſt not commanded the buſineſs of the World to ceaſe for one day in ſeven, for that thou art tyred with over-ruling it to thine own glory. Thou who created'ſt all things by a word of thy Mouth, and ſuſtaineſt them all in thy hand, without feeling any weight: Who governeſt the whole World without any perplexity of thoughts; and always remaineſt the ſame unchangeable fulneſs: It is not to encreaſe thine own Eternity, that thou takeſt a portion of our time: It is not to receive any advantage to thy ſelf, that thou requireſt this days Worſhip of us. Thy Goodneſs does friendly bear the Name of the Day; but thou kindly intendeſt for us all the profit of it. That the wearied hands may be relieved with reſt, and be enabled to lift themſelves up to thee. That the ignorant Minds may be taught thy Truth, and learn the way to everlaſting Happineſs. That the guilty Conſciences may humbly confeſs their Sins, and receive an aſſured Pardon from Thee, who haſt promiſed to revive the Spirit of the humble, and the Heart of the contrite. That in this our militant State we may ask and

receive of the Grace ſufficient for us. That all may ſpeak to Thee by Prayer, and hear thy Voice, by the Mouth of their Paſtors. That the Love-prepared Souls may approach thy bounteous Table; and may feaſt and confirm their Faith and Hopes with that delicious banquet there prepared. O bleſſed Lord, what excellent and fit means has thy wiſdom invented to fit us for and bring us to thy ſelf! How well are thy ſacred Ordinances ſuited to our neceſſities! To enlighten our dark Minds, to melt our hard Hearts, to quicken and conſecrate our Affections. Thou ſtrengtheneſt our Faith by thy Word and Sacraments; and improveſt our Charity both to Thee and one another by our publick Aſſemblies; while we all meet together for the ſame bleſt end; and by mutual requeſts and praiſes encreaſe our fervours. Happy, thrice happy are we, O merciful God! whom thy Providence favours with theſe Bleſſings. We that may freely reſort to thy holy Sanctuary, and there ſing aloud thy Praiſes for theſe great Mercies.

MEDI-

MEDITATION III.

COme let us lay aside the cares of this World; and take into our Minds the Joys of Heaven. Let us empty our Heads of all other Thoughts, and prepare that upper Room to entertain our God. Retire we from the many distractions of this Life, and recollect, and closely unite the forces of our Soul. That we may apply them to the earnest pursuit of our own necessary work; the securing to our selves the Kingdom of Heaven. Why should we spend all our days about trifles, and our labour for that which will not profit? Earthly riches profit not in the day of wrath; my Soul seek Heavenly Treasures. Seek thou lasting and substantial Joys, while others dote on and pursue those flitting shadows, sensual Pleasures. Seek thou the sacred Knowledge of thy God, and Jesus the Christ whom he sent into the World, whom to know is Life Eternal. Miserable are they, O Lord, who study all things else, and neglect this Sacred Science; though their skil can number the Stars, and trace out the ways of the Planets. Miserable are they who gather great possessions, who heap up Gold

and Silver, but get no interest in thee. Miserable are they who enjoy all that this World can afford to please, but have no enjoyment of thee. To know thee is to be truly wise, and is the highest Learning. To have thee my God and Portion is to be exceeding rich; to contemplate and enjoy thee is a Heaven of Pleasure. I determine to value no other Knowledge but that of Jesus the Christ, and him Crucified. *I account all things but lost and dung that I may win Christ; and may have Communion with the Father and the Son through the Spirit.*

PETITIONS.

With fervent desires, O Lord, and a panting Soul I am going to thy House. O maintain I pray thee such desires after thy self, and fulfil them while I am waiting where thou appointest. Draw nigh to us who are drawing near to thee. Make us fitly to perform our Duty. *Open thou our Lips, and our Mouths shall shew forth thy praise.* Open thou our eyes, O blessed Lord, that we may see the beauty of thy Commands; how wise and Sweet in themselves they are, how Necessary and Beneficial to us: While they improve our felicity here, and fit us for that which

will

will be hereafter. Send forth thy beams of ſpreading light, O thou that art the morning Star! and lead us to thy Holy Hill. Send forth thy Truth, O increated Wiſdom! and bring us to thy Bleſſed Tabernacle. Guide thou our Lives, O Gracious Lord! in the ways of thy Precepts, that by obſerving faithfully thoſe excellent rules, we may all every where be happy. O Glorious Jeſu! in whom we live, and without whom we dye; mortifie in us by thy Spirit all ſenſual deſires, and quicken our Hearts with thy Holy Love; that we may no longer have a high eſteem for the Vanities of this World, but may place our affections entirely on thee. Shew us thy glorious ſelf, O *Jeſu*, in thee we ſhall behold all we can wiſh. Only ſo much we beg to conceive of thy Majeſty as may move our Hearts to ſeek thee: Only ſo much diſcovery we ask as may conform us to thy likeneſs. If we may not know thee clearly now; let us know as leaſt ſo far as to make us long to know farther. If we cannot perfectly love thee in this Life, let us love ſo much as that we may deſire to love more. So let us know and love thee here, O thou the Sovereign bliſs of our Souls! that we may hereafter know thee better, and Love thee more for ever;

to our Eternal Bliss, and thy Eternal Glory thereby.

Glory be to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit;
As it was in the Beginning, is now, and ever shall be world without end. Amen.

For Sunday Evening.

MEDITATION I.

LET them, O Lord, seek other delights, who expect no felicity from thee. Let them fill up their time with other employments, and waste the remainder of this Holy-day, who think thy rewards not worth their Labour. As for me, my Soul's chief content shall be to meditate on the Glories prepar'd for thy Servants above. So will I meditate on them as often as the days of sacred leisure do return, that my Heart shall be firmly set upon those Glories. And all the few years that I live shall spend themselves to purchase that one Eternal Sabbath which thy Saints shall Celebrate in Heaven. A Day that is, whose brightness knows no Night; nor ever fears the least Eclipse. Whose chearful brow

no Cloud o're casts, nor does any Storm ever molest the passage of its raies. But it still shines on serene and clear, and fills with splendor all the spacious Palace. That ever-living day needs not the faiding lustre of our Sun, nor the borrow'd Silver of the Moon. The Sun that is risen there is the Lamb, and the light that shines is the Glory of God. O how Beauteous Truths are said of thee, thou City of the King of Heaven! Thy Walls are rais'd with precious stones, and every Gate is one Rich Pearl. Thy Mansions are built with choicest Jewels; and the pavement of thy Streets is transparent Gold. Along in the midst of thee runs a Chrysta River, perpetually flowing from the Throne of God. There all along those pleasant banks, does most deliciously grow the Tree of Life. A Tree which can heal all wounds with its balmy Leaves; and make immortal all those who eat and taste its pleasant Fruit. Thus is the Holy City built; thus is the New *Jerusalem*, like a Bride, in every part adorn'd. O Blest and Glorious City, how Free, how Rich, how Secure, and Happy are thy glad Inhabitants! Every Head in thee wears a Royal Crown, and every Hand a Palm of Victory, Every Eye overflows with joy,

joy, and every Tongue with Psalms of Praise. Behold, O my Soul, the Inheritance that we seek; and where can we find more Riches to invite us? Behold the felicities to which our exalted Saviour calls us; Consider what Mansions he is gone to prepare; Where can we meet with such pleasures to entertain us? Can thy Senses present to thy Knowledge a place on Earth like this? Surely they cannot: Banish then, my Soul, all worldly vain desires. Let none of them hereafter molest thy Peace. Look not at the transitory things which are seen, but at the Eternal which are not. And so receive some glimpse of this Heaven, to encourage and quicken thy Travel towards it.

MEDITATION II.

BLest be thy Gracious Wisdom, O Lord, that so mercifully condescends to the mean and low capacities of our present mortal State. Under these veils thou hidest these glorious mysteries, which are too high and Spiritual for our Flesh and Blood: to us it cannot yet appear what we shall be. But after this manner hast thou revealed thy sublime rewards, to allure and captivate us with things that of this

World

World are most admired. Scepters and Crowns, thou know'st, are apt to win the Hearts of us thy Children. Children, alas! we are too truly in sacred Knowledge: O that we were such in Love and Duty. My Soul, if these imperfect shadows of the future Bliss do transport and please so many men, should not the real substance sweetly delight thee? What is a drop of Water to the boundless Ocean; or a grain of dust to this vast Globe? Such, O my God, and infinitely less are the richest Kingdoms here below; if we compare their most pompous State with the meanest degree that is in the Court of Heaven. When thou hast fed us a little while with Milk; thou inviteſt our appetite to stronger Meat. Thou telleſt us of a svveet delicious life; in the blest Society of Saints and Angels: With whom we shall dwell in perpetual Friendship; and be lov'd and esteem'd by them all for ever. Thou telleſt us of a pure Soul-ravishing joy in beholding the aimable Face of Jesus. Whose Gracious smiles shine round about, and fill the Heavens with Holy Gladness. And thou telleſt, dear Lord, of delights that are still incomparably higher than all these. Hearken well to such things, O my Soul, and humbly adore thy bounteous God. His

abundant goodneſs has provided thee large rewards indeed, he intends himſelf to be thy Portion and exceeding great reward. Himſelf he will clearly unveil before us, and openly ſhew us that great ſecret: What it is, Glorious Lord, to behold thy face, to know as we are known. O happy ſecret! if once at laſt attain'd; If once we can but ſee the face of our God in Glory. To know the Immenſity of thy ſelf-ſubſiſting Eſſence; and the infinite excellence of all thy Attributes. To know the power of the Eternal Father; and the Wiſdom of the Uncreated Son; and the Goodneſs of the Holy Spirit; the incomprehenſible Glories of the undivided Trinity. This, O my Soul, is the top of Happineſs; this is the Supream perfection of our Nature. This, this alone is worthy to be the aim of our being; the Hope and End of all our labours. When we are come to this we ſhall preſently reſt, and our ſatisfied deſires will reach no farther. We ſhall be fill'd with overflowing bliſs, and our utmoſt capacities can hold no more. In one Act of Joy we ſhall be eternally fixt, one laſting Act which will ſpring freſh and unwearied for ever.

MEDI-

MEDITATION III.

NEver can we say too much, my Soul, of this glorious subject; never can we think enough of the Felicities of Heaven. Arise my Soul, and leave Mortality and Time below thy flight; to thee these joys belong: Arise and advance thy self on high: Fly away with the Wings of thy Spirit; are they not strong enough to lift thee from Earth? the only reason of it is want of exercise. Fly if thou canst possibly to that Land of promise, try resolutely, strive manfully to do so; and visit those Heavenly Regions. Take an evenings walk in that Paradise of pure delights, among the beautified Spirits of just men, who perpetually contemplate the Eternal Deity. Think tho' thy habitation at present is in this vale of Tears, thou may'st hope one day to be advanced to their dignity; to have a place and sing among their holy Quires: We may hope to know all things that are produc'd, and to know besides the all-producing Cause. O what a fire of love will it kindle in our Hearts, when we shall see those shining Mysteries! When our great God, like a burning mirrour, shall strike his brightness on the eyes

of

of our Soul. O what exceſſive joy will that love produce! a Love ſo violently deſiring and ſo fully ſatisfied? When our Capacities ſhall be ſtretcht to the utmoſt, and the rich abounding Object ſhall fill and Overflow them, O what profound repoſe will that Joy beget! a Joy ſo exceeding high, and ſo eternally ſecure? When in amorous languiſhment we ſhall ſweetly diſſolve into a ſort of bliſsful Union with our firſt beginning: When without loſing what we are, we ſhall become even what he is: We ſhall take part in all his Joys, and ſhare in the Glories in all his Heaven. O what Divine and Raviſhing words are theſe! How gently they enter and delight my Ear! How they diffuſe themſelves over all my Brain, and ſtrongly penetrate to my very Soul! Methinks they turn to ſubſtance as they go, and I feel them ſtir and work through all my powers: Methinks they lie as a rich Cordial at my heart, and ſend forth Spirits to quicken and refreſh me. There, O my Soul, we ſhall reſt from all our labours, which are but the way to all that happineſs: There we ſhall reſt from ſin and ſorrow, and no longer be troubled with our ſelves or others: There we ſhall reſt for ever in the protection of our God; in the Arms and

Boſom

Bosom of our dearest Lord: We shall enjoy a rest not senseless and stupid as here, but attended with spritely joy and pleasure: Such is the desirable rest that remains for the Servants of God.

PETITIONS.

O Heaven, the eternal source of all these joys, and infinitely more and infinitely great! As the Hart pants after the Water-brooks, so does my Soul thirst after thee: After thee it is that I daily sigh and mourn, and with a greedy longing eye, often do I look up and say, Descend thou blessed Heaven into my Heart, or rather take up my Heart to thee: Thy Joys indeed are too great to enter into me; O God! I pray thee, who art the Heaven I long for, take me hence to enter into them. When, O my God, shall I sit at that fountain head, and drink my fill of those living Streams? When shall I be inebriated with that torrent of pleasures which springs for ever from thy glorious Throne? Oh that the days of my banishment were fully finish'd! How is the time of my weary Pilgrimage prolong'd! Why am I still detain'd in this valley of tears, still wandring up and down in this wilderness of dangers?

O

O God! who doſt graciouſly woe us to our eternal Inheritance, by all manner of ways which are apt to work upon us; make theſe Glories, I beſeech thee, powerfully to inſinuate themſelves into me, and become abſolute Maſters of my Heart, that I may not wander in this Wilderneſs, but may ſteadily direct my Courſe to the heavenly *Canaan*: Let the felicities of it ſo ſtrongly ſettle themſelves in my Affections that my Soul may be ravi[illegible]'d therewith, that I may run with courage and diligence in the way that leads to it. Make me deſpiſe the gaudy vanities and temptations of this World, that would bribe my Fleſh to hinder me in my Race. Come thou ſweet Jeſu, my only hope and ſure deliverer out of all ſorrows and dangers: Come thou and here begin to dwell in my Heart; O come quickly to prepare my Soul for that life which I deſire and hope to live with thee in Heaven; and when thou haſt fitted me for it, take me in thy time to my eternal Home.

HYMN II.

WHY do we ſeek felicity
Where 'tis not to be found;
And not, dear Lord, look up to thee
Where all delights abound?

Why

Why do we ſeek for Treaſure here,
On this falſe barren Sand?
Where nought but empty Shells appear,
And Marks of Shipwrack ſtand?

O World, how little do thy joys
Concern a Soul that knows
It ſelf not made for ſuch low Toys,
As thy poor Hand beſtows!

How croſs art thou to that deſign
For which we had our Birth!
Us, who were made in Heaven to ſhine,
Thou bow'ſt down to thy Earth.

Nay, to thy Hell; for thither ſink
All that to thee ſubmit:
Thou ſtrew'ſt ſome Flowers on the brink,
To drown us in the Pit.

World take away thy tinſel Wares,
That dazle here our Eyes;
Let us go up above the Stars,
Where all our Treaſure lies.

The way we know; our deareſt Lord
Himſelf is gone before;
And has engag'd his faithful Word
To open us the Door.

But

But, O my God! reach down thy Hand,
And take us up to thee;
That we about thy Throne may ſtand,
And all thy Glories ſee.

All Glory to the ſacred Three,
One ever living Lord:
As at the firſt, ſtill may he be
Belov'd, Obey'd, Ador'd. *Amen.*

For Monday Morning.

MEDITATION I.

IT is highly fit and juſt that all Mankind do adore their Maker. The Great God form'd our Bodies out of the Earth, and gave us the Spirit in Man which bears his likeneſs; a Soul that all created Nature cannot fill, nor any thing that is below his own Immenſity: He has freely beſtowed on us all the reſt of his Creatures, which are fitted to ſerve and delight our Bodies: But he has moreover deſign'd us for his glorious Kingdom, that we might dwell with him in perfect Bliſs. All the Creatures he has made, the Great God has always under his obſerving Eye ſo long as they continue in being: All things are open and naked to his Omniſcience:

Though

Though his Throne of State be eſtabliſh'd above, and the Splendors of his Glory ſhine only on the Bleſſed that are there; yet his unlimited Eye looks down to this lower World, and beholds all the ways of the Children of *Adam*: If we go out he marks our ſteps; and when we retire, our ſhut Cloſet cannot exclude him; while we are alone he minds all the vain and roving Imaginations that we have, he obſerves too the end that we aim at in all the Studies which we apply our ſelves to: When we converſe with others, he obſerves our Deportment, and the Good or Ill we do to them or our ſelves: In our Devotions he takes notice of our Carriage, and regards with what attention and affection we make our Prayers. All the Day long he conſiders how we ſpend our time, and the darkeſt Night conceals not our Works from him: If we deceive our Neighbour, He ſpies the Fraud, and hears the leaſt whiſper of a ſlandering Tongue: If we in ſecret oppreſs the Poor, or by private Alms relieve their Wants; if in our Hearts we murmur at the Rich, or live contented with our little Portion: Whate're we do, He perfectly ſees us, where e're we are, He is ſure to be with us. He that made the Eye, ſhall

not

not he see? and shall it be said that he cannot hear who formed the Ear? But O thou Sovereign Lord of Heaven, why dost thou stoop thus low thy glorious Eye? What canst thou find that here does desere thy View, among the Trifles of this empty World? It is not thy own satisfaction that thou seekest herein, but thy design is our advantage. Thou appearest still ready to punish our sins, that the fear of thy Rod may prevent our Miseries. Sure, O my God, thy Favours must be sweet, since even thy Threatnings have so much Mercy: And I must be worse than blind if I venture to be wicked in the Face of Heaven: Thou dost also, Lord, graciously stand by us to see us work, that thine awful Eye may quicken our diligence; thou art still at hand to relieve our Wants. When all thy work, my Soul, is done in the sight of him thou servest, this may justly encourage thee, this may make thee hope that the Labours and Sufferings of thy love shall not go unrewarded. Happy we who have our God so near us, if our *pious Lives* keep us near to him.

HYMN III.

WAke now my Soul, and humbly hear
What thy mild Lord commands:

Each

Each Word of his will charm thine Ear;
Each Word will guide thy Hands.

Hark how his ſweet and tender care
Complies with our weak Minds:
What e're our State and Temper are,
Still ſome fit Work he finds.

They that are merry let them ſing,
And let the ſad Hearts pray;
Let thoſe ſtill ply their chearful Wing;
And theſe their ſober way.

So mounts the early chirping Lark
Still upwards to the Skies:
So ſits the Turtle in the dark,
Among her Groans and Cries.

And yet the Lark, and yet the Dove,
Both ſing, though ſeveral parts:
And ſo ſhould we, how e're we move
With light or heavy Hearts.

Or rather both ſhould both aſſay,
And their croſs Notes unite:
Both grief and joy ſhould ſing and pray;
Since both ſuch hopes invite.

Hopes that all preſent Sorrow heal,
All preſent Joy tranſcend:

Hopes

Hopes to poſſeſs, and taſte, and feel
Delights that ne're will end.

All glory to the ſacred Three;
All honour, power and praiſe;
As at the firſt, may ever be,
Beyond the end of days. *Amen.*

MEDITATION II.

MY God, ſince thou art never abſent from us, we will endeavour to be always preſent with thee. Often will we go up to thy Throne above, and there contemplate and admire thy Glory. We will often wait upon thee in thy Houſe, and there adore and praiſe thy mercy. Every where will we ſeek to meet thee; and every where delight to find thee. My Soul, let it be thy endeavour to Walk with God in all the parts of thy Converſation, and take heed that thou Walk humbly with thy God. Gracious God, we will ſpread all our Wants before thee, and offer all our Petitions unto thee. Thou doſt willingly incline a favourable Ear to the Prayers that come from an upright and fervent Heart. Thou art a rewarder of thoſe that diligently ſeek thee. Our God loves to hear us treat of Heaven, as if we made it

the

the main business of our Lives to get thither. All other things we must ask with submission to Him; since we do not know what of them is absolutely good for ourselves. But his Eternal Joys we may beg without restraint; we may urge and press for his assistance to gain them. Heaven is the thing we may wish for, if for any thing, without resignation. We may pray for it with great fervency and perseverance, and he will not account us too importunate. O wise and gracious Lord, whatsoever thou dost, thy love intends it for the good of thy Servants. If thou dost sometimes defer to grant our requests, it is only in charity to us, to make us repeat them. It is that we may more sensibly feel our own Poverty, and be more strongly convinc'd of our dependence on Thee: That we may practise our Hope, and exercise our Faith and Patience while we long expect; and may practise the higher Gratitude when we receive at last. It is that we may learn this sure and happy skill, of working in our Souls the Vertues that we desire; for those very Desires, by being often renew'd, do at length themselves become the Graces we seek. But O how improvident, Lord, are we! how unwilling to pray are the most of us

us always, and all of us at some times! How does a short service seem long and tedious; and one half hour quite tire out our patience! We are slow to begin, and in haste to make an end; we are heavy while the duty is a doing, and glad when it is done. Yet surely there is no easier Work than to ask what we want, no Purchase can be cheaper than to have for asking; for asking of him who is willing to hear us, who will not upbraid, who will give kindly and not disdainfully. There is no sweeter pleasure than to converse with God; nor greater Profit than to gain his favour. We have still new Transgressions to confess; and shall, alas, never want Infirmities to lament. We have then great occasion, as well as encouragement, often to wait upon God. And this Work, my Soul, ought to be always performed with a serious application of all thy Powers to it. He is worthy of this whom thou serveſt, the importunate Benefits thou mayeſt receive deserve it. But unless we worship in Spirit and Truth, we shall never please him nor profit our selves. Take heed then that careless and vain Thoughts do not contradict thy Words, when thou art at the exercises of thy Devotion. Look to thy self, lest when

thou

thou ſpeakeſt to him, thou doſt not hear thy ſelf. And let no delay diſcourage thy Hope, nor the refuſal to grant any requeſt deſtroy thy confidence in him. But let this firm Foundation ſtill ſuſtain thee, and on this let thy Peace be for ever eſtabliſh'd; that what is truly neceſſary his Goodneſs will not deny, and all the reſt it is thy Duty to ſubmit to his pleaſure.

MEDITATION III.

TAke heed, my Soul, that you do not ſo preſume on the divine Bounty, as to omit the performance of thine own Duty. Still to thy Devotion ſee that thou add thy beſt Endeavours. If thou deſire God to relieve thy Neceſſities, do thou alſo faithfully labour with thine own Hands. Do not expect a Bleſſing to drop from the Clouds into hands that are only held up, or that God will indulge thee in Idleneſs and neglect of thy ſelf. If we beg Grace for Victory over our Paſſions, we muſt alſo conſtantly ſtrive to reſiſt their Aſſaults. We muſt endeavour wiſely to foreſee particular Dangers, and caſt about how to avoid them. We muſt uſe the proper Weapons againſt every Sin that we would conquer. To every one oppoſe

pose the strict Command of the Great God, the dire Threatnings against it, the Judgments executed against Sinners: The Mischiefs that are the natural Consequents of Sin, the hurt it will do to the Body or the Soul of thy self, the prejudice that it may do the interests of thy Neighbour. Consider, my Soul, it will be in vain to approach the holy God to worship him, unless thy Life prepare the way for thy Offerings. Endeavour then to come with clean Hands. Let thy Life be a continued Exercise of Holiness and Vertue, if thou wouldest obtain an Encrease of these by thy Prayers. Be thou merciful, if thou wouldest find Mercy. God will shut his Ears to thy loudest Prayers, if thou do not open thine to the Cry of the Poor. He will deny to Pardon thy Trespasses against him, if thou dost not forgive thine Enemies. But that very Temper which disposes us to be heard when we pray, does indeed depend upon his Favour: Every condition that he requires on our part is nothing else but his own free Gift. We should then, my Soul, ask with all that we desire, those Qualifications to which the things are promised. And as we find these increase in us, our confidence and hope in the Promises of

God

God may also encrease. Let us study what he requires us to be, and aim at that in the first place, seeking first the Kingdom of God and the Righteousness thereof, and then all other things that are necessary and good for us shall be added. Godliness entitles to the Promises of this Life, and of that to come. To the good Man God will perform his Promises in a bounteous measure. He holds his Blessings as it were hovering over our Heads, still watching when we shall be fit to receive them.

PETITIONS.

O Most gracious God, vouchsafe to give what thou art pleased to command, and then command what thou pleasest. Come, holy Spirit, and inspire all my Prayers, that it may not be my sad Fate to ask and not receive, because I ask amiss. Deliver me, O Lord, from asking what I cannot use without offending others, or ruining mine own Soul. Do thou, I beseech Thee, O sovereign Good, who alone art worthy to be the Center of my Soul, cure all my vain Desires and Worldly Lusts, and reclaim my Wandering

Thoughts from all other Things when I am in thy ſervice. Make me to Worſhip thee in Spirit and in Truth. O may the Spirit of Grace and Prayer excite me to ſeek Thee diligently, Night and Day to call upon Thee, to pray without ceaſing or fainting. Lord, let thy bounteous Goodneſs encourage me to do thus by affording ſeaſonable and fit Anſwers to the Prayers I make. Let my experience tell me Thou art my Portion and Refuge in the Land of the Living, when I feel my ſelf under thy ſure Protection in my Dangers, and within the reach of thy gracious Ear for whatever real Good I ask, and do uſe my juſt Endeavours to attain. Lord, ſince thou art every where preſent, where e're I am thou art round about me, thou art in me and in all things: Communicate, I pray thee to thy Creature, ſuch of thine Excellencies as I want, and am made capable to receive. Let me not dwell in thy Fulneſs, and yet remain empty, ſurrounded with thy Bleſſedneſs and yet be my ſelf miſerable. Cure the darkneſs of my Mind by communicating of thy Light; cleanſe away the Pollution and ſinful Spots of my Soul, by making me a Partaker of thy Holineſs. Since thy Goodneſs is always near to me, infuſe it into me; make me compaſſionate to thoſe that are Miſerable,

liberal

liberal to the Poor, and patient towards the Infirmities of them I have to do with for their good. Lord make me like thy ſelf, that I may be ſuch as thou canſt love, that thy nearneſs may always have a favourable influence upon me; and that I may have Comfort and not Terror in thy Preſence, from the aſſurance of a Friend and not an Enemy at Hand. Let every thing about me, Lord, bring thee to my mind, ſince thou art in and with every thing. Cauſe me to keep my Eyes continually fixt on thine over me, that thine may awfully check my inclination to folly, and may encourage my purſuit of true Good, and the performance of my Duty. Make me, O God, ſtill with humble boldneſs to rejoyce before thee, who art my merciful Creator: And as a new pardon'd Subject juſtly fears the angry Brow of his offended Prince; ſo let my oft forgiven Soul continually tremble to provoke the Wrath of thy dead Majeſty. Thus temper, O Lord, my Love with Reverence, and allay my Fear with Hope, that I may live to thy Glory in a chearful Obedience.

Glory be to the Father, &c. Amen.

For Monday Evening.

MEDITATION I.

TO know Thee, O Lord, is the higheſt Learning, and to ſee thy Face is the only true Happineſs. Conſider now, my Soul, and thankfully remember what the great God is to us Men: Thou, Lord, art the great Beginning of our Nature, and the glorious End of all our Actions: Thou art the overflowing Source from, whence we ſpring, and the immenſe Ocean into which we tend: Thou art the free beſtower of all we poſſeſs, and the faithful promiſer of all we hope for: Thou art the ſtrong Suſtainer of our Lives, and our ready Protection from all our Enemies: Thou art the merciful Scourger of our Sins, and the bounteous Rewarder of our Obedience: Thou art the only wiſe God, and the only ſafe Conductor of this Lifes Pilgrimage: Thou art the ever bleſſed God, and the Eternal Reſt of our wearied Souls: God is the Guide to find my Way, my Strength to walk in it, and my Reſt in the End of it: He muſt draw me or I cannot

cannot run after him, he muſt ſeek me or I can never find him, and unleſs I find and enjoy him I can never be happy. Such Words our narrowneſs is conſtrain'd to uſe, when we endeavour to ſpeak the Divine Bounties, when we would expreſs how many ways Mankind are beholden to him that made them. In a few Words, Lord, here is much expreſt, what may fill our Minds with a great many Thoughts, and afford Matter for long Meditation: But yet our Words are, and our higheſt Thoughts muſt be far ſhort of the goodneſs and merey of thy Thoughts towards us; they are more than can be numbred by Men or Angels.

MEDITATION II.

LET us now conſider, my Soul, and with great Humility remember what we are to the great God: We, who alas are nothing in our ſelves, what can we be to his Immenſity? Thou, Lord, who art all things in thine own rich ſelf, what canſt thou receive from our Poverty? This only we are to Thee, O great Creator! The unthankful Objects of all thy Bounties: This only we are to thee, O dear Redeemer! the unworthy cauſe of all thy Sufferings. Guilty we committed

the Crime, and thou with thine own Innocency undertook'ſt the Puniſhment: We went a ſtray from the Path of Life, and thy Mercy came down from Heaven to ſeek us; to ſeek us in the Wilderneſs where we had loſt our ſelves, and bring us home to the diſcipline of thy Love. Thou haſt ſent thy Spirit to gather the loſt Sheep, and what are we to Thee, O holy and bleſſed Spirit! but very ſtubborn and untractable Creatures? We are not Sheep till thou haſt changed our Natures: Man is born like the wild Aſſes Colt. Lord, what are we, that thou ſhouldſt thus regard ſuch poor, vile and inconſiderable Wretches? What can our good Will avail thy Bliſs, that with ſo many Charms thou woeſt us to love thee? What can our Enmity prejudice thy Content, that thou doſt threaten ſo ſeverely if we love thee not? Is there, O my God, not Felicity enough in the ſweetneſs alone of loving thee? Is there not certainly Miſery enough in living deſtitute of thy bliſsful Love? Yes, yes, dear Lord, ſo it is, and that thou kneweſt; and that is indeed the only cauſe which moved thy goodneſs to court our Affections: Thou knew'ſt we would elſe caſt away our ſelves, by doating on the Follies of this deceitful World: Thou kneweſt

the

the danger of our wilful Nature, and therefore ſtriveſt by greateſt Fears and Hopes, and by all the wiſeſt Arts of Love and Bounty to draw us to thy ſelf, and endow us with thy Kingdom. But Oh unhappy we! whoſe Frowardneſs requir'd ſo ſtrange proceeding, to force upon us our own Salvation: Yet happy we are in this, that our Wants have met ſo kind a Hand, that our God is good, long ſuffering, and whoſe Mercy endures for ever: His Goodneſs needs but our emptineſs to engage him to fill us, and nothing but our Miſery to move him to make us happy.

MEDITATION III.

LOrd, without Thee, what's all the World to us but a flying Dream of buſie Vanities? It promiſes indeed a Paradiſe of Bliſs, but all it performs is an empty Cloud: Thine are the Joys that ſhine fixt as the Stars, and make the only ſolid Heaven: Lord, without Thee what are we to our ſelves, but the wretched cauſes of our own ruin? We, 'till thou gaveſt us Being, were purely nothing, more remov'd from Happineſs than the moſt miſerable of thy Creatures: Now

thou haſt made us, we wholly depend on thee, and periſh immediately if thou forſake us: Thou who without us art the ſame All-glorious, Eſſence, perfectly full of thy own eternal Felicity: Without us thy Royal Throne ſtands firm for ever, and all the Powers of Heaven obey thy Pleaſures: O Lord, how contrary is our imperfect Nature in every circumſtance, to thy Excellency and Perfection? Thou dwelleſt above in the Manſions of Glory, and we below in Houſes of Clay: Thou art from everlaſting to everlaſting, we are but of Yeſterday, and are every moment going downwards to our Diſſolution: Thou art Immenſe, and thy Preſence fills the Heavens; but the greateſt of us, alas, how little are we? Two yards of Air contain us while we live, and a few ſpans of Earth ſuffice us at our Death: Thou art Almighty Power, all ſufficient Fullneſs; we are Poverty and Weakneſs. When, O when my God, ſhall theſe vaſt Diſtances meet together? It is in thy Power to make theſe Extremities embrace each other; we know that by thy amazing Power they were once miraculouſly join'd in the Sacred Perſon of thy Eternal Son; when the King of Heaven ſtoopt down to Earth, and grafted into his own Perſon the Nature of Man: We hope they once again

ſhall

ſhall be happily united in the bliſsful Viſion of thy glorious Self; when we ſhall be like thee, by ſeeing thee as thou art; when the Children of Earth ſhall be exalted to Heaven, and be ſatisfied with thy likeneſs: But are there no Means here below? O thou infinitely high and glorious God! Is there no way for us now to approach towards thee, to diminiſh at leaſt this uncomfortable diſtance? There is none but the way of holy Love: Divine Love elevates our meanneſs. Love will bring us near to the bleſſed God, it will make us live in a happy Union to him. And none can attain this but by thy free Gift; unleſs thou, O dearest Lord! do firſt love us, and with thy Love kindle the ſacred Fire in our Breaſts, we ſhall never be ſo happy as to love thee.

PETITIONS.

O Bounteous God! O abundant Goodneſs: Add to all thy other Favours this of making me love and eſteem thee above all Things, above my ſelf and all Creatures beſides: Make me to ſee emptineſs and vanity in all Things elſe, to account that all is Vanity of Vanities, but only the love of God and enjoyment of

him. Let me, when I find this World ordain'd by thee to breed and widen only, and not fill my capacity; let me make this uſe of all thy Creatures here, to raiſe and heighten my Deſires of thy infinite ſelf in thy Eternity. O God, be thou to me my God and my All, and make me nothing in mine own Eyes: Be thou my whole everlaſting Delight, and let nothing elſe be any thing to me but thy ſelf; ſo draw my Heart to thee, ſo engroſs, I beſeech thee, all my Affections, as to famiſh all the helpleſs Idols of my Soul, which in my ſtate of Darkneſs and Enmity to thee I have ſo fondly ador'd. Pity, Oh pity, gracious Lord, according to thy infinite compaſſion, my miſerable diſtance from thee: Thy Hands have made me and faſhioned me, thou haſt made me capable to enjoy thee, thou haſt given a capacity too large to receive ſatisfaction from any thing but thy ſelf. Oh regard with favour the Work of thy Hands! ſay to my Soul thou art my Salvation, and ſay it ſo, Lord, as to make me hear; thy powerful Word can open the deaf Ear: And through my Ear, Lord, reach my Heart, quicken my ſtupid Soul, put a new Life into me; ſo make me gladly follow thee, that by following I may find thee, and having found may never loſe thy ſight again,

again, never turn away my Eyes from thee, never grow estranged again, nor lose thy blissful Acquaintance: Never let any thing but thy Eternal Self be the prevailing ruling Joy of my Heart: Grant these Requests, or I am undone: Grant these Requests for the love of thy only Son our Mediator and Advocate. *Amen.*

HYMN IV.

LOrd, who shall dwell above with thee,
There on thy holy Hill?
Who shall those glorious Prospects see
That Heaven with Gladness fill?

Those happy Souls who prize that Life
Above the bravest here;
Whose greatest Hope, whose eagerest Strife
Is once to settle there.

They use this World, but value that
That they supremely love;
They travel through this present State,
But place their Home above.

Lord! who are they that thus chuse thee,
But those thou first didst chuse?
To whom thou gav'st thy Grace most free,
Thy Grace not to refuse.

We

We of our ſelves can nothing do,
But all on thee depend;
Thine is the Work and Wages too,
Thine both the Way and End.

O makes us ſtill our Work attend,
And wee'l not doubt our Pay;
We will not fear a bleſſed End,
If thou but guide our Way.

Glory to Thee, O bounteous Lord!
Who giv'ſt to all Things Breath;
Glory to Thee, Eternal Word!
Who ſav'ſt us by thy Death.

Glory, O bleſſed Spirit to Thee,
Who fill'ſt our Hearts with Love;
Glory to all the Myſtick Three,
Who reign one God above. *Amen.*

For Tueſday Morning.

MEDITATION I.

FRom thee, O Lord, we derive our being; and from the ſame Goodneſs our continuance to be: If thou but withdraweſt

draweſt thy Hand for one ſingle moment, we inſtantly return to our firſt nothing. Thou art without Cauſe or Maker; as thou art without Beginning, and haſt thy Dependence upon none elſe; we have but a derived Being, only borrow'd worth, we have nothing which we have not received: Nothing but our Sins is entirely our own, which we have reaſon to be aſhamed of. Should we preſume at any time, O Lord, to divide thy Grace, and proudly challenge any ſhare to our ſelves, the mighty Truth ſtands up againſt us; and our own Infirmities may plainly confute us. Shouldſt thou ſeverely examin our Hearts, and ask who works all their Actions in them? Surely we muſt needs bow down our Heads, and from our low Duſt humbly ſay: Nothing are we, O Lord, but what thou haſt made us; nothing have we but what thou haſt given us. Not unto us then, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy Name be Glory. When we have applyed our utmoſt cares, and us'd all the diligence that lies in our Power; what can we do but look up to thee, and ſecond all our Endeavours with Prayers for thy Bleſſing? And when we implore thy gracious Mercy, what can we do but ſubmit our Hopes, and expect the event from thy

free Goodneſs? If thou denyeſt what we wiſh, who can compel thy Will, or call in queſtion thy Decrees? Are we not all thy Creatures, O gracious God! and as helpleſs Children, hanging at the Breaſt of thy Providence? Are we not all as Clay in thy Hands, to frame us into Veſſels of what uſe thou pleaſeſt? Behold we confeſs, O Lord, in thee we live, in thee we move and have our being. All our ſufficiency proceeds from thee; and all our ſucceſs depends on thy favour. Others may tell us the way that we ſhould go; but thou alone canſt enable us to walk in it. And they that tell us our Way, muſt be firſt taught it by thee. And they muſt be moved by thee to act that Charity; and ſo at laſt all is reſolv'd into thee. We know further, O Lord, and thou thy ſelf haſt taught us; that unleſs thou defend the City, the Guard watches it in vain. We acknowledge, and our own Experience tell us, that unleſs thou reach forth thy Hand, we are preſently in danger of ſinking. Every moment of our Day ſubſiſts by thee. From all our Enemies thy Providence defends us, and covers our Head in the Day of Danger: Thou ſendeſt in thy Grace to relieve our weakneſs; and ſo diſappointeſt the temptations that threaten to undo us. O my Soul,

Soul, be thou ready to adore thy God that preſerves thee. Has he watch'd over thee all this Night for Good? Has he renewed his Mercies this Morning? Does he beſtow on thee all thy Days, and the Comforts they bring? Then be aſham'd to think much of ſpending one half hour in his Worſhip.

HYMN V.

COme let's adore the gracious Hand,
That brought us to this Light;
That gave his Angels ſtrict Command
To be our Guard this Night.

When we laid down our weary Head,
And Sleep ſeal'd up our Eye:
They ſtood and watch'd about our Bed,
To let no harm come nigh.

Now we are up, they ſtill go on,
And guide us through the Day;
They never leave their Charge alone,
What're beſets our Way.

And, O my Soul, how many Snares,
Ly ſpread before our Feet!
In all our Joys in all our Cares,
Some Danger ſtill we meet.

Some-

Sometimes the Sin does us o'retake,
And on our weakneſs win;
Sometimes our ſelves our ruin make,
And we o'retake the Sin.

O ſave us, Lord, from all thoſe Darts
That ſeek our Souls to ſlay;
Save us from us and our falſe Hearts,
Leſt we our ſelves betray.

Save us, O Lord, to thee we cry,
From whom all Bleſſings ſpring;
We on thy Grace alone rely,
Alone thy Glory ſing.

Glory to Thee eternal Lord,
Thrice bleſſed Three in One,
Thy Name at all times be ador'd,
Till time it ſelf be done.

Amen.

MEDITATION II.

THE Almighty Power of God ſuſtains our Life, and mercifully allows us ſpace to repent; that by well employing the time he lends us we may wiſely provide for our own Eternity. Wiſely then thou act it, O my Soul, when thou ſetteſt apart ſome time every Day wherein to medi-

meditate on God and his Word and Works, by which thou maiſt be fitted for a happy Eternity. Conſider then further the Divine Providence, and ſay within thy ſelf: Thus do we depend, O Lord! on thee, and happy we are in that dependance, did we but know our own true Intereſts. We and our whole Concerns are depoſited with God; and where can we find a better Hand to enſure them? Is he not wiſe enough to chuſe ſafely for us, who diſpoſes all Nature in ſuch admirable order? Has he not Power to go through with his purpoſe, who commands the Will of Men and Angels? Wants he perhaps an inclination to favour us, who deſires our Felicity more than our own Hearts do? He feeds the Fowls of the Air, and cloaths the Lilies of the Field. Without his Providence not a Sparrow falls to the Ground, and ſhall we miſtruſt his care for his Children? Under his Government we have liv'd all this while; and can we now ſuſpect hee'l forſake us; He has ſhewn his Bounty in extraordinary Favours, and will he deny us his leſſer Bleſſings? He has freely beſtow'd upon us his deareſt Son; how ſhall he not with him freely give us all things elſe? All that are uſeful to carry us on our way, and bring us at length to his Eternal Reſt.

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If our Neceſſities be the effects of our folly, we muſt not preſume that he will maintain us in our Sins: Rather we ſhould ſtrive to moderate our Appetites, and correct our Vices that have bred theſe Miſeries. But if our Wants be innocent and preſſing, he will ſooner do a Miracle than break his Word: This he has often ſolemnly engag'd; and often made good by his Providence. Ask but the former Ages, and they will tell you the Wonders which he wrought in them in favour to his faithful Servants. He multiplied the Oil in the poor Widow's Cruſe, and fed his baniſh'd Prophet by a Raven. He dried the Sea into a Path for his People, and melted the Rocks into Streams of Water to quench their Thirſt. He made his Angels Stewards of their Proviſion, and nouriſh'd them in the Wilderneſs with the Bread of Heaven. Still, O my God, thy Eternal Charity retains the ſame Affections for thoſe that rely on thee. Still thy all-ſeeing Wiſdom governs the World with the ſame immenſe, unalterable Goodneſs. Nay, ſurely now the Streams of thy *Mercy* run *more ſtrong*, and have wrought to themſelves a larger Channel. Since thou broughteſt down the Waters from above the Heavens, and openedſt in thine own Body a Spring of Life; a Spring of Joy and

nd Bliſs to revive our Hearts, and over-low them with a Torrent of everlaſting leaſures.

MEDITATION III.

LET us ſit down in Peace, O my Soul! and reſt ſecure in the Boſom of Providence. Let us not diſturb the order of thoſe Mercies which our God has deſign'd us in the eternal Councels: Every Accident may be turn'd into Vertue, and every Vertue is a Step towards our glorious End. If our Affairs ſucceed, let us praiſe our great Benefactor, and think what he will give us hereafter, who does ſo favour us here; if they miſcarry, let us yield to the Will of Heaven, and learn by our Croſſes in this World to love the other: Whatever happens to us, this ought to be our conſtant Rule, to provide for the other Life, and be contented with the preſent: Shall we not patiently accept a little Evil from him, that has given us much Good? Shall the being without ſome one Thing that we need not, more ſenſibly affect us than the having all that we need? Ingrateful Wretches! the common Benefits that we all enjoy, deſerve the Thankſgiving of a whole Life; the Air we breath in, the bright Sun that

ſhines

ſhines on us, the Water and the bounte-
ous Earth that do ſo faithfully ſerve us
the exerciſe of our Senſes, and the uſe o
our Wits, if not in excellency, at leaſt
ſome degree: All theſe things, O Lor
thou generally affordeſt both to the Goo
and to the Bad; and for the leaſt of the
none can praiſe thee enough. What ſha
we ſay then? Can we yet with any juſtic
complain, becauſe ſome few perhaps ar
more proſperous than we? Should w
not rather look down on the many belo
us, and be thankful to ſee our ſelves mor
favoured than they? Should we not d
well, my Soul, to reckon over the ſeve
ral Miſeries of Mankind, and bleſs ou
God that has ſo far prefer'd us? Had w
ſome deſperate Canker breeding on ou
Face, or noiſome Leproſie ſpreading ove
our Skin (theſe we muſt all confeſs ar
incident to our Nature, and much mor
than theſe is due to our Sins) what would
we then give to be as we now are? How
gladly would we exchange them for
moderate Affliction? It is but to inter-
pret our worſt Condition well, and w
ſhall find Motives enow to excite ou
Gratitude to God: It is but interpreting
our beſt Condition frowardly, and w
ſhall imagine Defects enow to make u
think our ſelves miſerable. My Soul, de
thou

hou always adore the Wiſdom of God, nd leave it to him as he pleaſes to rule is own World: All his Works ſhall cerainly praiſe him, and his Saints ſhall leſs him. He ſcatters theſe temporal Things with a ſeeming negligence, as Trifles of ſo litttle importance, that they ignifie not either Love or Hatred. Nohing but Heaven is indeed conſiderable, nothing but Eternity deſerves our eſteem: But if we could underſtand the ſecret Character of the Divine Decrees, we ſhould read in each Syllable a perfect Harmony.

PETITIONS.

TEach me, I pray thee, O thou the bleſt Enlightner of our Minds, teach me to expound thy Actions always in a fair ſenſe; always to believe they are well becoming thy infinite Perfection, and therefore adorable: Suffer me not to follow my own Fancy in doing this, leſt I create to my ſelf a voluntary Miſery. Lord, let all thy diſpenſations deſign favour and good to me, and let me underſtand that they do ſo; then ſhall I heartily praiſe thee for them, of what nature ſoever they be: Let me interpret the Afflictions which thou ſendeſt, as meant

to

to correct, and not to destroy me; t
prevent some Sin, or teach me the pr
ctice of some Vertue, and that when
shall need Crosses no longer, thou w
then remove them: In the mean whi
O Gracious Lord, I beseech thee
give me Patience, according to my Bu
den; inable me to wait the time of D
liverance, without prescribing Limits
thee, and without contracting either
froward, discontented Spirit, or a me
and dejected one: Make me, Lord, to
joyce that my Lot is in thy Hands, wh
I see thy Mercy favourably chusing
me: And willingly, I say, do thou d
pose of my condition here as it pleases t
self, only let my Portion hereafter be wi
thy Blessed. Fix thou, O Lord, my Step
establish my Goings in thy Word, that
may not stagger at the uneven Motions
this World, but may steadily go on t
wards my glorious Home; not censuri
my Journey by the Weather I meet wit
nor turning out of the Way for an Ac
dent that may befal me. Thou hast to
us, O Lord, it is not in Man that walke
to direct his own Steps, and therefo
bid us not to lean to our own Understan
ing: I humbly beg of thee continual D
rection; I desire thou wouldest cause
Self-presumption to die in me: Let th

be the effect of all my Diſappointments and ill Succeſſes, and make my whole Confidence to rely on thee, ſo ſhall my Frailty make me more ſtrong, and thy Power, O my God, may be magnified in my Weakneſs, and thy Mercy triumph in the relief of my Miſery. Teach me to begin all my Works with Fear, to go on with Obedience, and finiſh them with Love, and after all to ſit humbly down in Hope, and with a chearful confidence look up to thee. All this we may do for Men, and they may fail us; we may fear and obey, and they forget our Service; we may love and hope, and they deſpiſe our Affections; only Thou, O Lord, whom me can no way benefit, thou wilt not fail thoſe that truſt and ſerve thee; thy Promiſes art faithful, thou art unchangeable, and thy Rewards are eternal.

Glory be to the, &c. Amen.

For Tueſday Evening.

MEDITATION I.

WITH awful Reverence, my Soul, conſider that the Great God is infinite in his Power to puniſh, he has been and he can always be very terrible in his Judgments, our God is a conſuming Fire. Let vain Duſt no more ſpeak proudly againſt the Almighty, nor be ſo foolhardy as to provoke the living God. Let all ſeal up their Lips in humble ſilence when they are Witneſſes of his terrible Judgments, and with fear and trembling always remember them. Remember thou, my Soul, how the Earth opened it ſelf and ſwallow'd up alive many thouſands of his Enemies. Call to mind that the Clouds rain'd Fire and Brimſtone, and buried ſeveral rebellious Cities in their own Aſhes. Remember that a general Deluge did once by God's Commiſſion over-ſpread the whole World, and ſwept away almoſt all Mankind, when the Wickedneſs of Men was great upon the Earth. Remember

ſteadily

steadily that Sin was the cause of all this Misery and Ruin. Sin threw the Angels down from Heaven, and chain'd them up in eternal Darkness. Sin banish'd *Adam* out of Paradise; and turn'd the delicious Garden into a Field of Weeds. O God, how terrible is thy mighty Arm, when thou stretchest it forth to be avenged on thine Enemies! O Sin, how fatal is thy desperate Malice, that pulls on our Heads all the Thunder of Heaven! O my Soul, how dull and senseless are we, to sleep secure as if all were safe! Can we repeat these amazing Truths, and not tremble at the Wrath of divine Justice? Can we consider the deplorable end of Sinners, and still dare to go on in the ways of Sin? Even when we sing thy Praises, O glorious Lord, it is our Duty to rejoyce with Trembling before Thee. What should corrupted Nature then do, when it sees it self ready to offend Thee? What should a guilty Conscience do when it sees it self upon the brink of Ruin by offending Thee?

MEDITATION II.

YET, O my Soul, do not give up thy self to Despair under a sense of thy Sins; bring thou to him but a humble

and penitent Heart, and thou shalt find there is forgiveness with him. He that is thus infinite in Power to punish, is full as infinite in Goodness to save. How often have we broke his Commands, yet still his Earth sustains, and serves us! How oft, alas! have we abused our fulness of Bread, yet still his Clouds shower Plenty upon us! He is merciful and gracious as well as long-suffering, a God forgiving Iniquity, Transgression and Sin, he spares us so long that we may have time to repent, and to seek and obtain his Pardon. Only the proud apostate Angels find no forgiveness, because their obstinacy does refuse to seek it. Could those rebel Spirits disclaim their Crimes, and turn again to obey their Maker, his Clemency would soon revoke their Sentence, and restore them to shine in their first bright Seats. But O the excess of mercy vouchsafed to *Adam*, and to us Dust and Ashes his contemptible Posterity! for whom the Sovereign King of Heaven, humbled himself to descend upon Earth, to lead a poor laborious Life, and to suffer a painful Death. He came to be a Prince and a Saviour to us, to give us repentance and remission of Sins; to teach us by an exemplary Life how to live acceptably to God; and to satisfie for our Sins

Sins by his Death. Thy mercies, O Lord, are above all thy Works; and this is above all the rest of thy Mercies.

MEDITATION III.

STill, my Soul, dwell in contemplation of the divine Mercies, it is good and pleasant to be here. When we lay buried in the abyss of nothing, it was his own free Goodness that call'd us into Being. He fashion'd our Limbs in our Mothers Womb, and fill'd our Nurses Breasts with Milk. He enlarg'd our little Steps when we began to go, and carefully preserve our helpless Infancy. He commanded even his Angels to bear us up, lest we should dash our Feet against a Stone. How many Dangers, my Soul, consider hast thou escaped, and not one of them but was govern'd by a Divine Providence! How many Blessings dost thou daily receive, and there is not one of them which does not proceed from his Bounty; He provided Tutors to instruct our Youth, and to plant in our tender Minds the Seeds of Vertue. He appointed Pastors to feed our Souls, and safely guide them in the ways of Bliss. He seal'd his Love with Sacraments of Grace, to nourish in us Faith and Charity. All this

thou hast done, O merciful Lord! the wise disposer of Heaven and Earth. All this thou hast done, and still thou goest on by infinite ways to gain us to thy Love. Thou commandest us to ask, and promisest to grant; thou invitest us to seek, and assurest that we shall find. Thou dost vouchsafe even thy self to stand at the Door and knock; and if we open, thou entrest, and fillest our Hearts with Joy. If we forget thee, thou renewest our Memories; if we fly from thee, thou still kindly findest some means to recal us. If we defer our amendment, thou dost patiently stay for us; and nevertheless when we return we find thy Arms open to embrace us. And if when we were not thou didst freely love us, we may be assur'd thou wilt not forsake us when we strive to love Thee. If when we had lost our way, and were wandring from thee, thy matchless Kindness did condescend to seek us, and give us an effectual Call, thou wilt not refuse us when we seek after Thee.

PETITIONS.

I Therefore do most humbly and constan ly seek after thee, my God. For all Good I fly to Thee the Father of Ligh

Lights, and giver of every good and perfect Gift. And at this time, Lord, I ask of Thee that thou would'st always possess my Heart with an awful reverence of thy great Name. Chase away all levity and carelesness of Spirit from me, by putting thy Fear into my inward Parts. Humble my too proud and wilful Spirit to a ready submission to thy Will in all Things. Make me, I pray Thee, so to stand in awe of Thee and of thy Judgments, that I may not dare to sin. Those Judgments thou hast often executed to obstinate and impenitent Sinners, let them be often call'd to my mind; let the thoughts of them meet and antidote the Temptations to Sin: Make my fear of them prevent my feeling the like. Still, O Lord, let a lively sensible Conscience cry out aloud when I am tempted, and say; Dare you commit this Evil, and sin against God? Dare you commit this Evil, and run upon the Fire of divine Vengeance? Are you not afraid to provoke his Wrath to plunge you into everlasting Torments? By thy Judgments in the World, thou, O Lord, expectest that the Inhabitants thereof should be moved to learn Righteousness. Grant, Lord, that I may always do so, that so thy Judgments on others may prove Mercies to me. And let also thy

abundant Goodness and Mercy shewn to the Penitent and Faithful, win me to repent and trust in Thee the merciful and gracious God. Thus prevent me, I beseech Thee, from being overawed by the Terrors of the Lord. Suffer not the Enemy of my Soul to drive me into Despair because I am a Sinner; dispose me to lay hold of the Mercy offer'd by the Redeemer, make me to believe and find that humble and pinitent Sinners have an Advocate with the Father, the righteous Jesus, the Christ: That he, who suffer'd on Earth for our Sins, is gone to Heaven to make Intercession, and to plead that Satisfaction in the behalf of those that apply themselves to him for his Help. Incourage me to a steady practice and further pursuit of Holiness by the Favours thou hast shewn to good Men, by assurance that I shall be assisted therein, and that thou wilt hereafter, if not in this Life, abundantly reward it. Thus, Lord, let it please thee by my Hopes and Fears, which are the great Swayers of our Natures here, to counterpoise my Propensity downwards to this Earth, to keep me in a constant tendency upwards; lift me out of the Dirt of this World, into a happy Converse with thee all my Days.

HYMN

HYMN VI.

FAin would my thoughts fly up to thee,
Thy Peace, sweet Lord, to find;
But when I offer, still the World
Lay Clogs upon my Mind.

Sometimes I climb a little way,
And thence look down below;
How nothing there do all things seem
Which here make such a Show!

Then round about I turn my Eyes,
To feast my hungry Sight;
I meet with Heaven in every thing,
In every thing delight.

I see thy Wisdom ruling all,
And it with Joy admire;
I see my self amidst such hopes
As set my Heart on fire.

When I have thus triumpht a while
And think to build my Nest;
Some cross conceits come fluttering by,
And interrupt my Rest.

Then to the Earth again I fall,
And from my low Dust cry;
'Twas not in my Wing, Lord, but thine
That I got up so high.

And now, my God, whether I riſe,
Or ſtill lie down in Duſt;
Both I ſubmit to thy bleſt Will,
In both on Thee I truſt.

Guide thou my Way, who art thy ſelf
My everlaſting End;
That every ſtep, or ſwift or ſlow,
Still to thy ſelf may tend.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghoſt,
One Conſubſtantial Three;
All higheſt Praiſe, all humbleſt Thanks
Now and for ever be. *Amen.*

For Wedneſday Morning.

MEDITATION I.

COme, my Soul, let us adore the God that governs us, him who is abſolute King of Heaven and Earth: He ſees at once the whole frame of all Things, and throughly comprehends their various Natures: To every Creature he appoints a fit Office, and guides all their motions in a perfect order till he has wrought out his glo-

glorious Design, and that he may finish the World in a beauteous Close: His Councels are deep, and his particular Ways may be beyond our reach; yet all his Ways are wise and just, and merciful: And if all things come alike to all now, yet he will punish wilful Sinners with Eternal Miseries hereafter, and bless his Servants with Eternal Happiness. Why then do you laugh and rejoyce, unhappy Wretches, who tire your selves in the ways of Sin? Ways they are indeed, that seem smooth at first, but lead to danger, and end in ruin: Why do you boast your pleasant Life, who lie asleep in the Arms of Death? Awake, poor Souls, and shake off the golden Dreams that delude your crazy Heads with empty Fancies: Awake, and fill your Eyes with penitent Tears, sadly reflect on the real Miseries to which your Sins have exposed you: Consider whither, alas, will your Souls be hurry'd, when in cold Despair you sigh away your last faint Breath? They shall fly amaz'd from the sight of Heaven, and hide their guilty selves in Eternal Darkness; there they shall dwell with intolerable Pains, wailing and lamenting for ever; their Understanding shall sit as in a deep Dungeon, and think on nothing but its own Calamities; their Will shall be heightned

to a madneſs of deſire, and perpetually wrack'd with Diſpair of obtaining; their Memory ſhall ſerve but to renew their Sorrows, and their whole Souls be drown'd in a Sea of Bitterneſs; there every Vice ſhall have its proper Torment prodigiouſly bred out of its own Corruption: The Laſcivious ſhall burn with unquenchable Fires, perpetually flaming in the rage of their own Luſts: The Glutton and Drunkard ſhall vainly ſigh for a drop of Water to cool their Tongues; the furious Cholerick ſhall rage like mad Dogs, to their own only vexation; the ſpiteful Envious ſhall have Thoughts that only gnaw and torment their own Minds; the deſires of the Covetous ſhall be as Thorns in a Man's Sides; the haughty Proud ſhall be thrown down to the loweſt contempt, ſhall be loaded with utter Diſdain; the Slothful ſhall miſerably deplore their loſt time, and languiſh with Grief for their ſtupid Negligence: But O what horrid Pangs ſhall ſeize them all, and Wound and Pierce the very center of their Souls! Anguiſh and Trouble ſhall infect all the whole Spirit, when they ſhall ſee themſelves deprived of the bright and bliſsful Viſion of God! When their offended God ſhall deſpiſe and reject them, as if they were not his Creatures, ſhall caſt them

them away as offensive to his sight, and he that made them will not save them, will shew them no mercy: When they shall see themselves eternally banish'd from the sweet and gracious presence of Jesus; that he will not be their Saviour, because they would not take him for their King: When they shall see that God who made them to enjoy his Glory, will now cast them into thick deep shades of eternal Darkness and the blessed Jesus who came into the World to redeem Sinners, will say to them, Depart from me, I know you not: Then shall they curse the Day of their Birth, and the unfortunate Companions that inveigled them to sin; they shall curse this vain deceitful World, that draws them on in the ways of Perdition, and by a fatal Mist cast before their Eyes, hinders them from foreseeing the Perdition they are going to. Are these, alas, they will say, the effects of those fond Desires, whose Gratifications we made our chief Felicity? Alas! what do now our wanton Liberties avail us? What the fugitive Pleasures that we so eagerly pursued? What Comfort receive we from those empty Honours, from those faithless Riches that tempted us to sin? They are all of them vanish'd away like a Shadow, and gone as a Cloud of Smoak that

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is ſcattered with the Wind: But the Remorſe and Puniſhment of theſe endure for ever, and torture our Spirits with perpetual Anguiſh. Thus ſhall they cry and none will regard them, thus mourn and there will be none found to pity: Such will be the diſmal end and conſequence of a ſinful and impenitent Life. Be thankful to God, O my Soul, whoſe gracious Providence has given thee warning to avoid theſe Miſeries.

HYMN II.

OPen thine Eyes, my Soul, and ſee,
Once more the Light returns to thee;
Look round about, and chuſe the way
Thou mean'ſt to travel o're to Day.

Think on the Dangers thou maiſt meet,
And always watch thy ſliding Feet:
Think where thou once haſt fall'n before,
And mark the place, and fall no more.

Think on the Helps that God beſtows,
And caſt to ſteer thy Life by thoſe:
Think on the Sweets thy Soul did feel,
When thou didſt well, and do ſo ſtill.

Think on the Pains that ſhall torment
Thoſe ſtubborn Souls that ne're repent.

Think,

Think on the Joys that wait above,
To crown the Head of holy Love.

Think what at last will be thy part
If thou go'ſt on where now thou art;
See Life and Death ſet thee to chuſe,
One thou muſt take, and one refuſe.

O my dear Lord, guide thou my courſe,
And draw me on with thy ſweet force:
Still make me walk, ſtill make me tend
By thee my Way, to thee my end.

All Glory to the ſacred Three,
One undivided Deity:
As it has been in Ages gone,
May now, and ever ſtill be done.

Amen.

MEDITATION II.

AS the Day will come wherein God will deſtroy all the Workers of Iniquity; ſo the Day will come, my Soul, the Day will certainly come, when the gracious God will reward and crown all that love his Commandments, and ſeek the Glory he has made us for. Why do you mourn, ye Children of the Light, to whom belong the Promiſes of Bliſs? You who feed on the pleaſant Fruits of

Piety,

Piety, and the continual Feast of a good Conscience? Who tast already the sweetness of Hope; and hereafter shall be satisfied with the fulness of Fruition. What can molest your happy State, whom the God of Glory has chosen for himself? Whom he has adopted into his honourable Family, and design'd for Heirs of the Kingdom of Heaven. That blessed Kingdom where all Delights abound, and Sorrow and Tears are banish'd away: Where none are Sick, or grow Old, or Dye; where all flourish in perfect Health, and live an immortal Life, in all the beauty and vigour of an Eternal Youth: Where none are perplext with Cares or Fears, but all dwell secure and free for ever: Where we shall no more be subject to change; no more be expos'd to the danger of Temptation. No more shall we be cros'd by others; nor ever disquieted with our own Passions. There a serene Tranquility shall always dwell within us, and innumerable Joys be round about us. Joy in the excellencies of our glorified Bodies; Joy in the Perfections of our enlarged Souls. Joy in the sweet Society of Saints; Joy in the glorious Company of Angels; Joy in the ravishing sight of our beloved Jesus; Joy in the blissful Union with the adorable Deity. All shall be

Joy

Joy, and Love and Peace, and all endure for eternal Ages. Let then the Servants of our Lord rejoyce and ſing; Sweet is the Yoke of thy Love, dear Lord, and light is the burthen of thy Commands: But O how far more rich are thy faithful Promiſes! How infinitely greater thy glorious Rewards! When every divine Vertue in us ſhall there be rewarded with its proper Crown and Glory. The humble there ſhall be highly exalted; and the poor in Spirit ſhall be preferr'd to be Kings. The Meek ſhall poſſeſs that holy Land, and the Mourners be comforted with eternal Refreſhments; the clean of Heart ſhall ſee the God of Purity, and the Lovers of Peace ſhall have the Priviledge of his Children: They who hunger and thirſt after Righteouſneſs ſhall be filled, and the Merciful will be entertain'd with the kind embraces of Mercy; They who ſuffer Perſecution for Righteouſneſs ſake, ſhall receive a great Reward; they that are Teachers and enlighten others, ſhall ſhine bright as the Stars: They who relinquiſh any thing for God ſhall receive an hundred-fold; and all the Juſt ſhall be in Glory for ever. Then ſhall they bleſs the true Friend that at any time reproved their fooliſh Courſes, and ſo was inſtrumental to convert them to the

ways

ways of Bliſs; they ſhall bleſs each charitable Hand that was aſſiſtant to their Happineſs. They ſhall praiſe and admire the provident Mercies of their God, and ſing aloud the Victories of his Grace. With joyful wonder they ſhall ſay, Is this the effect of thoſe little pains we took? Are theſe the Repairs for the petty Loſſes we ſuffer'd? Happy we who deny'd our ſelves a few Toys, and are now advanc'd to theſe high Felicities. Millions of Years ſhall paſs away, and our Glory ſhall but then ſeem to begin. Yea, when millions of millions are paſt, our Glory ſhall not for all that be nearer to its end. Thus ſhall they all rejoyce and none ſhall diſturb them, and all the Hoſts of Angels ſhall joyn with them in the high Praiſes of God. O be very thankful, my Soul, to the gracious God, whoſe favourable Providence to thee has brought this Felicity to thy knowledge, that it may allure thee to the purſuit of it.

MEDITATION III.

AND now, my Soul, conſider what thou haſt to do. Conſider what it is likely to profit thee to gain the whole World and loſe thy ſelf. See Life and Death here ſet before thee, the Rewards of

of Saints, and the pains of Sinners. Consider these things, and make thy eternal hearty Choice; choose wisely, and thou shalt not need to choose again. Choose while thy gracious Lord allows thee time and Day, lest the Night of Darkness overtake thy neglect. Make a Choice, but remember that all Eternity is concern'd; and consider well, thou hast reason, before thou settle in resolution. Call all the Pleasures of the World before thee; and ask if any of those transitory Relishes are worthy our enduring for them such exceeding great and endless Pains. Enquire whether to satisfie some irregular Passion, can recompense with equal advantage the forfeiture of such Felicities. As if the vain forbidden Things thou lovest, deserve thy affection better than thy Maker. Are they more worthy in themselves, or more beneficial to thee, that thou mayest justly prefer them before thy Redeemer? Dost thou expect to be at rest and satisfied by enjoying them, or everlastingly happy by their procurement? Will they protect thee at the hour of thy Death, or plead thy Cause at the Day of Judgment? O no, they have little in them, they do but deceive me with a smiling Look; which I have too often prov'd by dear Experience. 'Tis Heaven

alone

alone that can yield a true content; it is that alone that fills with eternal Delight. Say then my Soul, Take away your Flatteries, false World; leave me a Mind free for the entertainment of better things. If my Saviour turn but his Face towards me, my Mind shall be fixt on him, I will look continually on his glorious Beauties, and be ravish'd for ever with the charms of his sweetness. 'Tis Thee, chast Spouse of Souls, 'tis Thee alone I choose, and dedicate my self entirely to thy Service. Say these things, and mean as thou speakest, be thou hearty and sincere in choosing thus. Did we clearly see what we say we believe, it would make the most of Men alter the vain course of their Lives. Did we but see the Damned in their Flames, or hear them cry in the midst of their Torments; how should we be afraid to follow them in their Sins, which we know have plunged them into all those Miseries! How should we strive against the next Temptation, and cast about to avoid the Danger! Did we but see on the other side the incomparable Glories of the Saints, or hear the sweet harmonious Hymns which they continually sing; how should we study to imitate those holy Ways in which we know they arrived at all their Happiness! How should we seek

all

all occasions of Improvement, and make it our business to Work out our Salvation! What should we account too much to be done for the attainment of those matchless Joys? What should we not readily do to avoid those Sorrows; Yet all this is as sure as if we saw it, and would move us as much if we could but seriously consider it.

PETITIONS.

DEar Lord, it is only thou that canst make me consider these Things so carefully as to resolve upon a wise choice: If left to my self, I am, alas! very likely to choose the vain Goods of this World, to neglect my Soul, to forfeit thy eternal Joys, and to incur thy eternal Punishments. O blessed Jesu, do thou choose me, and make my ignorant Soul so sensible of my true Interest as to choose Thee for my Portion and Inheritance for ever. Make me choose to love Thee above all thy Competitors here, and till I come to see thee, and then I am sure that from thenceforth I cannot choose but love the for ever. Pity, O Lord, the present frailty of thy Creature, and suffer not my blindness to lead me into ruin, Supply, I pray thee, my want of sight by a lively Faith of the glorious and terrible things that are unseen; and do thou so confirm

my

Faith and inable it by thy Grace, that I may be very sensible it is no matter of small importance to gain or lose the Kingdom of Heaven. Make me, Lord, to pursue the good choice when I have made it, to use fit Means industriously as well as desire the fit End. Direct and assist me, my God, to pray, to prepare my self for these Felicities. Having presented to me such glorious Hopes, make me to purifie my self as thou art pure. Make me to labour diligently, and continue stedfastly in doing well. Make me patient in suffering of whatever Afflictions it shall please thy Wisdom to lay upon me. Help me, Lord, in all Conditions to be carrying on the Work of my Salvation; so shalt thou have Glory by my Eternal Happiness, the Glory which thou desirest.

Glory be to the Father, &c. Amen.

For Wednesday Evening.

MEDITATION I.

A Good Conscience is a continual Feast, and a peaceful Mind the Antipast of Heaven. Lord, how secure and

and quiet they live, whom thy Grace preserves in Innocence! the day goes smoothly over their Heads, and silent as the shadow of a Dial. The Spirits of their Fancy run calm and even; they ebb and flow according to the allegiance which they owe to reason. All their Delight is to think of Heaven; and to reckon over the many faithful Joys which they shall one Day possess. The devout Mind, free from stormy Passions, is like a bright day of the Spring, wherein the beauty of the Sun has no Cloud to obscure it, the sweet Air has no Storms to ruffle it, the glad Birds sing, and all Nature puts on a pleasing Look. Such a Mind is full of Light, and Peace and Joy, and puts the Countenance into a sedate and chearful composure. Oh the happiness of such a State! Oh how desirable is its eternal continuance! But our Days on Earth are mixt with Nights, our Calms with Storms, and fair Weather with foul. Some unruly Passion presses to come in, it is importunate, and fawns at first to gain admittance: It promises not to interrupt the Joy and Happiness, but after a little time discovers its pernicious intent if it be not very quickly rejected: Soon it grows bold to undermine our repose, and open a Door to all our Enemies. Just so at a lit-

tle

tle Breach in the Wall of a beleagured City, a whole Army pours in their numerous Body; and they enslave all that submit to their violence, and destroy all those that make Head against it. Such, alas! is our Confusion and Hurt when once we have yielded to the first Assault of any Passion. Immediately a throng of tumultuating Spirits crowd into our Heads, and utterly consume the little remainder of our Peace. O the endless distraction of a Life led by Humour, by blind Will! O the miserable thraldom of being subject to our Passions! What a boisterous Sea, every where beset with Rocks and Quick-sands, is to a Mariner; that is, a Mind subject to violent Passions; such a Mind is in continual danger of making Shipwrack of a good Conscience. How often do our Passions engage us to contend with others, and imbitter all our Days with Strife and Envy! How often do they quarrel even among themselves, and raise a fierce War in our own Bosoms! If they by chance agree in one desire, they many times vex us with their being disappointed. And the vexation of disappointment is so much the greater by how much they were concern'd. If they perhaps sometimes succeed, they seldom produce the expected content. If they

delight

delight our corrupted Taste, and we greedily swallow their unwholsome Sweets; then, alas, it is that they most undo us, by feeding the Humour of our fatal Disease. Vain at the best, and very short of duration are the Enjoyments of this World; and after they have flatter'd us a while; they betray our neglected Souls into an eternal Ruin. Thou art, O Lord, the only Anchor of our Hope: O Jesu, unless thou save us, we perish.

MEDITATION II.

THus are they miserably tost up and down, who float on the Waves of their own Passions: Their wearied Souls soon faint within them, when they see the Lord has withdrawn his presence: They seek him, but in such distraction and confusion, that they cannot find him; they call upon him, but he gives them no Answer presently: And now, when all their Fears are grown to the height, and no means appear to sustain their patience; when the proud Waves beat violently against them, and are ready to cover their little Vessel with Despair and Ruin; then he awakes to their Help, if they have persisted to call upon him; though he sometimes may slumber for a while, to try their

their Duty, or puniſh their Diſobedience. Though he may ſuffer for a while the fury of the Tempeſt to lie upon them, to ſhew them their hopeleſs State if left to themſelves; yet when they ſtill ſeek and implore his Help, his Mercy at length hears their Cry, and pities their fear and danger: And then his bleſſed Voice commands a Calm, and immediately the Sea and ſtormy Winds obey him; immediately his Sun ariſes in their Hearts, and with its gentle Beams revives their hopes: Then is their Darkneſs turn'd into Light, and the Clouds diſperſt into a bright Day: Then they recollect their ſcatter'd Thoughts, and range them again in their right Order: Often they look back on the Dangers they have eſcaped, and as often bleſs the Mercy that delivered them: Often they look forwards on the courſe they hold, and as often ſing with joy for their happy change: Welcome again, they ſay, the eaſie Yoke of Chriſt, and the light Burthen of loving our Saviour: Welcome the holy Exerciſes of ſweet Devotion, welcome the eaſie, pleaſant, moderate Heat of Soul-enflaming Prayer. Now we diſcern this beauteous Truth (O may we print it deeply in our Minds) that the Pleaſures of Piety and Vertue are pure and conſtant, and that infinite Bleſſings attend

to

to reward it: But the pursuit of Vice is troublesom and intricate, and finishes its course in an abiss of Misery.

MEDITATION III.

TAke care then, my Soul, to interrupt and break off the couse of Vice by a timely repentance, and a sincere amendment, that it may not finish in thy eternal Misery. If Passions do sometimes invade thee, let them not rest in thy Mind, do not give way to their settlement, lest they grow into rooted habitual Vices. Let not frequnt and abiding Anger make thee contentious and malicious. If any Passion has ruffled thee, call on thy Saviour for his Aid, that the Storm may not drown thee. Call earnestly, and labour diligently with thy self the mean while to get out of thy danger. If he sees thee rowing hard, and striving earnestly against the Waves, he will assist thee. And remember always when his Kindness has given thee seasonable Relief, that thou take care not to lose this unhappy experience, but learn Wisdom from thy former miscarriage. Reflect and find out where thy Error was, what betray'd thee into this Disorder, and fortifie thy self against that defect. Carefully avoid all

the occasions of Sin, and the importunities of such as delight in folly. Avoid the Snares of kind enticing Company, and the dangerous infection of evil Example. Set a strict watch continually upon thine Eyes, and diligently keep the door of thy Lips. Govern all thy Senses that they do not seduce the Mind; and observe and govern every inward motion of thy Heart and Fancy. When, O my Soul, did we ever follow our Passions, but they instantly wrought our disturbance, and did threaten our ruin? Suppress then all Temptations in their first approach, when their power is weak, and thy choice is in full liberty. Remember how formerly their Flatteries have abus'd thee; and when they counterfeit again, be no more deceiv'd. Never look on the face of Pleasures as they come, but as they go off; when they leave nothing behind them but their venomous Sting. Let thy experience of the miserable Effects of yielding to their Allurements make thee more wary in observing, and more severe in repressing their first Motions. So shalt thou gain the best of Victories while thou masterest thy own corrupt Inclinations, and conquerest thy violent Passions. So shalt thou enjoy an universal Peace: Thou shalt maintain Peace with the bad, by hearing

their Injuries; and with the good, by conforming to their Vertues: And with thy ſelf, by ſubduing Senſe to Reaſon; and with thy God, by improving Reaſon with Religion. Better is he that governs his own Spirit, than he that Conquers a City.

PETITIONS.

BUT, O bleſſed Jeſu! do thou ſave me or I periſh. I am in this World as always upon a dangerous Sea, continually liable to theſe Storms, and likely to be loſt by them. Oh ſend down thy powerful Grace, and bear me up againſt them. When I am engag'd let thy great Mercy ſpeedily reſcue thy poor Servants: Fortifie me againſt all the furious Aſſaults of Paſſion and Temptation; that I may be more than Conqueror over them. Bring it to paſs, O Lord, that Reaſon and Faith, and thy Love, may more and more be enforced and ſtrengthened in me. As thy all-wiſe Providence ſeems to ſleep ſometimes, and ſuffer Storms to grow high and loud; O be pleaſed alſo to hear me when I call, for thou wouldſt have me call, and let thy favourable Hand ſtill ſend me ſeaſonable Relief. O leave me not then to my Infirmities, leſt the Enemy

of my Soul prevail against me. Forsake not my miserable state when I am sinking, but reach forth thy Hand and keep me from drowning. Suffer not my Frailties to become a Custom, lest I die impenitent and perish without recovery. Deliver me often, O Lord, from the occasions of Sin, succeed my Watchfulness, and lead me not into Temptation. Perfect, O dear Redeemer, the Work thou hast begun, and cherish the good Wishes thou hast sown in me, that they may become rooted Habits of Vertue, and bring forth a plenteous Harvest of good Actions to thy Praise. And make, O Lord, I pray thee, even my Passions Servants to thy Grace. Change my rude Anger into a severity against myself, and a prudent Zeal against the Sins of others. Convert my Fear into a timerousness to offend, and an awful reverence of thy sacred Name. Let all my Affections be turn'd into thy Charity, that my Heart may desire nothing but Thee; whom I may safely love with all my Heart and Strength, whose Heaven I may greatly covet, and fear no excess: O Thou, whose blissful Vision is the joy of Angels and sovereign happiness of all thy Saints; O that my Soul could love thee without limits, as thou art infinitely amiable. O my Beloved, let my Thoughts embrace thee

thee all this Night; while others sleep let wakeful Thoughts refresh me by presenting Thee to my Mind: Let me think how kind thou art, how unspeakably good. Do thou, Lord, rest this Night in my Heart, and inspire it with the pure Flames of divine Love.

HYMN VIII.

LEt earthly Minds court what they please
And gain what e're they court;
For me, I find but little ease
In all their gayest sport.

Be thou alone but with my Heart,
My God, my only Bliss,
I shall not murmur at my part,
Nor envy their success.

They talk of Pleasure, talk of Gain;
None must their Humour cross:
But well I know their Pleasure's Pain;
Their greatest Profit Loss.

Let them talk on; and have not we
Our Gains, our Pleasures too?
Pleasures that spring more sweet and free;
Gains that more fully flow.

Nay, well endur'd, our very Pains
To us a Pleasure are:

And all our Losses turn to Gains;
If hopes may have their share:

And sure they may, such hopes as chear
The Heaven espoused Breast;
Hopes that so strangely charm us here,
What will they be possest!

All Glory to the Sacred Three;
All Honour, Power and Praise:
As 'twas at first, still may it be
Beyond the end of Days. *Amen.*

For Thursday Morning.

MEDITATION I.

THE good and wise Creator of the World, made Man at first after his own Similitude: He form'd a noble Spirit within him, and endow'd it with Righteousness and true Holiness: He gave him dominion over the Creatures, with which he would plentifully stock the Air, Earth and Sea: He gave to Man a perfect Dominion over himself, and made him able to govern his own Appetites and Passions: He made him sole Lord of a beauteous Paradise, which Gods own Hand had planted.

Man

Man was to have spent a few pleasant Years on Earth, and then to have been translated to the Heaven of Heavens: But all these Priviledges did the foolish Creature lose, by doing one guilty and needless Act; by eating of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil, and therein disobeying the Law of his just Creator. Unhappy Man has now forfeited all Good, and exposed himself to the invasion of every Misery. By this one sinful Act, according to the Tenour of the Covenant, our first Parents ruin'd themselves, and all their Posterity with them. From thenceforth our Bodies were doom'd to dissolution, and condemn'd to return to the Dust from whence they were taken. From thenceforth brutish and sensual Appetites became rebellious against the Laws of right Reason; and the understanding is so blinded with partiality to Sense, that it is not able to find out those Laws. The Mind of Man is destitute of its moral Excellency, and the glorious Image of God is defac'd. The Apostate Spirit that tempted to the Sin, has infected our Nature with his own resemblance. Thus are we Wretches become liable to all those Sicknesses and Pains that infest our Bodies, and thus to those violent Passions and Disorders which distemper and tor-

ment our Minds: By this sin the favour of our God was forfeited, and we are all by Nature the Children of his Wrath: We are exposed to the Tyranny of the Devils while we live, and liable to partake in their Torments when we die. But when our great Guilt had provok'd the divine Anger against us, our great Misery at the same time moved his Compassion: He pitied the poor Creature undone by its own folly, and resolv'd to find help for it by his Wisdom: His infinite Goodness pitied the many thousands of Souls, which one rash Act of the first Parents had undone; and when they might expect to hear from his Justice an irreversible sentence of Condemnation, then did his wonderful Mercy condescend to comfort them, by making the first Promise of a mighty Saviour: A Saviour that should conquer him who now had the power of Death, and who is become Ruler in the Children of Disobedience. For thou, O adorable Son of God, Son co-eternal and equal with the Father: Thou didst undertake to redeem us by an amazing way, which will be the eternal wonder of all thy most intelligent Creatures. Blessed Son of God, thou didst undertake our Help when it was not in the power of any Creature to help us: Thou didst undertake

dertake to ranſom us from our Miſery, while the fallen Angels were left ſubject to theirs. In the fulneſs of time, O kind Redeemer, thou didſt according to that Promiſe, deſcend into this miſerable World: And, while here, thou wenteſt about doing good, and diffuſing the Light of thy ſaving Inſtructions: By taking the humane Nature into a perſonal Union, thou didſt put thy ſelf into ſubjection under the Law; and by thy ſpotleſs Life and patient Death, thou haſt ſatisfied all the Demands of the Law for us; ſo that believing in Thee we are juſtified by thy righteous Life, and our Sins are atoned for by thy precious Death! Thy Death upon the Croſs was our great Sacrifice for Sin, and ſufficient at once offering of thy ſelf to take it away. Thou haſt by thy meritorious Life purchaſed for us all our forfeited Good; and by thy propitiatory Death removed our deſert of Evil: By that Death thou didſt go again out of this World, and art now aſcended to the right Hand of the Father; there thou ever liveſt to make Interceſſion for us, and to diſpenſe the Purchaſes of thy Life and Death.

HYMN IX.

LOng had the World, in gloomy shade
Of Ignorance and Sin,
Benighted sate, whilst Hells dark Prince,
Had tyranniz'd therein.

Weak Reason's twinkling Tapers long
Contented with the Night;
And Prophets strove the Shades to chase
With Beams of borrow'd Light.

But all in vain, alas, 'till He,
The Sun of Righteousness,
At length with healing Beams arose
To cure the Worlds distress.

He rose, and with his Presence brought
A bright and glorious Day,
Infernal Spirits and their dark Works
Before him fled away.

They that in Errors fatal Chains
The captiv'd World had led,
Were by the mighty Prince of Peace
His conquer'd Captives made.

Thus came he, whom all Nations had
In great desire of old;
Whose coming, faithful Prophesies
To *Israel* long foretold.

And

And now, ye Nations of the Earth,
Know and revere your King,
Gladly submit to him who does
Your great Salvation bring.

Ye Nations of the Earth, rejoyce,
And all your Voices raise;
The wondrous faithfulness and love
Of your great God to praise.

Glory to God the Father give,
And to the gracious Son,
And Holy Ghost, henceforth as long
As time his course shall run. *Amen.*

MEDITATION II.

LOrd, what a happy change has thy coming made in the World! What glorious effects have every where been the consequents of it! Narrow was once the Gate, and strait the Path to Bliss, and so cover'd with the mists of Ignorance, that but few could find it: The whole Earth then corrupted their way before God, and Wickedness encreased as fast as People multiplied: Then did but Eight Persons among a great many thousands find favour with God to be saved from an universal Deluge: In several populous Cities, before this Flood could be well for-

gotten,

gotten, there could not ten righteous Persons be found, for whose sake they might be spar'd from Destruction: Then the Rays of divine Light were communicated but to a few particular Persons; Only *Abraham* found favour with God to have a numerous Seed, and that his Seed should be Heirs of a Covenant of Promise; I will be thy God, said the Almighty to him, and the God of thy Seed after thee: Accordingly he that was the God of *Abraham*, took also particular care of *Isaac* and *Jacob*; And he gave his Statutes and Judgments to the Children of *Israel*, but did not deal so with any other Nation: But since thy coming, O glorious Messiah, Light is come into the World, and the way of Salvation has been made known to all Men; unclouded light has come with thee, no more oppress with ceremonial Veils; which therefore has diffused it self into the dark corners of the Earth, and spread it self to the Ends of the World. The Day-spring from on high has visited our distant Region, and on us has the Sun of Righteousness kindly arose. The Christian Church, thanks be to thy Love, dear Lord, has included within its Pale a great many Nations; It has had thousands that with a strong and generous Love, have run swiftly after Thee in the way of

thy

thy Counsels; nay, [illegible]s with a fair degree of hope, have walked constantly towards thee in the way of thy Commands. Whence, O my God, could this strange improvement come, but from the infinite Merits of the Redeemers Death! Hence it was that when he had ended his Holy Life, he ascended to Heaven, and gave Gifts to Men; he gave largely of his Spirit to his chosen Apostles, and sent them out to Preach his Word, and dispense his appointed Sacraments: He gave them the Gift of Tongues, that they might Preach to all Nations; and the Gift of working Miracles, to confirm their Doctrine: By his Spirits co-operating with these, and succeeding their Endeavours, they every where propagated the Faith and Love of Jesus. Our kind Lord, before he ascended into Heaven, appointed the use of two sacred Rites in his Church, to assist the Faith of those who did not see his Person, that they might notwithstanding believe, and in believing be blessed. Lest Mankind should be so ungrateful as to forget him, he has left us Memorials of his tender Love: By these he shews us his Bloody Death and Passion, and makes himself present to those that believe and love; and these by the powerful working of his

Holy

Holy Spirit, have confirm'd many Disciples in their most holy Faith. Many they have pollest with a holy Fervour and Courage, to do and suffer great Things for the Name of Jesus. O blest Memorials of my Saviour's Love, and faithful Seals of all his Promises! whereby what he has done for us is represented, and what he has purchas'd is applied to us: If I forget to sing of you, let my Tongue cleave to the Roof of my Mouth: If I forget to meditate on you, let my Head forfeit its power to think.

MEDITATION III.

WHere, O thou boundless Ocean of immense Charity! where will thy overflowing Streams stay their course? We and our Ingratitude basely strive to oppose Thee, but nothing can resist thy Almighty Goodness: Thou didst come to thine own People, and They received Thee not; yet thou didst not forsake the kind design of thy coming: When the Impiety of Man was treacherously plotting to betray and Murder Thee, then didst thou mercifully consult about means to convey thy saving Blessings to the World: When they were resolving to bruise and kill thy Sacred Body, thou

wast

wast contriving how we might best reap advantage from thy Passion and Death. Thy Love we see was desirous to do more than die for us, having contrived moreover a way to live in us. The Lord Jesus on the same Night when he was betray'd, took Bread, and when he had given Thanks he brake it, and said, Take, Eat, this is my Body which was broken for you, this do in remembrance of me: After the same manner also he took the Cup after Supper, saying, This Cup is the New Testament in my Blood, which is shed for the remission of the Sins of many, Drink ye all of it, and do this as oft as you Drink it, in remembrance of me. Thus has our wise Lord found an excellent way to make even our Flesh assist the Spirit in us; He has contrived by sensible Things to make us move towards heavenly; by those Things which are wont to draw and fasten us to this Earth. When he distributed the Bread and Wine to his Disciples, he gave them an Interest in his abundant Graces and Merits: And thus is he ready to bestow himself still upon those that believe, and are desirous to partake of him. He has commanded the Celebration of this Holy Supper to be continu'd in the Christian Church, to the end of the World: And that not only to

keep

keep alive a thankful remembrance of his Death, but also to confirm his gracious Promises to them that believe on him. To the happy Soul then that with Faith and Thankfulness does thus commemorate the dying Love of our Saviour, this Holy Supper is a Feast of fat Things, and of Wine on the Lees well refined. Jesus Christ himself will come and Sup with such, and be willing to make his constant Abode with them. His Promise assures his Presence with them, while they are here on Earth, and that they shall when they go hence, be taken up to be where he is. O praise the Lord, ye Nations of the Earth, all praise and admire his Wisdom and love: His love that so industriously seeks our Happiness, and his Wisdom that finds such excellent means to accomplish it: Praise him that is the sole Fountain of spiritual Blessings, and who alone has right to ordain the means of conveying them; for that he has instituted a few Means, and those easie to be observed, and made them the Conveyances of all the Riches of his Grace. Give hearty Thanks to the kind Redeemer for this Institution, and express your Thankfulness by coming to this his Supper. Come to it to remember his propitiatory Death, and to receive Jesus Christ, who offers himself

self to you: Come to partake of the important Purchases of his Death, and to devote your selves intirely to him who has so lov'd you: Come all ye People of the wide World, and let us adore the God that feeds us: With himself our kind Saviour will feed us, and with his sacred Flesh; his sacred Flesh is Meat indeed, and his Blood is Drink indeed. Our first Parents eat of the forbidden Tree, and incurr'd for themselves and their Posterity an eternal Death: We are invited to a Feast of Spiritual Food, which whosoever eateth shall live for ever. With these Dainties will divine Love nourish us up to immortal Life, confirming and encreasing that happy Union with himself, which is begun even while we live below on Earth, and shall be perfected when we come to Heaven.

PETITIONS.

O God the Father of Mercies! Father of our blessed Saviour Jesus the Christ: We believe, that having given us thy dear Son, thou wilt with him also freely give us all Things; that whatever we ask of thee, O Father, in thy Sons name, believing, we shall receive it. I humbly beseech thee therefore, O Lord, to have

Mercy,

Mercy upon me a poor miserable sinner. And as thou hast sent thy Son into the World, send him also to take possession of my Heart. Let this great Light of the World, enlighten my dark Mind with a saving knowledge of thee and of himself. Direct me to discern my true Happiness from the false flattering Goods of this World; that I may not spend my time here in wordly Cares and Pursuits, but in seeking thee my End by him the only true Way to thee. Let him teach and convince me of the great Excellency of thy Laws; and make me consider my ways and turn my Feet unto thy Testimonies. Let the glad Tidings of the Gospel, O Lord, be joyful Tidings to me, by thy giving me an assured Interest in them. Give me the pardon of all my sins by the Death of Christ; and a right to Life and Happiness by his meritorious Life. In me I pray that the mighty Redeemer may effectually destroy all the Works of the Devil; deface the ugly Image of the Apostate Spirit, and restore the glorious likeness of thee my God. Make me, Lord, diligently and reverently to use thy appointed Means of Grace, and let thy blessing always make them Means of Grace to me. And while I thankfully use them, and am duly fruitful under them, let me enjoy

the

the Means of Grace till thou hast brought me to Glory. Grant this, O Father, for the sake of thy beloved Son our compassionate Saviour.

Glory be to the Father, &c. *Amen.*

For Thursday Evening.

MEDITATION I.

THE kind Master of this blessed Feast, sends his Embassadors to make a general Invitation. He that is the Divine Food puts the kindest Words into their Mouths, that their invitation may not fail of good success. He has said, Come to me all ye that labour for Holiness, and are oppress'd under the weight of your Sins: Come, and I will give you the end of your Labour; and will ease you of that intollerable Burden. Come you that hunger after Angels spiritual Food, and thirst to drink at the Fountain of Bliss. Come to me, I will refresh you with the Wine of Gladness, and the Bread of Life. Come you that are Weak, and you shall be Strong: Come you that are Strong, lest you become Weak. Come you that have

Leisure,

Leisure, and here entertain your time
your great advantage: And you also
are busie, and here sanctifie and
your Employment. Our glorious
did not only make a Visit, but is willing
to dwell perpetually with us Men upon
Earth: He whom the Heaven of Heavens
cannot contain, will make his residence
in our little Tabernacles. He whom
Seraphims prostrate adore, and fly with
all their Wings to perform his Commands.
He who came down to die for us Sinners,
and ascended again above the highest Heavens: Himself is there with all his precious Blessings to the Soul that does desire
and believe. To such a Soul this blessed
Sacrament applies all the Vertues
Merits of our Saviours Death and Passion.
When he receives the consecrated Bread
and Wine from the Hands of Christs Minister in his stead; he is made a Partaker
in the satisfaction of his Death, and the
Pardon of all his Sins is seal'd and confirm'd. By eating the Bread and drinking the Wine, the good Soul is more firmly united to the Redeemer: And as a
Member of his mystical Body, shall be
quickned and guided by his good Spirit.
The indwelling Spirit shall teach him his
Duty, and inable him to run in the way
everlasting. He shall communicate power

to conquer Difficulties and Temptations, and to preſerve with patience till he reach the Crown. By this is ſuch a Soul united alſo to that Jeſus, who roſe again from the Death he ſubmitted to. And as it is aſſuredly riſen to a new Life of Grace, it ſhall hereafter riſe to an eternal Life of Glory. It may look on theſe Signs as certain Pledges that it ſhall be advanced to the happy Manſions above. Thus as our Lord himſelf when on Earth contain'd under his outward Poverty, all the glorious fulneſs of the Godhead; ſo theſe Signs, that repreſent him to us, are but poor in themſelves, in compariſon to the rich Bleſſings they bring along with them. Whatever faintneſs we feel, if we hunger after Chriſt and come hither to receive him, he can refreſh us. Whatever Fears dwell in our guilty Minds and trouble us, this Wine of true Conſolation will chaſe them away. O how great is thy Love, dear Lord, that invites us miſerable Sinners to partake of thee! That invites our Emptineſs to be united to thy Fulneſs, and our Weakneſs to be cured by thy all-ſufficient Power. O how ſhould the Sons of Men flock in when he ſends out his Invitations to this Feaſt! when he calls us to a Feaſt of Peace and Love! A Feaſt of Joy and incomparable

ſweet-

ſweetneſs. What ſhould the Captive wish but Liberty, and the weary Pilgrim but Reſt? What ſhould the Sick deſire but Health, and the depending Creature but to be near its God? All are welcome to this Feaſt that have but Deſire to partake, and Faith to receive.

MEDITATION II.

LOrd, who are we unworthy Wretches that thou thus regardeſt our ſinful Duſt! What is all the World compar'd to Thee, that thus thou ſeemeſt for our ſakes to diſregard thy ſelf! It is for our ſakes, and to make us rich in Grace, that thou ſo graciouſly condeſcendeſt to come among us. More unworthy yet do we make our ſelves, if we neglect to come where thou wilt be preſent. O how inſenſible of their own true intereſt are thoſe that neglect to approach this ſacred Feaſt! Is it a ſmall matter with you, O careleſs Wretches, to lie under a great load of Guilt, that you come not to receive the pardon of your Sins? Is the Great God willing to be reconcil'd to ſinners, and to give them ſure Pledges of his reconcilement? And ſhould not all Mankind then earneſtly ſeek his Favour, and gladly receive the Pledges of his Love?

None

None of us can be assur'd that he will not turn us into Hell, till we are assur'd of our Title to Heaven. Where are all they that have been Baptized, and pretend that they account themselves Christians? Why do they not come, and own the Covenant then made, by renewing it again at this Supper? They that neglect this, do in effect renounce that Covenant, and despise the incomparable Blessings it promises. Well may they be impotent towards all Good, and enslaved to the Tyranny of evil Spirits, who neglect this Means appointed to convey Spiritual Strength, and to furnish them with the Spirit of Grace. Such must needs have lamentable cause to bewail the weakness of their Graces, and the slow progress of their Holiness. Well may they contract very deep Stains, that do not often wash themselves with the Blood of the Lamb. Well may they that begin in the Spirit, soon after end in the Flesh; who do not often here renew their Resolutions, and receive fresh Strength to hold on their Race. Those were times of vigorous and sound Piety, when Christians had a strong Appetite to this Spiritual Food. This Appetite discover'd their Health, and by often eating they maintain'd it: When they could hardly be contented a Day with-

without receiving one of these blessed Meals; When they never came together to Worship, but they also broke this holy Bread: Then they were patient under the hardest Sufferings, and then they abounded in every good Work. Then did the love of Jesus burn hot in their Breasts, and the Light of it shined bright before Men. Then they had great Charity towards all Men, and much Peace one with another. It is a sad sign, and may be reckon'd a cause that the spiritual Life greatly languishes in our Days, When the proper Food of it is little relish'd by many, and a great many more never desire it. Our sad Days are likely still to languish in Devotion, to be overrun with Impiety and Profaneness: Still will the base love of the World abound among us, every one minding his own things, and none the things of Christ. Christians will be Enemies to one another, and more barbarous and cruel than wild Beasts: They will go on to bite and devour their own kind, and to consume and destroy the Christian Church, if we do not oftner commemorate the Love of our Lord, and solemnly bind our selves to love one another.

MEDITATION III.

DOes our gracious Lord make a Feast of himself for us, and invite us poor Sinners to sit down at his Table? And should we not readily obey his Call, and go to the Feast he has so kindly prepared? Behold our Lord himself is willing to meet us, and to bring a Heaven with him to entertain us. O leave the Trifles of this World, ye reasonable Souls, and go to partake of his substantial Joys: Suspend the pursuit of transitory Goods, ye immortal Creatures, and seek of Christ his eternal Treasures. O how ungrateful, dear Lord, to thee, are all they that neglect this thy incomparable Provision: The Eternal Father's Love is slighted by them, who gave his beloved Son to die for us: The Love of our kind Redeemer is not duly valu'd, while we have no esteem or desire for the Blessings he has purchas'd: The sweet and saving influences of the Holy Spirit are set at nought, while we decline the proper means to enjoy them. Is it not a most unspeakable ingratitude in Mankind, to trample under foot the Blood of the Son of God? to despise that precious Blood which was shed for our sakes, which was

shed for the remission of our sins; should we forget that painful Death he underwent, to excuse us from suffering an eternal Death? It was the particular charge that great Love left, when he was just going to be sacrificed for us; That we should devoutly celebrate this Holy Supper, and often do it in remembrance of him. Are we not under great Obligations from his Love, to do any difficult or dangerous thing for his sake? and much more to comply with his dying Will, when it requires so easy, and so pleasant a Duty? Did our Saviour drink Vinegar, and eat Gall for us, and shall we refuse at his Command to take these pleasant Dainties? He drank off the bitter Cup which the Father gave him, to purchase for us a Cup of Blessing. O how well would it become the whole World to say, We will take the Cup of Salvation, and praise the name of the Lord! We will remember thy Love more than Wine, dear Lord, and never forget thy most useful Banquet. We will shew that we love thee as we ought to do, by keeping this and the rest of thy Commands. Had we but ingenuous Souls, we should be extreamly glad that he who has done so much for us, has told us what will please him. This Feast is appointed by our Lord, to shew forth his

his Death till he come: For he will come again in Glory and with Power, to judge both the Quick and the Dead: When he will render to every Man according to his Works, and severely punish all those that obey not the Gospel: What must become of all those in that dreadful Day, that do constantly neglect an undoubted Precept? Men pretend to fear the incurring of Damnation by unworthy receiving, but do not fear to deserve it by neglecting to receive his Supper. But since we disobey and offend our Lord in both of these, it should be our Labour and Care to prepare our selves and draw nigh.

PETITIONS.

O Most gracious and Merciful God, who hast in kindness sent thy Son into the World; O let the same kindness effectually draw us, and we will run after him; for none of us can come unto him, except the Father, that has sent him, draw us. Alas! Lord, we know not our true Interest, till thou dost effectually reveal it; we certainly refuse our own Mercies, if thou do not incline us to pursue them. O send forth a mighty Power of thy Spirit upon the World, and convince Men of Sin, because they believe not in Jesus;

let him convince Men of their guilty state by Nature, and of their further guilt in not obeying the Gospel: 'Bring them in multitudes to Jesus Christ, by making them sensible that there is no other Name but his by which they can be saved. Teach us how necessary to make atonement for our sins the great Sacrifice of himself was which he offer'd upon the Cross; and make us all earnestly concern'd to partake of that Sacrifice, and therefore forward to use the appointed means of it: Convince us that we are poor without the Riches of his Grace, and naked without the Robes of his Righteousness, and in want of all things necessary to Salvation, 'till we are possest of an interest in him: O make us come to Jesus Christ, that we may have life, that our forfeited right to eternal life may be restor'd; and that he by his Spirit may quicken us to a spiritual and divine life, who are by Nature dead in Trespasses and Sins: Quicken us, O thou who wast dead and art alive, for thou alone hast the Words of eternal life: Make us discern and seek, and relish divine and spiritual Things, capable of the Pleasures of Devotion, and desires above all things of Communion with thy self: Make us, in retir'd Devotion and publick Worship, often seek to have Communion

with

with the Father and the Son through the Spirit: And, Lord, whenever we draw nigh to thee, by coming carefully prepar'd to thine Ordinances, do thou graciously draw nigh to us, and satisfie us with those good Things thou hast to bestow: Make us joyful in thy House of Prayer, and renew our Strength while we wait upon thee. Let every approach to thee in Worship conform us more to thy Likeness, and fit us more to see thy Face in Heaven. These Things, O Lord, our God, are desired as the Purchases of our dear Saviour's Blood; to whom be Glory and Praise, World without end. *Amen.*

HYMN X.

COme Royal Sion, come and sing
Thy Soul's kind Saviour, thy Hearts King:
Stretch all thy Powers thy Song to raise,
And since this lofty Theam's above
The best ambition of thy Love,
Call Heavens loud Quires to help thy Praise.

Sing how his love from heavens high throne
To Earth's low Foot-stool brought him down,
For thee a cursed Death to die:
Sing that when hence he did remove,

He left a Legacy of Love,
His needless Presence to supply.

Lo here the Bread of Life! this Day's
Triumphant Text provokes thy Praise;
The living, and life-giving Bread:
See the heart chearing precious Wine
Which great love's pierc't heart did resign,
To the Great Twelve distributed.

Praise him, who has thy Pastors bid
Ever to do when he once did;
And thankfully his Gifts receive.
Sing loud that to this bounteous Feast,
Each hungry Soul may be a Guest,
And from his Death may Life derive.

The Heav'n instructed House of Faith
Here a mysterious Dictate hath:
Himself to me my Saviour brings,
With Graces which are all divine.
Under the veils of Bread and Wine;
Immortal cloath'd with mortal Things.

Lo the life food of Angels then
Bow'd to the lowly Mouths of Men!
Lo the full final Sacrifice!
The ransom'd *Isaac* and his Ram,
The Manna, and the Paschal Lamb,
As Figures fixt on this their Eyes.

Jesu to thee we Sinners flee,
O thou our Food and Shepherd too,
Grant in all good we may improve.
But by thy self vouchsafe to keep
As with thy self thou feed'st thy Sheep,
And from us, Lord, all ill remove.

Still be that Love which thus makes thee
Mix with our low mortality:
O may it raise, and set us up
Coheirs with Saints, and so all may
Drink the same Wine, and the same way;
Partakers all of thy full Cup. *Amen.*

For Friday Morning.

MEDITATION I.

MY God, who can complain of doing too much, if they consider the Labours of the loving Jesus? those painful Labours that he freely undertook, and the humble Task he so mildly stoop'd to? When he might have flown on the wings of Cherubims, he chose to walk with us Worms in the Dust: When he might have call'd for Manna from Heaven, in the sweat of his Brows he would eat his

Bread: When he might have made the Angels his Foot-ſtool, he rather became the Servant of his Parents, living with them in their little Cottage, and readily obeying even their leaſt Command: There in that humble privacy he encreas'd in Wiſdom, and grew in favour with God and Man; ſtill by his pious Candor gaining the love of thoſe happy few that ſaw his Life. Happy they that ſaw thy Life, O glorious Jeſu! and heard with joy and wonder thy incomparable Sayings; that felt a gentle motion ſtir their Hearts, to love and imitate ſo bleſt a Pattern. O that the ſame ſweet Spirit of Grace might draw our Minds, dear Lord, to thee! O that we could, my Soul, in every paſſage of our Life, ſtill actually reflect on the Example of His: His Retirements were fill'd with holy Speculations, and in the midſt of Buſineſs his Mind was free for Heaven: His Converſe with others miſpent no time, but beſtowed every moment in excellent Charity; ſometimes he was imployed to inſtruct the Ignorant, ſometimes to inform aright thoſe that were deceived: He apply'd himſelf to comfort the Afflicted, and heal the Diſeaſed; to convince the Froward, and abſolve the Penitent, and perſwade all the World to be truly happy. It was Meat

and

and Drink to him to his Fathers Will, and it should be ours to perform his. It was for our sakes that he made himself subject to the Law, and to obtain for us an everlasting Happiness he perfectly obey'd it. Take up thy Cross, my Soul, and follow thy Lord; for his Yoke is sweeter, his Burden is light. He humbled himself for us, and became obedient unto Death, even the Death of the Cross to save us. When we had sold our selves to sin, and were all become the Slaves of Satan, our blessed Jesus descended from Heaven, and brought a vast Price to buy out our freedom: The Price was no less than his own dearest Blood, which he plenteously shed on the ignominious Cross. Depositing so his inestimable Life to rescue us Sinners from eternal Death. Come let us adore our God that redeem'd us.

HYMN XI.

COme let's adore the King of Love,
And King of Sufferings too;
For Love it was that brought him down,
And set him here in woe.

Love drew him from his Paradise,
Where Flowers that fade not grow,
And planted him in our poor Dust,
Among us Weeds below.

Here for a time this heavenly Plant
Fairly grew up and thriv'd;
Diffus'd its sweetness all about,
And all in sweetness liv'd.

But envious Frosts, and furious Storms,
So long, so fiercely chide;
This tender Plant at last bow'd down
Its bruised Head, and dy'd.

O narrow Thoughts, and narrow Speech,
Here your Defects confess;
The Life of God, the Death of Christ,
How faintly you express!

O Thou! who from a Virgin Root
Mad'st this fair Flower to spring,
Help us to raise both Heart and Voice,
And with more Spirit sing.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One undivided Three,
All highest Praise, all humblest Thanks,
Now, and for ever be.

Amen.

MEDITATION II.

MY God, who can repine at suffering too much, if they remember the Afflictions of Jesus? Those many Afflicti-

yes He so patiently endur'd, and bore with silence all their Weight. Even from his humble Cradle in the City of *Bethlehem*, to his bitter Cross on the Mount of *Calvary*. How little do we read of glad and prosperous in his Life! how much of Pains, and Grief, and perpetual Affronts! Sometimes he was abandon'd by his nearest Friends, and left alone among all his Discomforts: Sometimes pursu'd by his fiercest Enemies, and made the common Mark of all their spite: Sometimes they plot to insnare him in his Words, and maliciously slander his miraculous Deeds: Sometimes they tumultuously gather about him, to gaze at and abuse a Man of Sorrows: Sometimes they furiously seize on his Person, and hale and drag him along the Streets: At last they all conspire to take away his life, and condemn him to a sharp and cruel Death. Have you ever seen a harmless lamb stand silent in the midst of ravenous Wolves? So stood the Prince of Peace and Innocence, besieg'd with a ring of Savage Jews: When they blasphemed Him, he reply'd not again; and when they injuriously struck him, he only observ'd their rashness: When they provok'd him with their utmost Malice, he pleaded their excuse; and when they kill'd him, he earnestly pray'd

for their Pardon. O ſtrange ingratitude of humane Nature, thus barbarouſly to crucifie the Worlds Redeemer! O admirable Love of the Worlds Redeemer, thus patiently to die for humane Nature! Say now, my Soul, for whom thy dearest Lord endur'd all this and infinitely more: Canſt thou complain of thy little troubles, when the King of Glory was thus afflicted; Canſt thou complain of a meanly furniſh'd Houſe, when the Son of God had not where to lay his Head? We wear the Badge of a crucified Lord, and ſhall we ſhrink back at every Croſs we meet? We believe in a God that was Crown'd with Thorns, and ſhall we abide to tread on nothing but Roſes? Before our Eyes, O Jeſu, we ſee thee humble and meek; and ſhall thy Servants be proud and inſolent? We ſee thee travel up and down, poor and unregarded, and ſhall thy Followers ſtrive to be rich and eſteemed? Thy charitable Labours were maliciouſly ſlander'd, and ſhall not our Faults have the patience to be reproved? Thou didſt not diſdain to be call'd, tho' in ſcorn, *The Carpenters Son*; and cannot our lowneſs bear a little diſparagement; O how unlike are we to that bleſt Original, who deſcended from Heaven to become our Patten! How do we go aſtray

from

from that sacred Path, which the holy Jesus trac'd with his own steps!

MEDITATION III.

ALL this, O blessed Jesu! thou taughtst by thy holy Prophets to prepare the World for thy coming of a humble Saviour; all this and infinitely more thou didst suffer in thine own Person, with the reproaches, pains and inward Sorrows thou didst endure. So much as was able to make even patience it self break forth into this sad Complaint: O all you that pass by behold and see, if there be any Sorrow like unto my Sorrow. My God, when I consider what thou hast suffer'd for us, and what we have done against our selves, I am amaz'd at the Wonders of thy Goodness and confounded at the vileness of our Misery. Our Sins were the cause of thy cruel Death, yet still we permit them to live in us. We entertain the worst of thine Enemies, and Treacherously lodge them in our own Bosoms. Preferring a petty Interest before thy Heaven, and a transitory Pleasure before Eternal Felicity. Many we confess are the Follies of our Life; and our Consciences may very justly tremble at their own great Guilt. Many are the times

thou

thou hast graciously pardoned us, and still we relapse and abuse thy Clemency. The Memory, Lord, of my Transgressions shall be very bitter to me, and the thought of my Ingratitude shall extreamly afflict me. Oh that my Head were Waters, and mine Eyes a Fountain of Tears; that Day and Night I might continually lament my own many Sins, and my dear Saviour's Sufferings. But is there, O my Jesu, any stain so foul, which thy precious Blood cannot wash away? Is there any heap of sins so vast, to exceed the number of infinite Mercies? O no. Thou canst forgive more than we can offend; but thou wilt not forgive, unless we fear to offend: Unless we seek to thee for Peace and Reconcilement, and humble our selves in thy holy Presence. I will therefore, O Lord, humbly prostrate my self before thee, and cast my self upon thine infinite Mercy. I will look seriously into my own Breast, and make diligent search for my bosom Sins: I will confess and heartily lament my many Failings, and strive to correct and amend my self by Fasting and Prayer. All we can offer thy offended Majesty, to pacifie the Justice of thy Wrath, is only an humble Eye bath'd in Tears, and a penitent Heart broken with godly Sorrow: Only a firm

resolve

resolve to change our Lives; and even all this we must beg of Thee.

PETITIONS.

O Thou our gracious and indulgent Lord, who freely pardonest all that truly repent; who givest Repentance to all that ask, and invitest all to ask by promising to give! O give me, I pray, an unfeign'd Repentance for my past Offences, and then give the Remission that thou hast promised to Repentance. Open, O Lord, my Lips freely to accuse my self for all the Crimes which my Examination may find in my Heart or Life: Let the consideration of thy Cruel Sufferings heighten my sorrow for Sin, and confirm my detestation against it. Make me in every action still think of Thee, and call to mind what thou hast commanded me to do; make me call to mind thy holy and exemplary Life, and think what thou thy self wouldst do, O blessed Jesu, if thou wert here among us. And when I have thus learnt my Duty, make me readily do what thou hast taught me to know. When I consider my Ways, make me turn my Feet unto thy Testimonies. Pity, O dear Redeemer, the Infirmities of thy Servant, and strengthen with

with thy Grace my often fainting Heart. Preserve me hereafter by thy Almighty Power, that no temptation may surprize or overcome me. Arm me, O glorious Conqueror of Sin and Death, against all the fears and terrors of this World. Arm all my Powers with those celestial Vertues, Faith and Hope, and invincible Charity: That I may still go on and resolutely meet whatever stands in my way to Heaven. If I must suffer as a Christian, since I have deserv'd it from thee as a Sinner; help me to bear it with such patience, as becomes thy Servant. Let me not by doing evil, or omitting any required Duty, decline any suffering I may be exposed to for thy sake: Since thy love made thee suffer so much for me, and has prepar'd so excellent Rewards to crown my sufferings hereafter: Since Flesh and Blood cannot enter into thy heavenly Kingdom, make me to put them off here by frequent denying even their just contentments. So shall I be disposed the better to endure with patience the Inconveniencies of my way thither. I am, O Lord, I must confess, unworthy of the least of thy Mercies; but these Things I hope to obtain through the merits of thy Passion.

Glory be to, &c.

For

For Friday Evening.

MEDITATION I.

O Senſeleſs we, that ſo little conſider what we do againſt our Saviour, or what he ſuffer'd for us! How ingrateful are we to thy bleſſed Memory! We negligently forget thy ſacred Paſſion; or rather, which is far worſe, our Sins renew thy Sufferings. While we deprive others of their Right, what do we elſe but diveſt Thee of thy Cloaths? While we delight in Strife and Schiſm, what do we elſe but rend thy ſeamleſs Coat? If we deſpiſe the leaſt of thy faithful Servants, are we not as ſo many *Herods* that ſcorn'd Thee? If we for Fear proceed againſt our Conſcience, how are we better than *Pilate* that unjuſtly condemn'd Thee? By forſaking thy Will to follow our own, do we not chuſe a Murderer before thee? By retaining a ſharp and bitter Malice, do we not give Thee Vinegar and Gall to drink? By ſhewing no Mercy to the poor and afflicted, do we not paſs by thy

Croſs

Croſs as Strangers unconcern'd? Thus we again crucifie the Lord of Glory, and put him afreſh to an open Shame. — Is this, O wretched we! the Duty we pay to the ſacred Memory of our dear Redeemer? Are theſe the Thanks our Gratitude returns to that ſtrange excels of our Saviour's Love? When we ſat in Darkneſs he took us by the Hand, and kindly led us into his own Light. We ſought not him, but he came from far to find us; we look'd not towards him, but his Mercy call'd after us: He call'd aloud in Words of melting Tenderneſs, Why will you periſh, O ye Children of Men? Why will ye run after empty Trifles, as if there were no Joys above with me? Return, O you dear-bought Souls, and I will receive you; repent, and though you had really Crucified me, I will forgive you. Behold, O bleſſed Jeſu, to Thee we come; on Thee, O crucify'd Love, we fallen of our Confidence: Never will we unclaſp our hold, till thy Grace has ſeal'd the pardon of our Sins. Never will we part from this ſtandard of Hope, till our troubled Conſciences be diſmiſt in Peace. There will we ſtand, and ſigh and weep, and every one humbly ſay to thy Mercy, Jeſu my God, I am a miſerable Sinner: O be thou my kind Advocate with the Father.

MEDI-

MEDITATION II.

BElieve in Jesus, O my Soul, and thou maist be silent, for he thy Lord will answer for thee: Rely on him and he will be thy security; love him, and thou art united to his satisfaction and merits. Be innocent, and he will exalt thee. Repent, and he will forgive thy sins, and purge away all thy foul impurities. He will wash away the Guilt of those sins which thy Wickedness has ever caused in others; and of those also which thy Weakness has at any time receiv'd from them. The merciful Lord will purge thee from all thy secret Faults, and from those darling sins that most abuse our Nature. He will pardon what thou hast been, and correct what thou art: Will order by his good Providence what thou shalt be, and in the end crown his own excellent Gifts. Direct thy Prayers to his tender Mercy, and his Bounty will bestow more than thou askest. Never let us fear the favour of our God; if we can but esteem, and earnestly desire it. He that so freely gave us himself, will he not with himself give us all things else? Is not his painful Life and bitter Death suf-

ſufficient Pledge of his mighty Love to us! He has greater tenderneſs than any Mother, and more faithful Love to our true Intereſt than any Friend. O diſparage not his great willingneſs to help, by ſeeking Aid of any other Mediators. Surely they have little Faith, and far leſs Hope, who doubt the Mercies of ſo gracious a God: Mercies confirm'd by a thouſand Miracles, and dearly ſeal'd with his own precious Blood: That innocent Blood which was ſhed for us, to appeaſe the Wrath of his offended Father. Is not his infinite Love to us a ſufficient Motive of our Duty to him? A Duty to which we are ſo many ways oblig'd, and wherein our Eternity is ſo highly concern'd? Now, my Soul, is the time of Acceptance, now is the only Day of Salvation. Seek to Jeſus to be waſh'd in the pure Fountain of his Blood, and apply thy ſelf to do whatever he as thy Lord requires thee: So ſhall the bleſſed Jeſus be to thee Wiſdom, Righteouſneſs, Sanctification and Redemption.

MEDITATION III.

SHould'ſt thou, O Lord, have dealt with us in Rigour, we had long ſince been ſentenced to Eternal Death: Long ſince

since our guilty Souls has been snatch'd away from this World, and hurried down to everlasting Torments: But thy gracious Mercy has yet repriev'd our lives, and given us space to work out our Salvation. Now is the time of Acceptance with thee, now is the Day of Salvation for us. Now, O my Soul, let us mourn our former Offences, and henceforth take care to bring forth Fruits worthy of Repentance. If we have hitherto persecuted the Lord of Glory, and with our Sins nail'd the blessed Jesus on the Tree of Death: Now let our whole endeavours attend the Service of our Saviour, and loyally conspire to uncrucifie their Lord. Let us ascend the Mount of *Calvary*, and as often as we go, salute his holy steps. We kiss thy steps, dear Lord, when we love thy Ways, and humble our selves, and follow thee. Let us there on our Knees approach him on the Cross, and reverently cover his naked Body: We cover thee, when our Charity cloaths thy Servants, and hides the Infirmities of thy little ones. Let us there with tendereſt care unfasten the Nails, and gently draw them out of his Hands and Feet: We draw them out, O Lord, when we freely obey thy Will, and loosen our Affections from cleaving to the World. When thou hast thus, my

Soul,

Soul, rescu'd thy Lord, nail thy self in his stead to the Cross. Mortifie thy Members which are upon the Earth, and crucifie the Flesh with all its inordinate Lusts.

PETITIONS.

O Father of Mercies, and of our loving Saviour; let the love of thee, and of thy Son, win our Hearts entirely to thy self: Win them from this vain Life, and all the little goods of it, to the sole pursuit and hopes of enjoying thee in thy Eternity. Let the love of our crucified Redeemer, soften our Hearts, and make them break for our past Offences against thee: For we have broken the Laws of our Maker, we have provok'd the Wrath of our Judges; we have despised the goodness of our God. O deal not with us according to our sins, nor give us the sad desert of our Iniquities. We fly, O Lord, from the Bar of thy Justice, to the mild and gracious seat of thy Mercy. Spare us, O Lord, who are the Works of thine Hands, spare us whom thou hast redeem'd with the Blood of Christ. Pardon, O Lord, our sins of weakness and surprize; pardon our sins of wilfulness and deliberation; pardon our relapsing into the

sins

sins we have repented; pardon our former living in sin without Repentance. Make us so grieve for our sins as to hate them; so hate, as utterly to forsake them. O may the good Spirit mortifie all our corrupt Affections, that no Principle may ever divert us from loving and serving thee. Crucifie, O Lord, our Flesh with the fear of thee, and let us have all our portion of sorrow in this World: Crucifie us to the World, and the World to us; that being dead to it, we may live to thee: At least live thou in us, O holy Jesu: Possess thou us, who hast bought us so dear as with thy Life's last drop of precious Blood. Dispose of all our motions according to thy righteous Will; help us to root out all our Vices with the constant practise of contrary Vertues, that so we may bring forth Fruits agreeable to a true Repentance. And confirm, O Lord, we beseech thee, our Resolutions against sin, and our Courage to fight manfully under the Banner of thee our crucified Saviour; that we may withstand the shock of all Temptations, and conquer the Assaults of all our spiritual Enemies: And make us Watch, as well as pray, lest we enter into Temptation; that so we may be delivered from evil. So guide and govern us, dear Lord, by thy great Wisdom and

Love,

Love, that nothing may be able to separate us from the love of thee our glorious Redeemer; who with the Father and the Holy Spirit, livest and reignest ever one God, World without end.

Amen.

HYMN XII.

AND now, my Soul, canst thou forget
That thy whole life is one long debt
Of love to him, who on a Tree
Paid back the Flesh he took for thee?

Lo how the streams of precious Blood
Flow from fine Wounds into one Flood!
With these he washes all thy stains,
And buys thy ease with his own pains.

Thy Cross, dear Lord, does clearly now
That doubt of former Ages show;
It was this Wood would make the Throne
Fit for a more than *Solomon*.

Large Throne of Love! royally spread
With Purple of too rich a red:
Strange costly Price! thus to make good
Its own esteem with its King's Blood.

Jesu, best Plant of Paradise!
To thee our Hopes lift up our Eyes:

O may

O may aloft thy Branches shoot,
And fill the Nations with thy Fruit.

O may all reap from thy increase,
The Just more strength, the Sinner peace;
While our half-wither'd Hearts and we
Engraft our selves, and grow on thee.

Live, O for ever live, and reign,
Blest Lamb, whom thine own love has slain;
And may thy lost Sheep live to be
True Lovers of thy Cross and thee.

All Glory to the sacred Three,
One un-divided Deity;
As it has been in Ages gone,
May now and ever still be done. *Amen.*

For Saturday Morning.

MEDITATION I.

AWake all ye Powers of my Soul, and come pay your Homage to the Prince of our Salvation; cast your unworthy selves at his sacred Feet, and renew your Vows of following his steps: He triumpht over Death in his own bo-

dy, and will enable us to conquer it in ours: He clang'd the corrupted Government of the World, and eſtabliſh'd a new and holy Law, that as we were Vaſſals to Sin before, we might now become the free Subjects of Grace: Let us live and die in his bleſt Obedience, and let no Temptation ever ſeparate us from him, who if we reſiſt will make us overcome, and when we have overcome will crown us with Peace. Come let us adore our victorious Redeemer. Thou haſt, O Lord, triumpht over all thy Enemies, and ours; but we alas, are yet converſing in the midſt of our Enemies: Proſtrate before Thee, we will confeſs our Miſery; To how many Dangers is our Life expos'd! With how many Tentations are we round beſieged! Tentations in Meat, Tentations in Drink, Tentations in Converſing, Tentations in Solitude; Tentations in Buſineſs, Tentations in Leiſure, Tentations in Riches, Tentations in Poverty; all our Ways are ſtrew'd with Snares, and even our Senſes conſpire againſt us. Whither, O my God, ſhall our poor Souls go, encompaſt with a Body ſo frail, and a World ſo corrupt? Whither but to thee the juſtifier of Sinners, and to thy Grace, the ſuſtainer of the Weak? Thy Grace inſtructs us what we ought to do, and

breeds

breeds in us the Will to endeavour what we know: Thy Grace inables us to perform our Resolves, and when all is done, thy Grace must give success. We that of our selves can do nothing, may, through Christ strengthning us, be able to do all things, and gain the sentence of approbation that shall be pronounc'd upon his steadfast Followers; Well done, good and faithful Servants, enter you into your Master's joy.

HYMN XIII.

LOrd, we again lift up our Eyes,
And leave our sluggish Beds;
But why we wake, or why we rise,
Comes seldom in our Heads.

Is it to sweat, and toil for Wealth,
Or sport our time away:
That thou preserv'st us still in Health,
And giv'st us this new day?

No, no, unskilful Soul, not so,
Be not deceiv'd with Toys;
Thy Lord's Commands more wisely go,
And aim at higher Joys.

They bid us wake to seek new Grace,
And some fresh Vertue gain;

They call us up to mend our pace,
Till we the Prize attain.

That glorious Prize for which all run,
Who wisely spend their Breath;
Who when this weary Life is done,
Are sure of rest in Death.

Not such a Rest as here we prove,
Disturb with cares and fears;
But endless Joy, and Peace, and Love,
Unmixt with Grief and Tears.

Glory to Thee, O bounteous Lord!
Who giv'st to all things Breath;
Glory to Thee Eternal Word!
Who sav'st us by thy Death:

Glory, O blessed Spirit, to Thee,
Who fill'st our Souls with Love;
Glory to all the mystick Three,
Who reign one God above.

Amen.

MEDITATION II.

LOrd, with what admirable Wisdom dost thou govern the World, and order the several Conditions of Men! Thy wise Providence orders some to be Poor, and appoints them their Task of

innocent Work: Thy Providence is pleased to make others rich, and give them leisure for their better Improvements: Thou hast made both Poor and Rich to be some way needful to one another, that all may live in Love and Unity, and apply themselves to mutual assistance. Happy are they, O Lord, who have so much Employment, that there remains no room for idle Thoughts: Happy are they who have so little Business, that they want not space to attend their Souls: Happy yet more are they, who in the midst of their Work can think sometimes of the Wages above; whom nothing diverts from that chief concern of seeking to make their Election sure: But while their Backs are bow'd down with Labour, they freely can raise up their Minds to Heaven: And while they are ty'd to their Beds with sickness, can yet move on towards their eternal Rest: Often they rejoyce with themselves alone, and silently say in their contented Hearts, Here we, alas! are narrowly confin'd, and our time entertain'd with trivial Affairs: But hereafter we expect an unbounded enlargement, and the same glorious Office with the blessed Angels: Here we are subject to a Thousand Miseries, and the most prosperous Life is vain and short; but hereafter we

expect an infinity of Joy, and the ſolid Pleaſures of Heaven for ever. We too, my Soul, let us pray to be guided in the middle Path, and take care that we decline to no vicious extream; to avoid the ſtormy Sea of too much Buſineſs, and the dead Water of a ſlothful Life; leſt we be caſt away by forgetting God, or become corrupted by neglecting our ſelves. Sometimes at leaſt recollect thy Thoughts, how much ſoever thy Condition diſtracts thee: In all thy Works remember thy laſt End, when thou muſt bid a long Farewel to all this World; remember that dreadful Day of the univerſal Judgment, when thou muſt give an account for every idle Word: Remember the Joys prepar'd for the Innocent, and the Miſeries that attend the Wicked: Remember how nearly it concerns thee to have a good or a bad Eternity, and that every Action tends towards the one or the other: Thus kept in awe, thou wilt be careful not to ſin, and encourag'd by the Reward thou wilt ſtrive to do well. Then maiſt thou look up with humble confidence in our God, how low ſoever thy Afflictions depreſs thee: Thou may'ſt look up to the Eternal Mountains, and feed thy hungry Deſires with this ſweet hope; the day will come, when out of this dark World we ſhall joy-

fully

fully ascend to that beauteous Light: The Day will come, and cannot be far off, when we shall rest for ever in the Bosom of Bliss.

MEDITATION III.

HAppiest of all, O Lord, are they, whose very Business is thy sacred Service: Who not only bestow an interrupted Glance, but steadily fix their Eyes on Thee: Who are devoted to the happy service of the Sanctuary, and Night and Day dwell in thy Presence: Who, not engag'd in the Cares and Tumults of the World, spend their time in Retirement and Devotion: If the Sun rise, it finds them at their Master's Work; and when it sets, leaves them at the same sweet task. Every place is a Church to such consecrated Souls, and every Day a holy Sabbath: Every Object is an occasion of Piety, and every Accident an exercise of Vertue. Do they behold the beauteous Stars, they presently adore their great Creator: Do they look down on the fruitful Earth, they instantly begin to praise his Bounty: Let War or Peace do what they will, and the inconstant World reel up and down; they pass through all with a serene Mind, and smoothly go on their

regular Course; looking still up to that glorious Life above, and entertaining this present in hope, and labour to attain it. When they depart sometimes from their proper Center, and forsake a while their belov'd Retirement; 'tis to approach and give Light to others, and enflame some cold or lukewarm Hearts: While they are abroad they are still with Thee, and nothing can divide them from thy dear Presence: When they return, still Devout and Innocent, thou receivest them as familiar Friends, and freely admit'st them to thy secret sweetness: Thou givest them a Taste from thine own full Board, and overfloweſt their Hearts with the Wine of Gladness. Often they feel a little Beam from Heaven strike gently, and fill their Breasts with Light; often that gentle Light is kindled into a Flame, and chastly burns with pure Desires: Desires that still mount up and aim at Thee, the supernatural center of all their hopes. Oh happy state of the Reverend Clergy, who empty of the World, are full of God! Such shall seldom fall, and quickly rise, and make swift Advances in the way to Heaven: They shall live in Purity, and die with Confidence, and go to sing among the Quires of Angels.

PETI-

PETITIONS.

O Gracious and Eternal Wisdom and Goodness! Who seest and pitiest the Infirmities of our Nature surrounded on every side with the worst of Dangers, Temptations to Folly: O guide my steps in thy safe way; order every chance to prevent my falling, and still lead me on towards an happy end. Give me the Eye and Wing of an Eagle, to see my danger at a distance, and fly swiftly away from it. If I needs must engage my Enemy, and there be no means left to escape the Encounter, strengthen me, O Lord, with thy All-powerful Grace, to persevere with Courage, to break through all that offers to divert or stop the advance of my Love to thee alone; strengthen me, that I may never be wanting in my Fidelity to Thee. Convince me, O blessed God, into this firm Judgment, and make my Memory faithfully retain it; whatever my Senses say to deceive me, or the World to obscure so beauteous a Truth: That thy self alone art our chiefest Good, and the sight of thy Glory our supream Felicity. Give me, O thou dispenser of all things, give

me in this World neither Poverty nor Riches, but feed me with Food convenient for me, lest perhaps being full, I be allur'd to deny Thee, and say, Who is the Lord? Or compell'd by want, to Flatter or Steal, or Forswear the Name of my God. Whatever my Lot be, assist me by thy Grace to submit my Will intirely to thine: Assist me so to improve the Talents which thy Providence assigns me, that at the great Day of Account I may be receiv'd with those precious words, Well done, good and faithful Servant, enter thou into thy Masters Joy: Through the Merits of Jesus Christ the Mediator.

Glory be to, &c. Amen.

For Saturday Evening.

MEDITATION I.

WHY do we ſtill purſue this World, and ſo eagerly ſeek its fond Enjoyments? A World of Vanity and falſe Deceits; a World of Miſery and many ſad Diſaſters; whoſe Croſſes are ſolid, and Comforts empty; whoſe Sorrows are permanent, and Delights paſs quickly away: A World where the Innocent are often condemn'd with Shame, and the bold Guilty acquitted with Applauſe; where ſometimes the Wicked are advanc'd to Honour, and the Vertuous are oppreſt with Diſgrace; where Friends ſoon fall off, and Kindred forget; and every one minds his own private Intereſt. Yet are we taken with this crooked World, and blindly court its ugly, painted Face. We make ſome ſordid Paſſion Miſtreſs of our Heart, and neglect the pure and amiable love of Jeſus, whoſe Goodneſs to us gives all we have, whoſe Perfections in himſelf are more than we can conceive. Thou art, O glorious Jeſu,

Jesu, the Beauty of Angels, and the everlasting Joy of all thy Saints. Thou art the Heaven of Heavens it self, and in thy sight alone is the fulness of Bliss. All this thou art, and infinitely more; and yet, alas! how few esteem thee! The World (we dearly know) too often has deceiv'd us; and our rashness takes no care not to be undone again. Thou never, O Jesu, hast fail'd our Hope, and our Dulness fears to rely on thee. The World distracts and embroils our Spirits, and wretched we delight in our Misery. Thou always, O Jesu, fill'st our Hearts with Peace, and senseless we are weary of thy Happiness. The World calls, and we faint in eager following it; thou call'st, and we are still reliev'd by thee: Yet is our Nature so ungratefully perverse; we run after that which tires, and abandon that which refreshes. Sometimes our Lips speak gloriously of thee, O thou living Fountain of eternal Bliss. Some happy Times we relish thy Sweetness, and decry aloud the Poysons of the World. But we are soon entic'd by its gild'd Cup, and easily forsake the Waters of Life.

MEDITATION II.

ALL this is true, and yet the World is lov'd, and our Nature inclines to affect its Vanities. 'Tis lov'd, and so it justly deserves to be, did we understand its real value. Our life indeed seems trivial and mean, and all things about us look troublesome and dangerous: Yet, O my God, is their consequence excellent in this; that they are our only way of coming to Thee. This World, and this alone is the Womb that breeds us, and brings us forth to see thy Light. This is alone the proper Machine, wherein thy Hand has set our Lives; to learn the Art of managaging it right, and wind up our selves to thy glorious Heaven. O that we had that happy Skill! How soon would every Thing help forward to advance us! Whether we Eat or Drink, or whatever else an innocent Hand can undertake; if we regard our faithful End, and order all to the improvement of our Minds: They instantly change their secular Name, and deservedly are preferr'd to become Religious. Riches themselves, and imperious Honour have not so perperverse and fixt a Malice; but a prudent use converts them to Piety, and makes them

them fit Instruments of highest Bliss. Our very Delights (O the goodness of our God) may be temper'd with so wise an Alloy, that his Mercy accounts them as parts of our Duty, and fails not to give them the full Reward; while they are entertain'd for the Health of our Bodies, or the just refreshment of our wearied Spirits; and both our Bodies and Spirits constantly apply'd to gain new Degrees of the love of Heaven. Thus, gracious Lord, every moment of our Lives may still be climbing up towards thee; thus may we still proceed in thy Service, even then when we most of all serve our selves. And then indeed it is we best serve our selves, when we are busiest in what we call thy Service. Thou sweetly vouchsafest to stile that thy Glory, which in very Truth is nothing but our Interest. Thou kindly complain'st we dishonour thy Name, when we only mischief our own Souls.

MEDITATION III.

THis Life indeed is the way we must walk; but this alone cannot bring us to our End. E're we arrive at our appointed home, we must be led through the Gates of Death; where we shall absolutely

ſolutely be ſtrip'd of all we have; and carry nothing with us but what we are. Where we not only muſt quit the whole World, but leave behind us even part of our ſelves. Haſt thou, my Soul, ſeen ſome Neighbour die? And doſt thou remember thoſe circumſtances of Sorrow? We are ſure, the Caſe e're long will be our own; and are not ſure but it may be very ſoon. Have we our ſelves been dangerouſly ſick, and do we remember the Thoughts we had then? How we reſolv'd to correct our Paſſions, and ſtrive againſt the Vices that particularly endanger us? It will come to this again; and no Reprieve ſhall be found to ſtay one ſingle Minute the Hand of Death: But be immediately will ſeize upon us, and bear us away to the Region of Spirits; there to be rang'd in our proper place; as the courſe of our Life has qualified us here. Nor is this all, to expire and die, and dwell for a time in a ſtate of Separation; we muſt expect another Day, a Day of publick Accounts and Reſtitution of all Things: When the Arch-Angel ſhall ſound his Trumpet, and proclaim aloud this univerſal Summons: Ariſe you dead, and come to Judgment; ariſe, appear before the Throne of God. Then ſhall the little heaps of Duſt immediately awake,

and

and every Soul put on again her proper Body. Immediately all the Children of *Adam* shall be gather'd together; from Heaven and Hell, and every corner of the Earth. There they must stand, and all attend their Doom; but O with how sad and fatal a difference! The Just shall look up with a chearful confidence, and in their new white Robes triumph and sing *Allelujah*, let us rejoyce, for the Marriage of the Lamb is come, and his Bride has prepar'd her self. Let us rejoyce, for the Kingdom of the World is made our Lords, and his Christs, and he shall Reign for ever and ever. Let us rejoyce, for now our Redeemer is nigh; behold he comes quickly, and his Reward is with him. Come, come, Lord Jesu, thou long desire of our Hearts; come quickly, thou full delight of our Souls: Come, and declare to all the World thy Glory; come, and reward before all the World thy Servants. Lo, where aloft he comes in Power and Majesty, attended with a train of innumerable Angels. Behold where he sits enthron'd on the Wings of Cherubims, and takes at once a View of all Mankind. Soon he commands his Angels to sever his Sheep, and gather them together on his Right Hand. First then to them he turns his glorious Face, and shines upon

upon them, and ſays theſe raviſhing Words: Come ye bleſſed of my Father, poſſeſs the Kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of the World. O the Joys their Souls ſhall feel, when thoſe Heavenly Words ſound in their Ears; Joys that the Wit of Man cannot conceive; Joys that the Tongues of Angels cannot expreſs. Let it ſuffice, themſelves ſhall taſte their own Felicity, and feed on its ſweetneſs for ever. But O, with what dejected Eyes and trembling Hearts ſhall the Wicked ſtand expecting their Judge! What ſhall they do, when, where-ever they look, their griev'd Eye can meet with nothing but what will cauſe Deſpair? Above the offended Judge ready to condemn them; below, the bottomleſs Pit gaping to devour them: Within, the Worm of Conſcience gnawing their Bowels, and round about them all the World is in Flames. What ſhall they do when that terrible Voice ſhall ſtrike them ſuddenly down to the bottom of Hell? Go you accurſed into everlaſting Fire, prepar'd for the Devil and his Angels. The Day of Man is paſt, when Sinners did what they pleas'd; and God ſeem'd to hold his Peace. 'Tis now the Day of God, when his Wrath ſhall ſpeak in Thunder, and Sinners ſhall ſuffer what their Wickedneſs de-

deserves. Then they shall sink immediately into the Pit of Sorrow, and dwell in Darkness and Torments for ever. While the Just shall go up in Joy and Triumph, and reign with our Lord in his Kingdom for ever. Thus shall the whole Creation be finally dispos'd, and Mercy and Justice divide the World. O my Soul! who now art here below, and read'st these dreadful Truths as things afar off: Know thou shalt be present and see them with thine Eyes, and be thy self concern'd for all Eternity. Know as thou liv'st, thou art sure to die; and as thou dies't, thou art sure to be Judged. Think what a sad Condition it will be to find thy self on the wrong Hand; Think what then thou would'st give to have repented in time; think what thou would'st give for a little time to repent. Think on these Things, and now heartily repent while yet a moment of Time is left Thee. Improve this moment about the necessary Work, because thou canst not be assur'd of the Succession of another. Watch, now, thy self continually, and continually Pray; for we know not the Hour when the Son of Man will come.

PETI-

PETITIONS.

O Son of God and Man, who cameſt in Mercy to ſave! O bring the ſame Mercy with Thee, when thou comeſt to Judge us. In the mean while aſſiſt me by thy heavenly Grace, to ſtand perpetually with my Accounts prepared, that I may die in the Peace of God, and Communion of his Church, and go to live with him, and that part of his Holy Church which is Triumphant. O bleſſed Jeſu! King of Clemency, and great Rewarder of every little Grace! Thou who by all we can do pretendeſt no Gain, but beſtoweſt on us all that thy ſelf haſt done: Inſtruct my Gratitude to conſecrate all to Thee, ſince all, by thy Bounty, will redound to thy ſelf. O Thou who took'ſt upon Thee all our Frailty, to beſtow on us thine own Perfections, Teach me to prize the Joys of Heaven, and part with all Things elſe to purchaſe Thee. O let not the Flatteries of worldly Pleaſures any more delude me, nor any ſuperfluous Cares perplex my Mind. O may my chief Delight be to think of Thee, all my Study to come to the Enjoyment of Thee. Let the ſhortneſs and vexation of all Worldly Enjoyments ſo diſparage them

to my Apprehensions, that they may become less tempting to me, and take the less hold of my Heart. Make me thankfully sensible of thy Mercy and Kindness to Mankind, in mixing this World's Enjoyments with so much Trouble and Inconvenience; since we cannot attain Thee, the Heaven of Heavens, if we do not fix our selves intirely upon Thee: Nor can we do this, if we are or may be satisfied with any thing beside thy glorious Self. Thus has thy Wisdom fitly qualified this Life, the present dark Womb of our Souls, so that by its own Uneasiness it will, with thy Blessing, the more easily dispose them for a Happy Birth into thy blessed Eternity: Through our Lord Jesus Christ thy Son, who with the Father and the Holy Ghost, together is worshipped and glorified.

Amen.

HYMN XIV.

LOrd, what a pleasant Life were this,
If all did well their parts;
If all did one another love
Sincerely with their Hearts!

No Suits of Law, no Noiſe of War
Our quiet Minds would fright;
No Fear to loſe, no Care to keep
What juſtly is our right.

No envious Thought no ſlandering Tongue
Would e're diſturb our Peace;
We ſhould help them, and they help us,
And all Unkindneſs ceaſe.

But the All-wiſe choſe other Laws,
And thought it better ſo;
He made the World, and ſure he knows
What's beſt with it to do.

'Tis for our Good, that all this Ill
Is ſuffer'd here below;
'Tis to correct thoſe dangerous Sweets,
That elſe would Poyſon grow.

So Storms are rais'd to clear the Air,
And chaſe dull Clouds away;
So Weeds grow up to cure our Wounds,
And all our Pains allay.

How often, Lord, do we miſtake,
When we our Plots deſign!
Rule thou hereafter thine own World,
Only thy ſelf be mine.

Or rather, Lord, let me be Thine,
Else I am not mine own;
Give me thy self, or take thou me,
Undone if left alone.

To Thee, great God of Heaven and Earth!
Each Knee for ever bow:
May all thy Blessed sing above,
And we adore below.

Amen.

DEVO-

DEVOTIONS

FOR

Every Day in the Week.

The Second Part.

For Sunday Morning.

MEDITATION I.

Sing to our Lord a Pſalm of Joy, ſing Praiſes to the God of our Salvation: ſing with a loud and chearful Voice, ſing with a glad and thankful Heart: Say to the weak of Spirit, Be ſtrong; ſay to the ſtaggering Faith, Be ſtedfaſt; ſay to the Sorrowful, Be of good Comfort. Tell all the World this Soul-reviving Truth, and may their Hearts leap with-

within them to hear it: Tell them the Lord of Life is riſen again, and has cloath'd himſelf with Immortal Glory: He made the Angels Meſſengers of his Victory, and vouchſafed even himſelf to bring us the happy News. How many ways did thy condeſcending Mercy invent, O thou wiſe Contriver of all our Happineſs! to convince thy Followers into this bleſt Belief, and ſettle in their Hearts a firm ground of Hope: Thou appeareds't to the holy Women, in their return from thy Sepulchre, and openedſt their Eyes to know and adore Thee. Thou didſt purpoſely overtake in their Journey two of thy Diſciples, that were diſcourſing of Thee, and make their Hearts burn within them by thy Diſcourſe, whilſt thou didſt kindly expound to them the Things that related to Thee in all the Scriptures, and which by Thee had been fulfill'd. Thou didſt ſhew thy ſelf on the Shore to thy Diſciples labouring at Sea, to intimate that they muſt now leave that Fiſhing to become Fiſhers of Men: They labour'd all Night in vain, without the Bleſſing of their Maſter Jeſus: Thou didſt ſhew thy ſelf to them, and tell them plainly who Thou were by thy kind known Token of a beneficial Miracle: When the Doors of the Houſe were ſhut,

Thou

Thou who hadſt inſenſibly come in, didſt appear to give them Peace and Satisfaction; to ſatisfie them of thy Reſurrection from the Dead, and of thy continued tender Love to them: How didſt Thou condeſcend to Eat before them, and invite them to touch thy Body! How didſt thou ſweetly provoke the incredulous *Thomas* to thruſt his Hand into thy wounded Side! And thou haſt taken occaſion from his hardneſs to believe, to facilitate the Faith of thy Church in after-Ages. We bleſs Thee, O Lord, who haſt ſo ordered the Duties of our Faith, that the true Reports of Senſe may help us in ſome of them, and do contradict us in none. How often, O gracious Lord, in thoſe bleſſed 40 Days, did thy Charity caſt to meet with thy Diſciples! that Thou mighteſt teach them ſtill ſome exellent Truth, and imprint ſtill deeper thy Love in their Hearts: Diſcourſing perpetually of the Kingdom of Heaven, and eſtabliſhing proper means to bring us thither. At laſt when all thy glorious Task was perfectly finiſh'd, and thy Hour of departing from this Earth did approach, Thou didſt tenderly gather thy Children about Thee, and in their full ſight go up into Heaven; leaving thy deareſt Bleſſing on their Heads, and promiſing a kind Comforter in thy

Abſence. O how adorable are thy Counſels, O Lord! How ſtrangely endearing the ways of thy Love! Say now, my Soul, is not this Evidence clear enough to anſwer all our darkeſt Doubts? Is not this Hope abundantly ſufficient to ſweeten all our bittereſt Sorrows? What tho' we mourn and be afflicted here, and ſigh under the Miſeries of the World for a time? We may be ſure that our Tears ſhall one Day be turn'd into Joy, and that Joy none ſhall be able to take from us. What tho' our Bodies be crumbled into Duſt, and that Duſt ſhould be blown about over the Face of the whole World? Yet we undoubtedly know that our Redeemer lives, and ſhall appear in Brightneſs at the laſt great Day. He ſhall appear in the midſt of all the numerous Hoſts of Angels, and before him ſhall be brought all Nations: Then with theſe Eyes which now read of him, we ſhall ſee him; we ſhall ſee him in whom we have ſo long believ'd; we ſhall find him whom we have ſo often ſought: In our full and final Redemption we ſhall find him a faithful and mighty Redeemer: We ſhall poſſeſs him whom our Souls have lov'd, and be united to him for ever, who is the only end of our Being.

HYMN

HYMN XV.

AWake, my Soul, riſe from this Bed,
Of dull and ſluggiſh Earth;
Quickly ariſe, lift up thy Head,
And ſee thy Lord's new Birth.

Once did he come, O bleſſed He!
Born of a Virgin-Womb;
Low now he comes (and ſtill for thee)
Sprung from a Virgin-Tomb.

See thy Lord riſes freſh and bright,
Incircled round with Stars;
Which all from him receive their Light,
And from his glorious Scars.

And thus, as he his Progreſs makes
Up to his Heaven again,
Each riſen Saint his Muſick takes,
And follows in his Train.

Thus altogether they aſcend,
'Till at Heav'n's Gate they come;
Where wondring Angels do attend,
To bid them welcome home.

The Angels know again their King,
And ſoon his Call obey;
All the glad Quires come forth to ſing,
And crown with Mirth the Day.

Come thou, my Soul, let us rejoyce,
Us too, our Consort bring;
Up to high Heav'n let's lift up our Voice,
And with the Angels sing,

Glory and Honour, Power and Praise
To the mysterious Three;
As at the first beginining was,
May now and ever be.

MEDITATION II.

RAise thy Head, O my Soul! and look up, and behold the Glory of thy crucified Saviour. He that was dead, and laid in the Grave low enough to prove himself Man; He is risen again, and ascended into Heaven, and is in Exaltation high enough to prove himself God. He arose, and made the Light his Garment, and commanded the Clouds to be the Chariot of his Triumph. The Gates of Heaven obeyed their Lord, and the everlasting Doors opened to the King of Glory. Enter bright King, thy glorious Palace, attended with thy shining Angels; enter with the glad Train of thy new delivered Captives, the first Fruits of thy Victory, and the Earnests of more. Enter and repossess thy ancient Throne, and reign eternally

nally at the Right Hand of thy Father. May every Knee bow low at thy exalted Name, and every Toungue confeſs thy Glory. May all created Nature adore thy Power, and the Church of thy Redeemed exalt in thy Goodneſs. Whom have we in Heaven but Thee, O Lord, who didſt expreſly go thither to make way for thy Followers? What have we on Earth that yields us any Comfort and Delight, but our hope by following Thee to arrive at laſt where Thou art gone before us? And worth our while, O Lord, it is to follow Thee in the greateſt Labour of doing well, and in Patience under the greateſt Adverſities; ſince the end of all is, that where Thou art, we ſhall be. We ſhall be there, and ſhall be like Thee; for we ſhall ſee Thee as Thou art: We ſhall be exalted and glorified, and reſt from our Labours. O glorious Jeſu, our Strength and our Joy, and the Immortal Life of our Souls. Thou art worthy to be the principal Subject of our Studies, and the daily Entertainment of our moſt ſerious Thoughts.

MEDITATION III.

WHat mighty Cauſe, O God, haſt Thou given poor Mankind to rejoyce and Praiſe Thee, in that Thou haſt

raiſed our Saviour from the Grave! He died for our Sins, and roſe again for our Juſtification. In this we ſee a full Satisfaction made for our Sins by his Death: Hereby he ever Lives to make Interceſſion for us Sinners. O let all the World rejoice in the Victory and Triumph of our Lord over all the Enemies of our Salvation. I bleſs Thee, O my Saviour, for Thy Death and I praiſe and adore Thee for thy Reſurrection: The one, a Work of Infinite condeſcending Mercy; the other, of infinite Power. And now, my Soul, how art thou conformable to thy kind Lord, if when He is riſen, thou lie dead in Treſpaſſes and Sins? if thou be not riſen with Chriſt to a new and Spiritual Life, certainly thou art none of his. Will he not draw all his own thus after him? Will he ſuffer any of them to lie entangled in Earthly Deſires? If he has not drawn thy Heart from the World, and from thy Self, and made thee value him moſt, and delight to run the way of his Commandments; thou haſt no part in him. And if thou be riſen with Chriſt, thou ſhould'ſt ſeek thoſe Things which are above. Why ſhould our Hearts dwell on Earth, when the beſt Treaſure of our Hearts is return'd to Heaven; Since our glorified Jeſus is aſcended above, to prepare

pare us a place in his own Kingdom? A place of Reſt and ſecure Peace, where we ſee, and praiſe, and adore him for ever; a place of Joy and everlaſting Fruition, where we ſhall love, and poſſeſs, and delight in him for ever. O happy We, and our poor Souls, if once admitted to that bliſsful Viſion! If once thoſe Heavenly Portals unfold their Gates, and let us in to the Joys of our Lord; how will our Spirits be raviſh'd within themſelves, to reflect on the fulneſs of their own Beatitude! How ſhall we all rejoice in one another's Felicity; but infinitely more in the infinitely greater Felicity of God! O Heaven, towards Thee it is meet that we frequently lift up craving Eyes, and with out ſtretched Hands reach at thy Glories. It is fit that with languiſhing Hearts we often ſay, When, O when ſhall we behold that incomparable Light with which our exalted Saviour is cloathed, as with a Garment! That Glory which illuminates the Eyes of Angels, and Eternally renews the Youth of immortalized Saints. That Light is thy very Self, O Lord our God, whom we ſhall there ſee Face to Face; whom we ſhall there know as we are known. In thy Light we ſhall ſee Light.

PETITIONS.

O Divine, Immenſe, Original Light! ſhine Thou perpetually in our Eyes, that thy Brightneſs may for ever darken all the falſe Luſtre of this World. O Light that delighteſt to diffuſe and communicate thy Self, ſhed ſo many of thy powerful Beams into our Hearts, as that thy Heat may burn up all other Deſires. Make us burn continually with the pure Love of Thee, and let that refining Fire purge us from the Love of this World, Let thy Light ſhine in our Hearts, and be a Guide to our Ways, till we be called from this Vale of Darkneſs, into the Glorious Preſence of the Living God: To ſee him that made the Heavens and the Earth, and gave to all Things their luſtre and beauty: To ſee him that firſt gave us our Being, then govern'd us in our way, and brought us to ſo bleſſed an end. Mean while, O glorious Jeſu, thou art the Foundation and Finiſher of all our Hopes, do thou make us entertain our Life with the Comfort of this Hope, and our Hope with the aſſurance of thy Promiſes. Let the Triumphs and Glories ever ſhine in our Eyes, to animate our Labours and comfort our ſufferings. Let them confirm our faith in this comfortable

Point,

Point, That if we are thy faithful Followers in this Life, we ſhall hereafter be Partakers in thy Glory. Make us alſo, Lord, every Day more perfectly underſtand our own great Duty, and thine infinite Love. Make us, eſpecially on this thy Day, meditate the Advancement of thy Glory, and invite all the World to ſing thy deſerved Praiſes. Inſpire our Hearts, O Lord, with ſuch loving Wiſhes as theſe. Praiſe our Lord, O you holy Angels! Praiſe him, O you happy Saints! Let all the faithful Souls departed from this Life by his Grace, ever praiſe him. Let the Living on Earth, who ſubſiſt by his Mercy, praiſe him. Let one Generation after another carry on the Duty of Praiſe, till Generations ſhall be no more, and ſay,

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghoſt;
As it was in the Beginning, is now, and ever ſhall be, World without end.

Amen.

For Sunday Evening.

MEDITATION I.

O Sin, how haſt thou diſturbed and confounded this our miſerable World! Before Sin entred, nothing but Happineſs dwelt here. Sin was diſordered the Nature of Mankind, and of every thing elſe. The Righteous Vengeance of God has laid a deſerved Curſe upon the whole Creation: Now is unhappy Man born to Trouble, as the Sparks of Fire are to fly upward. Poor Mankind! this is not the place of thy Reſt, becauſe thy Sin has defil'd it. Thou art liable to receive Hurt and Trouble from all things here below, and thou canſt never be happy till thou art tranſlated into Heaven. Heaven only is the Place of true and laſting Joy, the Place of Eaſe and ſecure Reſt. Who will give my weary Soul the Wings of a Dove, that I may fly away and be at Reſt? That I may leave this dangerous, dark, uncomfortable, vexatious World: That I may flee away from the Troubles of this Life and be at reſt, dear Lord, with Thee. Here we, alas, are

are forced to utter many a deep Sigh, to bear with Grief the Burthen of weighty Miseries: Often we encounter Chances that endanger us, and divert our Progress in the way of Bliss: Often we are assaulted with Temptations that overcome us, and set us back in the Accounts of Eternity. How many times, O my Soul, have we plainly concluded that this Earth affords no real Joy. When we have observed by our own Experience, or by the Carriage of others, that the Enjoyment never performs that which the Expectation promises. How many times have we fully agreed that Heaven alone is the place of Happiness, when we have found all Places and Conditions here encumbred with Vanity and Vexation? Yet these false Allurements do again and again deceive us, and seduce our Hearts to dote on Folly. We have found that which glitter'd like Gold to be but Dross, and yet we are caught again with something else that glitters. Thus do we, foolish and unconstant Creatures, forget our wisest Resolves, and the mean while we neglect our true Felicity. My Soul, to be wise and happy thou must only thirst and sigh after thy God: He is the living Fountain of the true Rivers of Pleasures. Thou must despise all other Delights, and

set

et thy Affections entirely on the Joys which the blisful Enjoyment of him affords. Nothing can ever satisfy thy Desires but He, and He alone can do this. O then seek nothing so much as Him; seek nothing be sure that stands in Competition with Him. To seek Him is to save thy self, for thou shalt find Him: But by seeking other things in neglect of Him, thou wilt lose Him, and thy self, and them. Nothing but Labour, Disquiet and Unrest will attend thy seeking other things, and the Enjoyment of them will not render thee free from those.

MEDITATION II.

IF my gracious God afford me but the Innocence of the Dove, I shall need none of its Wings: If my Soul, Lord, be fill'd with thy mild Spirit, Heaven it self will dwell in my Heart. 'Tis on the Proud thou look'st afar off, but inclinest thine Ear to the Humble and Meek. Those who delight in the Peace of a contented Mind, and limit their Thoughts to their own little Sphere: Who never intermeddle with the Actions of others, unless where Justice or Charity to Men, or Piety to God does ingage them: Whose lov'd Employment is to sit in silence, and meditate

ditate on the Happineſs that they expect hereafter; to contemplate the Joys of Saints and Angels, and the bliſsful Face of our glorified Jeſus! O how ſecure and ſweetly do they ſleep, who go to Bed with a quiet Conſcience! Who after a Day of honeſt painful Induſtry, in a courſe of juſt and pious Living, lay down their wearied Heads in Peace, and ſafely reſt in the Boſom of Providence. If they awake, their Conſcience comforts them in the Dark, and bids them not fear the ſhadow of Death; no, nor even Death it ſelf, but confidently look up and long for the dawn of that Eternal Day that ſucceeds it. This too, my Soul, ſhould be our Care, to note and cenſure and correct our Selves: To ſtrive for Maſtery over our Paſſions that moleſt us, and diſmiſs from our Thoughts what does no way concern us. Are not our own Occaſions buſineſs enough to fill as much time as this Life deſerves? Does not the other at leaſt deſerve every Minute of leiſure that we can ſpare from this? Let then the worldly Men purſue their fanſied Liberties, and ſay and do as they think fit: What's that to thee, my Soul! who ſhalt not anſwer for others, unleſs thou ſome ways make their Faults thine own. Thy Pity may grieve, and thy Charity endeavour; but

if

if they will not hear, follow thou thy God. Follow the Way that leads to Truth, follow the Truth that leads to Life: Follow the Steps of thy beloved Jesus, who alone is the Way, the Truth and the Life. Follow his Holiness in what he did, follow his Patience in what he suffer'd. Follow Him that calls thee with a thousand bounteous Promises; kindly condescending to invite, when he might only command; and who will crown those that follow Him, with unconceivable Rewards. Follow thy faithful Lord, O my Soul, to the end, and thou may'st be sure in the end to enjoy Him for ever.

MEDITATION III.

LEarn of me, says our kind and wise Master, for I am meek and humble of Heart, and you shall find Rest to your Souls. Thou, Lord, wer't wondrously meek, a glorious Pattern of Humility and Patience; and in that Meekness and Patience didst always possess a well composed Soul: A Mind regular in all its Motions, always easy to its Self, and always ready to do the Will of Him that sent thee: Meekness of Spirit is indeed to us the Heaven of this Life; but the Heaven of Heavens, O Lord, is above with Thee.

Meek-

Meekneſs may qualifie our Miſeries here, and make the tedious time of his Life paſs the gentlier away: It fortifies the compoſed Spirit to bear the preſent Burdens: But to be fully happy we muſt ſtay till hereafter, when all Burden ſhall be removed, 'till thy mercy bring us to our laſt great End: That glorious End for which our Souls are made, and all things elſe to ſerve them in their way. It is not to ſport away our time in Pleaſures, that Thou, O Lord, haſt plac'd us here on Earth: Tis not to gain a fair Eſtate, that thy Kindneſs ſtill prolongs our Days: But to do good our ſelves and others, and to glorifie Thee in a wiſe Improvement and regular Uſe of thy Creatures, to encreaſe every Day our longing Deſires of beholding Thee in thine own bright Self. By the Goodneſs of thy Creatures we ſhould be inflamed with greater Longings towards thee, becauſe Thou haſt all that Goodneſs in thy Self: By the Defect and Inſufficiency of the Creatures, we ſhould increaſe our Deſire of thy Self, becauſe Thou haſt that Goodneſs which they want.

PETI-

PETITIONS.

O Thou who art the victorious Conqueror of Sin and Death; we, weak Combatants, beſeech Thee to Aſſiſt us in our dangerous Warfare. Aſſiſt us againſt the Rebellions of our Paſſions; ſtill Thou quickly all the Tumults which the Occurrences of this World begin to raiſe in our Souls! O thou the Fountain, as well as Pattern of Meekneſs, poſſeſs our Souls with this excellent Vertue; that our Minds may never be diſcompos'd, that our Tongues may not break forth into violent Expreſſions, nor our Hands into any raſh injurious Actions. Let us be calm an regular within, however Irregular and full of Confuſion the World be without us. O thou bleſſed Spirit, the only ſure Comforter, the benign Refreſher of diſtreſſed Spirits, grant us thy Joys and Conſolations to relieve us in this tedious Pilgrimage: Let our Souls feel only the ſweet Impulſes of divine Hope and Charity. O glorious and chiefeſt Good! whoſe infinite ſweetneſs provokes and ſatisfies all our Appetites; may my entire Affections delight in Thee above all the vain Enjoyments of the World: Above all Praiſe and empty Honour, above all Beauty

Beauty and fading Pleaſure, above Health and all deceitful Riches, above all Power and ſubtileſt Knowledge, above even all that thy own Bounty can give, and whatever is not thy very Self! O may my wearied Soul repoſe in thee, the Home and Centre of Eternal Reſt! May I forget my ſelf to think on Thee, and fill my Memory with the Wonders of thy Love: That infinite Love which when my Thoughts conſider, not as they ought, alas! but as I am able! the Goods or Ills of this World loſe their Names, and yield not either Reliſh or Diſtaſte. O my adored Jeſus! let me love Thee always, becauſe from Eternity Thou haſt loved me: Let me love Thee above all Creatures, becauſe Thou haſt loved Mankind more than any beſides. O let me love Thee only, gracious God! becauſe Thou alone deſerveſt all my Heart. Always, and only let me love Thee, dear Lord! ſince always my Hope is only in Thee. *Amen.*

HYMN XVI.

DEar Jeſu, when, when ſhall it be,
That I no more ſhall break with Thee!
When will this War of Paſſions ceaſe,
And let my Soul enjoy thy Peace!

Here

Here I repent, and ſin again;
Now I revive, and now am ſlain;
Slain with the ſame unhappy Dart,
Which, O! too often wounds my Heart.

When, deareſt Lord, when ſhall I be
A Garden ſeal'd to all but Thee?
No more expos'd, no more undone,
But live, and grow to Thee alone.

'Tis not, alas! on this low Earth:
That ſuch poor Flowers can find a Birth:
Only they ſpring above the Skies,
Where none can live till here he dies.

Then let, me die, that I may go,
And dwell where thoſe bright Lillies grow;
Where thoſe bleſt Plants of glory riſe,
And make a ſafer Paradiſe.

No dangerous Fruit, no tempting *Eve*,
No crafty Serpent to deceive;
But we like Gods indeed ſhall be:
O let me die, that Life to ſee.

Thus ſays my Song: But does my Heart
Join with the Words, and ſing its part?
Am I ſo thorow-wiſe to chuſe
The other World, and this refuſe?

Why

Why ſhould I not? What do I find,
That fully here contents my Mind?
What is this Meat, and Drink, and Sleep,
That ſuch poor things from Heaven ſhould (keep?

What is this Honour, or great Place;
Or Bag of Mony, or fair Face?
What's all the World, that thus we ſhou'd
Still long to live with Fleſh and Blood?

Fear not, my Soul! ſtand to the Word,
Which thou haſt ſung to thy dear Lord:
Let but thy Love be firm and true.
And with more Heat thy Wiſh renew.

O may this dying Life make haſte
To die into true Life at laſt:
No hope have I to live before;
But then to live, and die no more.

Great ever-living God: to Thee
In Eſſence One, in Perſons Three;
May all thy Works their Tribute bring,
And Every Age thy Glory ſing.

Amen.

For

For Monday Morning.

MEDITATION I.

COme, let us meditate the Praiſes of our God, and joyfully recite his divine Perfections: His Being is of himſelf alone, and no dependance his Eternal Eſſence knows: His Knowledge fathoms the vaſt extent of all things; and with his Power he commands and diſpoſes them as he pleaſes: His Goodneſs is ſupreamly infinite, and all his glorious Atributes tranſcendently adorable. Come, let us meditate the Praiſes of our God, and joyfully recite his divine Perfections: He is the Source of all Felicity, eternally full of his own unchangeable Bliſs; before Time began, he was; and when the Sun muſt loſe its Light, his bright day will remain the ſame for ever: The Heaven of Heavens is the Palace of his Glory, and all created Nature the Subject of his Dominion: In his Preſence the brighteſt Seraphims cover their Facies, and all the bleſſed Spirits bow down their Heads to his Foot-ſtool. It is the lov'd Imployment of thoſe

those Spirits, to sing aloud the eminent Prerogatives of their God and ours; let us then stretch our utmost Thoughts to exalt the divine Greatness. But, O most glorious and dreadful Deity, how dare we Wretches undertake thy Praise! How dare our *Sin*-polluted Lips pronounce thy Name? or where shall we seek Expressions fit for thee? All we can say, is nothing to thy unspeakable Excellencies; all we can think, but a faint Shadow of thy unconceivable Beauties: Even the Voice of Angels is too low to reach thy Worth, and their highest Strains fall infinitely short of Thee. Only in this shall thy Servants rejoice, and all the Powers of our Souls be glad, that thy self alone art thy full Praise; that all thy Works, meerly in what they are, do praise thee: Thou hast magnified thy self in making the Creatures. The boundless Ocean of Being would not contain his Streams, but overflow'd upon pure nothing, and out of nothing a beauteous World appear'd. Be to thy self, O great Creator, thine own Glory, as thou hast made all things for thy self. Live, our great God, eternally encompast with the Beams of thine own inaccessible Light: Live, our ador'd Creator, and Reign for ever on the Throne of thine own immortal Kingdom.

HYMN

HYMN XVII.

OBserve, my Soul, how every thing
Consents to serve our bounteous King
Each Creature double Tribute pays,
Sings first its part, and then obeys.

Birds, Nature chief and sweetest Quire,
Him with their chearful Notes admire:
Chanting out every Day their Lauds,
While the glad Grove their Song applauds.

And though their Voices lower be,
Yet Streams have too their Melody;
All Night, all Day they warbling run,
They never pause, but still sing on.

All the fine Flow'rs that gild the Spring,
To this Praise their still Musick bring:
If kind Heav'n bless them, thankful they
Will smell more Sweet, and look more Gay.

Only Mankind can scarce afford
This easy Homage to our Lord:
We, on whom his large bounty flows,
Gives all we have, yet nothing owes.

Awake for shame, my sluggish Heart
Rouse thee, and gladly sing thy part:
Learn of these Bird, and Beasts, and Flow'rs,
How thou shouldst use thy nobler Pow'rs.

Invite

Invite whole Nature to thine Aid,
Since it was he whole Nature made;
Joine all in one Eternal Song,
Who to one Author all belong.

Say, Live for ever, glorious Lord!
Live by all thy great Works ador'd:
Thou one in three, and three in one,
All we thrice bow to thee alone. *Amen.*

MEDITATION II.

TOO glorious art Thou, O Lord, in thy Self, and thy direct Ray shines too bright for our Eyes: Yet we may venture to praise Thee in thy Works, and contemplate Thee at least reflected from thy Creatures: In them we may safely behold our Almighty Maker, and freely admire the Magnificence of our God: Heaven and Earth are full of his Greatness, Heaven and Earth were created by his Power: From him did all the Hosts of Angels receive their Being, from him they have the honour to worship in his Presence: He kindled warmth and brightness in the Sun; and beauteously garnish'd the Firmament with Stars: He spread the Air, and stor'd it with Flocks of Birds; he gather'd the Waters, and re-

repleniſh'd them with ſhoals of Fiſhes: He eſtabliſh'd the Earth on a firm Foundation, and richly adorn'd it with innumerable Varieties. Every Element is fill'd with his Bleſſings, and all the World with his liberable Miracles; ſpeak the word, and they were made; commands, and they are ſtill preſerv'd; he governs their Motions in perfect order, diſtributes to each his proper Office, contriving the whole into one vaſt Machin, a ſpacious Theatre of his own unlimited Greatneſs. O glorious Architect of univerſal Nature, who diſpoſeth all things in Number, Weight and Meaſure! How does thy Wiſdom engage us to admire thee! How does thy Goodneſs oblige us to love thee! How does thy Greatneſs and ſupream Excellency command us to reverence and ſtand in awe of Thee! Not for themſelves alone, O gracious God, did thy Hand produce thoſe happy Spirits above, but partly to receive in charge thy little Flock, and watch them in this Wilderneſs till thou gathereſt them to folds of Bliſs. Not for themſelves at all, O bounteous Lord, were the reſt of this huge Creation fram'd, but to ſuſtain our Lives in the Way, and carry us on to our Eternal Home. O my Soul, do thou firſt praiſe him for thy ſelf, and the excellent

Powers

Powers that he has given thee, and employ all thy Powers in his excellent Service: Praise him next for all his Gifts, but infinitely above all still value the Giver. Let every Blessing be a Motive of thy Gratitude, and every Creature a Step of Approach towards God: So wilt thou faithfully observe their End, and happily arrive at thine own: Thou wilt use them only to sustain and comfort thee a little here, and they will not hinder thy Soul's Preparation for Heaven: And when thou art become full ripe for thy Translation hence, the kind Angels shall conduct thee into the Divine Presence.

MEDITATION III.

HOW admirable is thy Name, O Lord, over all the Earth! How wise and gracious the Counsels of thy Providence! After thou hadst thus prepar'd the World, as an House ready furnish'd for Men to inhabit; thy mighty Hand fram'd our Bodies of the Dust, and built them in a Shape of Use and Beauty: Thou didst breath into us the Spirit of Life, and fit us with Faculties proportion'd to our End: Thou gavest us a Soul to govern our Bodies, and Reason to command in our Soul: Thou didst reveal a

Law for the Improvement of our Reason, and inabledst us by thy Grace to observe that Law: Thou madest us Lords over all thy Creatures, but little inferiour to the glorious Angels: Thou compelledst whole Nature to serve us without Reward, and invitedst us to love thee for our own Happiness: Thou designedst us an Age of pure Delights in that sweet and fruitful Garden, where, having led a long and pleasant Life, thou promisedst to translate us to thine own Paradise. All this Thou didst, O glorious God, the full Possessor of universal Bliss! Not for any Need thou hadst of us, or the least Advantage thou couldst derive from our Being: All this thou didst, O infinite Goodness, the liberal Bestower of all that we possess! Not for any Merit, alas, of ours, or for the least Motive we could offer to induce thee; but for thine own excessive Charity, and the meer Inclination of thine own rich Nature; that empty, we might receive of thy Fullness, and be Partakers of thy overflowing Bounty: So sheds the generous Sun his Beams, and freely scatters them on every side, gilding all the World with his beauteous Light, and kindly cherishing it with his fruitful Heat: And so dost thou, and infinitely more, O thou God of infinite more Per-

Perfections! So we confeſs thou doſt to us; but we, what return have we made to Thee? Have we conſider'd well the End our Being, and faithfully comply'd with thy purpoſe to ſave us? Ah wretched we! we neglect thy holy Rules, and govern our Actions by Chance and Humour. We quite forget our God that made us; and fill our Heads with Thoughts that undo us. This is the only Praiſe thou expecteſt from us, and the whole Honour thou requireſt of thy Creatures. That, by obſerving the Orders thou appointeſt here, in this lower Region of Motion and Change, we may all grow up to be happy hereafter, in that ſtate of Permanency and Eternal Reſt above.

PETITIONS.

O Lord, the merciful and gracious God, I poor Sinner humbly beſeech Thee to pardon all my paſt Ingratitude, all my Neglect and Forgetfulneſs of Thee; and mercifully do thou direct my Time to come. Teach me wherein I have done amiſs and have omitted my Duty, and inable me to practiſe a ſincere Repentance and Amendment. Teach every Paſſage of my yet remaining Life to expreſs the Acknowledgments due to Thee, and to thy

Mercies. O infinite and perfect Being, make me to know and adore Thee; to aſcribe all Excellency and Perfection to Thee. So guide thou my Thoughts and Words, that neither of them may at any Time impute what is unworthy of Thee. Make me ever humbly to adore thy infinite Fulneſs of Being, a Fulneſs underived, independent and unchangeable. Make me often to think and fully believe that there is none beſides Thee like unto Thee, and always to aſcribe unſearchable Greatneſs. Give me too, O bounteous Lord, I pray, among thy other Gifts, a large Senſe of thy immenſe Liberality to Mankind, that I may fitly acknowledge and praiſe thy bounteous Mercy. Give to all Mankind a fit and grateful Senſe of thy Mercies; that the People every where with one Conſent may confeſs and praiſe Thee, that one Generation may praiſe thy Name to another, and thankfully talk of all thy wondrous Mercies. O that Men would praiſe the Lord for his Goodneſs, and for his wonderful Works to the Children of Men! O make our Senſes ſubject to our Reaſon, and our Reaſon intirely obedient to Thee. Make us always in uſing thy Creatures, to take their Service as Admonition and Obligation to mind our Duty to thy Self. Teach thou us,

us; that all things in this World ought to praiſe Thee by the Tongues and Hearts of Men; whom thou haſt not only made capable to know their Goodneſs, but haſt alſo given leave to enjoy their Uſefulneſs. O make the whole Creation conſpire to thine Honour, and all that depend on Thee join together in thy Praiſe. Mercifully carry on the whole Creation to its End. Order thy Creatures about us to attain their End in ſerving us, and ſo Order us that we may attain Ours in glorifying and enjoying Thee.

Glory be to, &c. Amen.

For Monday Evening.

MEDITATION I.

MY God, in every thing I ſee thy Hand; in every Paſſage thy wiſe and gracious Providence. Thou wiſely governeſt the Houſe thou haſt built, and preventeſt with thy Mercies all our wants. Thou calleſt us up early in the Morning, and giveſt us Light by the Beams of the Sun; that we may every one labour in his proper Work, and ſo fill up the little

Place appointed for us in this World: Doing that Service to Thee, and that Good to Mankind which thou our great Lord and Master doſt require. And thou provideſt alſo a Reſt for our weary Evening, and favoureſt our Sleep with a ſhady Darkneſs; to refreſh our Bodies in the Peace of Night, and ſave the waſte of our decaying Spirits. Again, thou awakeſt our drowſy Eyes, and biddeſt us return to our daily Task. Thus has thy Wiſdom mixed our Life, and beauteouſly interwoven it with Reſt and Work; whoſe mutual change ſweeten each other, and both prepare us for our greateſt Duty: That of finiſhing here the Work of our Salvation, to reſt hereafter in thy Holy Place. In like manner, thy wiſe Providence, O Lord, has appointed that after a little time of Toil and Trouble, Death ſhould call thy Saints away to a ſtate of Reſt. Thou doſt not, we thank Thee, oblige us to conflict with the Difficulties and Evils of this Life till the Day of Retribution comes. Thou ſoon calleſt us to a Place where the Wicked ceaſe from troubling, and our ſubtil Adverſary the Devil from tempting us; where our own Appetites and Paſſions ſhall ſtrive no more againſt our Reaſon and Conſcience: Where our Innocence ſhall be no longer

aſſaulted

assaulted or endanger'd by the Threatnings or Allurements of this World: Our Souls are enlarg'd to a spacious Liberty, being let out from this Prison of Body, and go to dwell in the Region of Spirits; while our Bodies quietly rest in their silent Grave, till they rise again to Immortal Glory. And thou hast design'd, O Lord, that they shall awake again from the Sleep of Death, and rise even from the Bed of the Grave. And then indeed there comes a Morning which shall never be succeeded by an Evening; a waking time for the Body, after which it shall sleep no more. It rises indeed to work again, but that Work never tires it any more; that Work is sweeter than the Rest it leaves. There needs no interruption of that Work to sweeten it, which is eternally pleasant and delightful.

MEDITATION II.

LOrd, how does thy Bounty give us all things else with a large and open Hand! Our Fields at once are cover'd with Corn, and our Trees bow under the weight of their Fruit. At once thou fillest our Magazines with Plenty, and sendest us whole Showers of other Blessings. Only our Time thou distillest by

Drops, and never giveſt us two Moments at once: But takeſt away one, whilſt thou lendeſt another, to teach us to prize ſo precious a Jewel. That we may learn to value every hour, and not childiſhly ſpend them upon Trifles: Much leſs maliciouſly murther whole Days, in purſuing a Courſe of Sin and Shame. It was thy Mercy too, O Gracious God, to diſperſe by Parcels our Portion of Time; that the ſucceeding Day may learn to grow Wiſe, and correct its Faults by Experience of the paſt. Elſe, if our being were all at once, as it ſhall be in the next, the Eternal Life; our Sins would have here no Power to be repented, and then, alas, how deſperate were we? We who are born in the way to Miſery, and unleſs we change, can never be happy. We, who ſo often wilfully go aſtray, and unleſs we return, muſt periſh for ever. Thou haſt appointed our time, O Sovereign Lord, beyond which we cannot paſs. When thou takeſt away our Breath, we die; we return to the Duſt, and our place here ſhall know us again no more for ever. Thou commandeſt the Grave to diſpenſe with none, but indifferently to ſeize us all alike; that all alike may provide for the fatal hour of Death, and none may be undone with miſtaken hopes. Thou telleſt us plainly

plainly we must die, but kindly concealest the Time and Place, that every where we may stand upon our Guard, and every Moment expect thy Coming.

MEDITATION III.

WHY do we so much bemoan our selves, and complain for the Necessity of Dying? Seems it so hard a Fate to tread the Paths which all our Ancestors have gone before us? *Adam* the first of Men, and *Abraham* the Friend of God; *David* the Man after God's own Heart, and the Blessed *Mary* Virgin-Mother of our Lord. All these have paid their Debt to Nature, and subscribed to the Law of Universal Mortality. Yea, *Jesus Christ* himself, the Eternal Son of God, expir'd on the Cross, and went to his Glory through the Gates of Death. And shall our fond Self-love so blindly flatter us, as to make us wish an Exemption from this common Fate? Should we not be glad that a troublesome Life will have an End, and rejoice to get out of Danger into Safety, from a stormy Sea to a quiet Harbour? This Life is so incumber'd with Evils, that we have reason to be thankful it will not last always, and rather to wish than complain that it may not last long. If we

die in Old Age, Death should be very welcome to us after a long and tedious Voyage: If in our Youth we die, it prevents a thousand Calamities, a thousand Dangers of ruining our Souls. What need we be possest with Fear at thinking how many kinds of Death there are? we are sure there is but one for us. Dying is an Act to be done but once, and if it be once well done, we are happy for ever. Our Days perhaps are too few to grow Rich in, or to satisfie the Ambition of a haughty Spirit. But to be taught the Love of God, and the meek and humble Life of Jesus, requires not so much the number of Years, as the faithful Endeavours and Prayers of a pious Mind. Would we bestow on the Improvement of our Souls, the Time we vainly trifle away; our Day would be short enough, and not seem tedious, and yet would be long enough to finish our appointed Task. And what, O glorious Lord, is our Business here, but to trim our Lamps, and await thy Coming: To sow the Immortal Seed of Hope, and expect to receive the happy Increase! It is no matter how late the Fruit be gather'd, if still it go on in growing better: No matter how soon it fall from the Tree, if it be not blown down before 'tis ripe.

PETI-

PETITIONS.

O Thou most just, but secret Providence! who governest all things by the Counsel of thine own Will; whose powerful Hand can wound and heal, lead down to the Grave and bring back again! Behold, to Thee we bow our Heads, and freely submit our dearest Concerns. Strike as thou pleasest our Health, our Lives; we cannot be safer than at thy disposal. Only these few Requests we humbly make; which, O! may thy Clemency vouchsafe to hear. Cut us not off in the midst of our Folly, nor suffer us to expire impenitent, and with our Sins unpardon'd. But make us, Lord, first ready for thy Self, and then take us to thy Self in thine own fit time. Thou dost frequently, O Lord, put us in mind of our own and the World's last End, by burying every Day in the dark silent Grave of Night. Sweeten, we humbly beseech thee, and render familiar to our Expectation those terrible Periods of Time, by our constant due Use of Night and Sleep: Grant that our yielding so often and so easily at the Summons of our drowsie Humours, to suspend a while the Operations of the whole Man, may teach our Souls to reflect themselves

into

into a more reasonable willingness, whenever thou call'st, to leave our Bodies in the Bed of Dust, and pass into the State of their own perfect and ever-waking Activity and Bliss. Do thou, Lord, in whose indulgent Hands are both our Time, and our Eternity; whose Providence gives every Minute of our Life, and governs the fatal Period of our Death; make us every Evening still provide to pass with Comfort that important Hour: Make us still balance our Accounts for Heaven, and strive to increase our Treasure with Thee; that if we rise no more to our Acquaintance here, we may joyfully waken among thy blessed Angels; there to unite our Hymns with theirs, and join all together in one full Choir. *Amen.*

HYMN XVIII.

NOW, O my Soul, the Day is gone,
Which in the Morn was thine:
Its empty'd Glass no more shall run,
Its Sun no longer shine.

'Tis true, alas! the Day is gone:
Oh, were it only so!
Is it not lost, as well as done?
Cast up thy Counts, and know.

Art

Art thou got ſo much nearer Heav'n,
As nearer to the Grave?
Has thy Heart's Grief a Fitneſs giv'n,
Sin's Pardon to receive?

From what baſe Vice haſt thou refrain'd,
To break the Courſe of Sin?
Or what new Vertue haſt thou gain'd,
To make thee Rich within?

Their Time is well beſtow'd on thoſe
Who well their Time beſtow;
Whoſe main Concern ſtill forward goes,
Whoſe Hopes ſtill riper grow.

Who when the warning Clocks proclaim,
Another Hour is paſt;
Have the wiſe Art to ſet their Aim,
And Thoughts upon their laſt?

This ſad Life's laſt and happy'ſt Hour,
Which brings them to their Home;
Where they ſhall ſing, and bleſs the Pow'r
That made them thither come.

O my dear Lord! of Life and Death,
The Ever-living King:
Since thou doſt give to all their Breath,
May all thy Glory ſing.

Glory

Glory and Honour, Power and Praiſe,
To the Myſterious Three;
As at the firſt Beginning was,
May now, and ever be. *Amen.*

For Tueſday Morning.

MEDITATION I.

BE thou eternally adored, O God of our Salvation; and may thy Praiſes be ſung by thy Servants for ever. When our firſt Parents had diſobeyed thy Precepts, to the Ruin of themſelves and their whole Poſterity, thy wondrous Mercy did immediately provide a Remedy: Thou didſt provide and promiſe a powerful Redeemer: Thou didſt commit the helping us to him that is able to ſave to the uttermoſt. A Redeemer that could conquer Sin and Death, and cruſh the Serpent's Head who drew us into Miſery: A Redeemer that could fully repair the Breaches our Sin had made, and render our Condition better than before; that could ſatisfie for our Sins by his Death, and merit the beginning and perfection of Happineſs for us, in our preſent Holineſs and

and future Glory. He can enlighten our Eyes with a clearer View of those excellent Truths that belong to our Peace, can support our feeble Nature with a stronger Grace, to carry us on safely through all Encounters, till we arrive at the Land of Rest, and be received for ever into the glorious Kingdom. O blessed Jesu! our Strength, our Guide, who knowest and dost pity our weak Capacities; and in thy tender Care hast so contrived the Way to our Happiness, that nothing can undo us but our own Perverseness; nothing but the wilful Love of Sin and Death. How easie hast thou made the Way to Heaven! How light is the Burthen thou lay'st on thy Followers! It is but to believe in Thee, the God of Truth; but to love Thee, our greatest Benefactor; but to desire earnestly the seeing Thee, that thou requirest; and doing thus, we are sure to possess an Eternity of Joy. Eternal Praises be given to the admirable Wisdom of God, who knows how to bring Good out of Evil. Eternal Praises to that Infinite Goodness, which graciously condescended to do this. Let all the admiring World join together in this, and say, O the Depth of the Riches both of the Wisdom and Goodness of God! How unsearchable are his Attributes; and his Ways how much

much past finding out? Man guiltily threw away the Happiness his God had given him; God takes occasion thence to give him greater: He not only restores us to our first Degree, but makes even our Fall rebound us to a greater Height. This is the Love of God the Father to Mankind; this is the Love of Jesus the Christ; this is the Love of the Eternal Spirit of Love.

HYMN XIX.

LET others take their Course,
And sing what Name they please;
Let Wealth or Beauty be their Theam;
Such empty Sounds as these:

For me, I'll ne'er admire
A Lump of burnish'd Clay:
Howe'er it shines, it is but Dust,
And shall to Dust decay.

Sweet *Jesus* is the Name
My Song shall still adore;
Sweet *Jesus* is the charming Word
That does my Life restore.

When I am dead in Grief;
Or, which is worse, in Sin,
I call on *Jesus*, and he hears;
And I to live begin.

Where-

Wherefore at this bright Name,
Behold, thus low I bow;
And thus again; yet is all this
Much leſs than what I owe.

Down then, down both my Knees,
Still lower to the Ground;
While with mine Eyes and Voice lift up,
Aloud theſe Lines I ſound.

Live, glorious King of Heaven,
By all thy Heaven ador'd:
Live, gracious Saviour of the World,
Our chief and only Lord.

Live, and for ever may
Thy Throne eſtabliſh'd be:
For ever may all Hearts and Tongues
Sing Hymns of Praiſe to Thee.

Amen.

MEDITATION II.

BEhold, our faithful Lord has remembred his Word: He has raiſed up in the World the long-expected Prophet like *Moſes*, and put his Word in his Mouth, and he has kindly and ſufficiently taught us. Light with him is come into the World, to lead us through the Wilderneſs

derneſs of Life, into the true *Canaan* that is above. Admirable wert thou, O Lord, in thy merciful Promiſe; but infinitely more in thy wonderful Performance. Thou didſt not depute an Angel to ſupply the place of a Redeemer, nor intruſt ſo great a Work to the Management of a Seraphim; but didſt thy ſelf bow the Heavens, and come down, and with thine own bleſt Hands work our Redemption. Thy ſelf didſt take upon Thee our frail Nature, and vouchſafe to be born of an humble Virgin, condeſcending to the Weakneſſes of a Child; a Child whoſe Parents were poor, and of no Eſteem in the World: So did he make himſelf of no Reputation. He did not decline the mean Entertainment of a Stable: O, how unfit was that for the Birth of the King of Heaven! He contented himſelf with a Manger, inſtead of a convenient Cradle; and with the homely, uneaſiy Lodging of a Bed of Straw; refuſing the ſoft Accommodations of the Rich, to undergo the Inconveniences of a poor Stranger. Thus, Lord, at the Coſt of thine own Eaſe, haſt thou inſtructed us to deſpiſe the World. Only the faithful *Joſeph* ſtood waiting on Thee, and provided as he was able for his helpleſs Family: Only thy pious Mother dearly embrac'd Thee, and wrapt thy

thy tender Limbs in little Clouts. Wonder, O Heavens, at this: Ye Angels, who had ſeen before many Wonders, for this ſurpaſſes all beſides. Be amaz'd, O Earth, and let every Creature there humbly bow the Head and Knee: Bow all, and adore this incomprehenſible Myſtery; the Word was made Fleſh, and dwelt with us. But moſt of all we who are moſt concern'd, the guilty Children of ſinful *Adam*, let us bow down our Faces to the low Duſt; and all proſtrate, adore ſo unſpeakable a Mercy. Behold, my Soul, thus low my Saviour ſtoop'd for me, to check the aſpiring Pride of my corrupted Nature. Behold, thus low he ſtoop'd to take me from the Ground, and raiſe me to the Felicities of his own Kingdom. Riſe willingly with him, my Soul, from baſe Senſuality; leave the low Earth with thy Deſires, and ſeek a better Country; ſo ſhall this God not be aſham'd to be call'd thy God. Lift up thy Voice too with Joy, O my Soul, and ſing *Hoſanna* to the Newborn Jeſus: With bleſſed Angels celebrate his glorious humble Birth, and ſay, Glory be to God on high, for Peace on Earth, and Good-will towards Men. Lift up thy Voice aloud, O my Soul; lift up your Voices all ye his Saints, and join the Praiſes of the Church to the Hymns of Heaven.

MEDI-

MEDITATION III.

REjoice all you the faithful Nations of the Earth, when ye hear the ſweet Name of our dear Redeemer: Rejoice, and with your bended Knees and Hearts adore the bleſſed Jeſus: He is the Sun of the ever-living God, equally participating the Glories of his Father: He is that great Meſſias whom the Prophets foretold, and all the ancient Saints ſo long expected: At length, in the fulneſs of Time, he came to viſit in Perſon our miſerable World: He came with his Hands full of Miracles, and every Miracle was full of Mercy, full of miraculous Good-will to an unkind, ungrateful World: He made the Crooked become Streight, and the Lame to Walk and Leap for Joy: He open'd the Ears of the Deaf to Hear, and gave Sight to them that were born Blind. Happy they in the Seaſon of their Relief, who could then hear the Inſtructions of the Eternal Wiſdom, and could ſee Thee the bleſſed Saviour of the World: He looſned the Tongues of the Dumb to ſpeak, ſure their firſt Exerciſe was his deſerved Praiſe: He cleans'd the Leprous by the Word of his Mouth, and heal'd their Diſeaſes who did but touch his Garment.

To

To the Poor he reveal'd the Rich Treaſures of his Goſpel, and taught the Simple the Myſteries of his Kingdom. He caſt out Devils by his awful Command, and forc'd them to confeſs and adore his Perſon; he rais'd the Dead from the very Grave to Life, the Dead that was four Days buried, and was corrupting: Nay, even himſelf being Slain for us on the Croſs, and his Tomb made faſt and ſecur'd with a Guard, he rais'd again by his own victorious Power, and carried up our Nature into the higheſt Heavens. All theſe ſtupendious Signs, O glorious Jeſu! were done by the hand of thy Almighty Mercy, to witneſs thy Truth with the Seal of Heaven, and endear thy Precepts with obliging Miracles; that thus ſtrongly engag'd, we might believe on Thee, and obey Thee to the Eternal Salvation of our own Souls.

PETITIONS.

O Kind and Merciful Jeſu! thou didſt, when on Earth, go about doing Good, as thou didſt purpoſely come hither to do Good: Thou haſt not loſt thy Goodneſs, we believe, ſince thou art gone to Heaven: O let us find that thou haſt not; ſtill exerciſe thy Goodneſs and thy Power,

Power, O God, in kind and beneficial Miracles. O may it please Thee to soften many stony Hearts into a tender Sense of thy great Goodness, and their own Duty. Raise our dead Spirits from this heavy Earth, to dwell with Thee in the Land of the Living, to mind and love spiritual and immortal Things. Open thou our Eyes, that we may behold the wondrous Things in thy Law; strengthen our feeble Faculties, O Lord, by thy all-sufficient Grace, That we may steadily run the Race which shall be set before us; strengthen us to encounter successfully all the Enemies of our Salvation, that we do not Run in vain, nor Labour in vain. Thus, Lord, let our Experience teach us to admire thy bounteous Power, that we may daily sing the Wonders of thy Grace towards our selves; and when our Days shall be exchanged for Eternity, let us eternally sing the Wonders of thy Glory. Whenever thou dost any of these kind things for us, open thou our dumb Lips, that our Mouths may shew forth thy Praise.

Glory be to, &c.

For Tueſday Evening.

MEDITATION I.

GOod God, how extreamly ungrateful are Mankind! How ſtrangely inſenſible of our manifeſt Duty: Every Creature performs its Duties, but we who alone are made capable to underſtand and know ours: Every Creature lives by Rule, but we who have reaſonable Souls to direct our Actions. We, O Lord, are moſt beholden to Thee of all the lower Creation, and we alone of all prove Rebellious againſt thee: The other Creatures live by thy wiſe Rules, and ſo do ſerve and attain their particular Ends. And thus does every Creature reach its true Dignity and Honour, while Man baſely falls far below his, in neglecting the Rules of that Law which thou haſt given to be his Direction. The Sun obſerves his place of Riſing, and ſets exactly at his appointed time: The Sun ſtands ſtill if thou commandeſt, and goes back to obey thy Will; and yet the Sun pretends to no Reward, nor looks to be placed in a higher Hea-

Heaven. But we who expect the Performance of glorious Promiſes, we forget and neglect the Law of our God; a Law that brings great Rewards with the Obſervance of it in this Life, and is followed by greater in the next. Thy Law, O Lord, written in our Hearts, perfects our corrupted Natures, by reſtoring to us thy glorious Image in Righteouſneſs and true Holineſs: Thy Law fills the dark Mind with chearing Light, and makes the Simple truly wiſe. Thy Law raiſes the Will to its true Liberty, and frees it from the Fetters of Sin: It tames the unruly Paſſions and Appetites of the Fleſh, and ſettles an happy Peace within us. If we are ſo wiſe and happy, as not to be diſcouraged from obſerving it by the little Difficulty which attends it at firſt, our ſteady Perſeverance in Well-doing will find it eaſie, and incomparably pleaſant. Thy Laws will diſpoſe us to paſs with Comfort through the various Circumſtances of this Life; and they will alſo prepare us to enter at the End of it, into the pure Manſions of Heaven. For our kind Lord has prepared unſpeakable Happineſs to reward them with, who love him, and keep his Commands. Thy bounteous Goodneſs, O Lord, will reward us, for the Performance of our Duty;

thou

thou wilt reward us for doing what is good for our ſelves. Thy Laws are all Holy, and Juſt, and Good; and thy Rewards are unconceivable and eternal Joys. Oh, what Blindneſs and Folly poſſeſſes the ſinful World, who neglect and refuſe ſo great Advantages!

MEDITATION II.

DOes it become Mankind, for whom Chriſt died, to neglect his Sacred Laws? Shall we ſay of him, who has done ſo much for us, he ſhall not reign over us? Shall we neglect ſo gracious a Saviour, whoſe only Deſign is to draw us to his Love? Shall we neglect ſo generous a Love, whoſe only Deſign is to make us happy? Yet, O Lord, how are thy juſt Commands neglected in the World! How few are there that demonſtrate they love thee by keeping them! And indeed, to ſay the World generally neglect to keep thy Commands, is too mild a Reproof for us, who in many Inſtances directly contradict them. What thou forbiddeſt we eagerly purſue, as if our kind Saviour had therein envy'd us ſome great Advantage: And whatever thou commandeſt, we are forward ſtill to do the contrary; as if the thing thou requireſt

were hurtful. We boldly converse with Temptation and Sin, which thy Charity advises us to flee like Death. We timorously dread the incurring any Worldly Losses, or the Displeasure of Men; when thou commandest us to proceed with undaunted Courage. And we do not stand in awe of the Wrath of Almighty God, nor fear the Loss of our own Souls, when thou threatnest us with them, to restrain us from Sin. We greedily pursue the little Vanities of this World, which thou forbiddest us to set our Affections upon; and are by them too easily drawn into Sin: But the greater Goods of a better World we slight, and will not suffer our selves to be allured by them to Holiness. We govern our Actions by our own wild Fancies, and expect that thy Providence should comply with our Humours. We would have Thee relieve us when we list; and Rain, and Shine, as we think fit. Thus is our rude Perverseness, O Lord, apt in every thing to go contrary to Thee.

MEDITATION III.

IT was not alone to make the Day, that thou, O Lord, didst make a glorious Sun: But to teach us these pious Lessons too,

too, and write them plain as its own Beams. That ſo ſhould our Light ſhine forth to others, and direct them to glorifie God: So ſhould our Charity warm their Coldneſs, and quicken them to an active Zeal for his Honour. So when they ſay, we are under a Cloud of Adverſity, we ſhould like the Sun be really above it. And though to the ſight of Men, we may be Eclips'd by diſadvantageous Circumſtances, and may ſeem quite extinguiſh'd in a Night of Sorrow and Affliction; ſtill we ſhould ſhine to our Selves and God, and ſtill go on in the ways of Light. Though we become ſmall and deſpiſed in the Eye of the World, yet we ſhould not forſake thy Law. So ſhall we after the viciſſitudes of Bright and Dark, of Fair Weather and Foul, which we muſt expect to meet with in this World, enjoy an Eternal Bright and Serene Day. Not like the Sun that every Night goes down, and muſt at laſt be put quite out: When we have finiſh'd here our Courſe, and ſeem to ſet to this dark Earth, we hope to riſe and ſet no more, but ſhine perpetually in a brighter Heaven. And this ſweet hope, my Soul, may juſtly allay the Grief of thy preſent Afflictions. Thy Reſt and Comfort meet with many Interruptions now; but let

not them interrupt thy Faith and Holiness, and hereafter thou shalt enjoy an endless unmix'd Rest and Felicity. I am the Resurrection and the Life, says the Son of God, who was dead, and is now alive, and lives for evermore: He that believes in me, though he be Dead, shall Live; and every one that lives, and believes in me, shall not die for ever. O praise our Lord, all you blessed Saints, who are advanced from the transient mutable Light of this World, to the durable Glory of the other. My Soul, be thou a stedfast Follower of them, as they were of Christ; and thou canst not fail to attain the same Glory. O praise our gracious Lord and bounteous Master, ye glorious Angels, whose bright Felicity began so early! Stars that arose in the Morning of the World, and still through the goodness of God retain an unchanged Lustre; shining perpetually near the Throne of God, as the Top and Master-piece of all his Works. Let all Mankind with them praise the Lord for our excellent Work, and for our glorious Wages: That our God did make us but little lower than them at first; and when we are become a great deal lower, by following our own Inventions, does concern himself to recover us from our Fall, and raise us by degrees to their

their bright and happy Society. O praiſe our Lord all you his Works; bleſs him, and magnifie him for ever.

PETITIONS.

O Infinite Wiſdom and Goodneſs! Teach, I pray Thee, and convince my Soul of the great Excellency and Wiſdom of thy incomparable Laws: Make me to eſteem all thy Commandments, concerning all things to be right; to conſent unto thy Law, that it is Good; to delight in it in the inward Man, and regulate my whole Converſation thereby: So ſhall I walk by the beſt Rule, the Rule that certainly leads to happineſs. Lord, make me to have ſuch Apprehenſions of thy Goodneſs, as to eſteem thy Commands the neceſſary Rules of Soul ſaving Love; to account that thou haſt required nothing of us, but what is neceſſary and highly conducing to the Salvation of our Souls. Let me not be ſo dangerouſly fooliſh, as in any thing to think my ſelf wiſe in contradiction to the Precepts and Dictates of thy Word. O may thy Holy Will, dear Lord, therein reveal'd, be all my Rule, and thy gracious Hand my conſtant Guide. Order thou my ſteps in thy Word, let no Iniquity have Dominion

over me. Hold up my Goings, that my Footsteps do not slide. Quicken, O Lord, I pray, the too frequent slackness of my Obedience, by the Example of the Creatures about me, who yield Thee a constant and un-reluctíng Obedience; and by a firm Belief and Apprehension of those great and glorious Rewards, which thou hast prepared for such as serve Thee, fashion my Spirit to an humble Submission and Conformity to thy Will. Make me exactly observe what thou prescribest, how bitter soever it may tast to Flesh and Blood: Make me always readily submit to every Dispensation of thy Providence, though for the present it may be grievous. And Lord, since thy Wisdom knows our Infirmities, I pray Thee lay upon me at no time more Burden than I shall be able to bear: Let not my Circumstances be attended with Temptations, either that are so violent or so lasting as to overcome me. Since thy Goodness delights in our Relief, assist me against the difficulties of Duty: Lord help me so to do all the Work thou givest (for thou alone canst help me) as that I may at last attain thy Eternal Rewards, through the Merits of Jesus Christ my Lord. *Amen.*

HYMN

HYMN XX.

BLeſſed, O Lord, be thy wiſe Grace,
That governs all our Day;
And to the Night aſſigns it Place,
To reſt us in our Way.

If Works the labouring Hand impair,
Or Thoughts the ſtudious Mind;
Both are conſider'd by thy Care,
Both fit refreſhment find.

Fit to relieve the preſent ſtate,
Fit to prepare the next;
While we are taught to meditate
This plain and uſeful Text.

As every Night lays down our Head,
And Morning opes our Eyes;
So ſhall the Duſt be once our Bed,
And ſo we hope to riſe:

To riſe and ſee that beautious Light
Spring from thoſe Eyes of thine,
Not to be check'd by any Night,
But clear for ever ſhine.

That thou mayſt hope, my Soul, to view
That laſting bliſsful Light;
Take heed thy preſent Work thou do,
And uſe thy Reſt aright.

All Glory to the ſacred Three,
One ever-living Lord;
As at the firſt, ſtill may he be
Belov'd, Obey'd, Ador'd, *Amen.*

For Wedneſday Morning.

MEDITATION I.

LET them neglect thy Praiſes, O Lord, who never conſider thy Mercies: Let them be ſilent to thee, O gracious God, whoſe Mouths are full of themſelves: But as for me who ſubſiſt by thy Gifts, and thankfully acknowledge the Riches of thy Goodneſs; my Heart ſhall continually meditate on thee, and my Lips ſhall delight to ſing thy Glory: All my Life long will I praiſe my God, and lift up my Hands to his Holy Throne. Bleſſed for ever be thy Name, O Jeſu! And bleſſed be the ſweetneſs of thy Wiſdom; whoſe infinite Charity has vouchſaf'd our Earth ſuch excellent Rules to guide it to Heaven. Thou haſt taught us that happy skill of finding our Lives, by a generous loſing them to follow Thee:

Thou,

Thou hast taught us to love our selves best, by wisely hating our mistaken selves. Thou hast taught us to trample this World under our Feet, and use it as a Step to climb up to the next. From thee we learn those glorious Mysteries that exalt our Faith so high above Reason: From thee we derive those Heroick Counsels, that raise our Souls so far above Nature; from thee alone, and from thy School of Grace, we learn all that we know, and receive Power for all that we do. How long, alas! might we have wander'd here in the midst of Darkness and Errour, had not thy Love and Pity, O merciful Lord, brought down thy very Self to become our Light. Never should we else have learn'd to deny our selves, and take up our Cross, and follow thee: Never should we have known that great Secret of Peace, to forgive our Enemies, and do good to those who despitefully use us. On the unsatisfying Things of this low Earth should we blindly have set our whole Affections, if thou hadst not told us of the Kingdom of Heaven, and bid us lay up our Treasures there: We had always chose the deceitful and pernicious Ways of Sin, if thou hadst not terrify'd us to fear thy Wrath, by declaring the Miseries that attend them: We

should ever have neglected thy good Commands, and lost the Happiness of a Religious Life, if thou hadst not invited us to obey thy Commands, and proposed to us the Felicities that will attend our doing so. Oh! what hast thou promised, gracious Lord, to the meek and poor in Spirit! Oh! what hast thou promised to the Weepers here; to those that hunger and thirst after Holiness! How many Joys has thy Bounty prepar'd for the Lovers of Mercy, and Makers of Peace! How many Blessings for the Pure of Heart, and those who with Patience bear their Crosses! Thus hast thou, Lord, kindly shewn us our End, and suggested the true Way to attain it: Thou hast given us such blessed Directions, as tend to make our Life here more sweet, and to lead us hereafter to Everlasting Felicity.

HYMN XXI.

MY God, had I my Breath from Thee,
This Pow'r to speak and sing?
And shall my Voice, and shall my Song,
Praise any but their King?

My God, had I my Soul from Thee,
This Pow'r to judge and chuse?

And

And shall my Brain, and shall my Will,
Their best to Thee refuse?

Hast Thou reveal'd the Ways that lead
To Happiness above?
And shall I let my wandring Feet
From thy bless'd Paths remove?

Alas! not this alone, or that
Hast thou bestow'd on me;
But all I have, and all I hope,
I have and hope from Thee.

And more I have, and more I hope,
Than I can speak or think;
The Blessings first refresh, then fill,
Then overflow the Brink.

But though my Voice and Fancy be
Too low to reach thy Praise,
Yet both shall strain thy glorious Name,
High as they can raise.

Glory to Thee, Immortal God,
One great Co-equal Three;
As at the first Beginning was,
May now, and ever be.

Amen.

MEDI-

MEDITATION II.

NEver will we ceaſe to exalt thy Goodneſs, O gracious Jeſu! ſince thou never ceaſeſt to oblige us with new Bleſſings. Thy generous Charity could not be thus ſatisfy'd, to have only ſpoken to us the Words of Life; it was not enough for thy exceſſive Love, that thy heavenly Sermons told us our Duty, but thou wouldſt moreover urge and provoke our Obedience by the ſweet Enforcement of thine own Example. Thou didſt forbid thy Followers to affect Superfluities, and accordingly, thine own Proviſion was a few Barley-Loaves. Thou didſt command the Rich to give Alms with Chearfulneſs; ſo thou wenteſt about doing good, and didſt often relieve thoſe that were not able to requite thee. Thou haſt commanded us not to fear them which can kill the Body, and yielded up thine own to the Death upon the Croſs. To do the Will of him that ſent thee, thou waſt obedient, even unto Death. Thou haſt commanded Subjection to Parents, and practis'd it; haſt ſaid, Give to *Cæſar* the Things that are *Cæſar*'s, and wrought a Miracle to pay a Tribute. Thou enjoin'ſt us Mercy and Compaſſion;

and

and who ever expreſt more than thy ſelf? Thou didſt not only weep in Sympathy with the Affliction of thy Friends, but alſo over the hard and ſtubborn *Jeruſalem*, that had killed thy Prophets, and was ready to kill thee. Thou enjoineſt us to love our fierceſt Enemies, and thy dying Breath pray'd for thy Crucifiers. Thy perfect Soul did not need, as our weak Natures do, the outward Forms and Diſcipline of Religion; yet thou didſt conform to the Obſervance of the common appointed Feaſts, and aſſiſt in the publick Duties at the Temple. Thou didſt watch and pray with ſo fervent a Zeal, that thy Practice was perfectly equal to thy Precepts. This Life, and even Death it ſelf, our merciful Lord undertook, to mark out for us the Way to Heaven: To beat it plain by his own ſacred Steps, and render our Paſſage thither eaſie and ſecure. Shall we not then, O my Soul, rejoicingly follow that Path which we ſee our Saviour trod before us? Which we ſee, though ſpread all over with Thorns, yet carry'd him directly to the Glories of Paradiſe? Shall we not confidently rely on ſo gracious a Leader, who promiſes, if we faint, to look back, and relieve us?

MEDI-

MEDITATION III.

MAY every Age sing Praises to our God, and all Generations adore his Providence. From the Beginning his Mercy has still laid Means to raise us to those blessed Objects which are above our Nature. At first he created *Adam* with all necessary Knowledge, and then taught the Patriarchs to inform their Families. Afterwards he made use of the Angels to bring us his Commands; and often inspir'd the Prophets to declare his Will. When he had done all this, it was not enough to bring untoward Man to his true End. What did he then to save the perishing World? O strange Excess of Divine Goodness! He sent even his own beloved Son to dwell among us, and teach us the Way of Salvation; the sacred Art of training up our Souls for Heaven, and fitting them for the blissful Union with himself. But, O thou King of glorious Sweetness, whose flowing Tongue drops Milk and Honey! We were, alas! not happy to behold thy Person, nor our Ears worthy to hear thy Voice; Yet, e'er we were born, thou hadst us in thy Thoughts, and didst provide a sufficient Method to supply that Defect, selecting a number of choice

choice Disciples, and thorowly instructing them in thy Heavenly Doctrin, that they might keep alive the Memory of Thee, and witness to all Nations thy stupendous Works. Thou didst verifie their Mission with the Power of Miracles, and inflame their Hearts with the Fire of the Holy Spirit: Over all the World they proclaim'd thy Law, and undauntedly preach'd the Crucified Saviour and God. Deep in the Breasts of the Faithful did they write thy Gospel, and seal it before their Eyes with their own Blood. Their Successors deposited the same precious Treasure in the common Magazin of the Church. The Church has been maintain'd by the mighty Power of God, so that the Gates of Hell have not prevail'd against her. Thus is the Catholick Faith descended on us, and thus shall continue to the End of the World. Blessed be thy Power, O Lord, that has wrought such Miracles to confirm thy Truth, and inclin'd our Hearts to believe it. How many Souls are miserably seduced by the Corruptions of the latter Ages, and involved to a Mixture of Paganism with Christianity! while we, by thy good Providence, are led in the right Way to Happiness. We are taught to direct our Homage where we cannot sin, nor fail in

doing

doing it, to one God, by one Mediator between God and Man, the Man Christ Jesus, the Man who also is God. How many Nations lie miserably involv'd in the Darkness of Barbarism and Unbelief! while we enjoy a clear Noon-day, and safely walk in the Light of Truth. O Infinite Goodness! who freely chusest to pour forth thy Blessings on us, who are unworthy of the least Mercies! As 'tis from thee alone that we receive these Favours, to thee alone we will return our Praises.

PETITIONS.

O Christ, the All-seeing Wisdom of the Eternal Father, and Sovereign King of Men and Angels! who from thy glorious Throne, didst descend on our Earth, familiarly to teach us the Oracles of Heaven! Oh, write thy sacred Instructions deep in the Table of our Hearts, and suffer not at any time our Passions to break them. Make us still study thee, our Heavenly Master, and continually admire the excellent Beauty of thy Law. Let us be transform'd into an inward Agreement to it, by the Renovation of our Minds; that all our Infirmities may be cured, all our Defects supply'd, and our Thoughts,

and

and Words and Actions, conform'd to the Dictates of right Reason. Let thy excellent Example, O Lord, always shine bright before our Eyes, and never be forgotten by us. O put it often into our Hearts to reflect, and say, How would our Master have behav'd himself in the Circumstances that we are in? And what thou hast done, we pray Thee enable us to do: Reach forth thy powerful Hand, and strengthen us with thy Grace, that nothing may divert us from following Thee. In the dangerous Labyrinth of this World, and the whole Course of our Pilgrimage here, Lord, let thy heavenly Dictates be our Map, and thy holy Life our Guide. And that we may be the more surely conducted to the Folds of Bliss, do thou, dear Lord, send us Pastors after thine own Heart. O illuminate all that thy Providence calls to the sacred Office, with true knowledge and understanding of thy Word; possess them with a fervent Zeal to promote thy Glory, and the Salvation of our Souls: Give them great Prudence, that they may know how to manage our Folly and Perverseness, so as notwithstanding them, to do us good. Make them, O Lord, good Examples to the Flock in Self-denial, Meekness, Contempt of the World,

in due ſubjection to Magiſtrates, and Charity to all their Neighbours; that they may ſave themſelves, and thoſe that hear them. And make us, O Lord, to encourage them by all means in their good Work, to eſteem them highly in love for their Work's ſake; to receive the Inſtructions, and ſubmit to the Reproofs which thou ſendeſt by them. Grant theſe things, O Lord, who art the great Shepherd of Shepherds, and of our Souls, for thine own Honour.

Glory be to, &c. Amen.

For Wedneſday Evening.

MEDITATION I.

WEll, we are now ſo much nearer our Grave, and all the World is older by a Day than it was in the Morning of this. So much more of this ſhort Life is ſpent, and can never be re-called again. My Soul, there is ſo much leſs time left us to enjoy the good things of this Life, that we have, or hope for; and ſo much leſs wherein we ſhall be expoſed to the Evils that we feel or fear. Time has ſet

us

us nearer to the Grave, from which no Priviledge can exempt any of the Sons of *Adam*. The Rich are nearer the Time when they muſt go hence, and leave all their Wealth behind them: The great Ones of the World are nearer to their dark Lodging in the Duſt, into which they muſt e're long be thrown: The beauteous Face is nearer to be turn'd into noiſom Rottenneſs, and the pamper'd Bodies to become the Food of Worms. This Day has ſet all the Living nearer to the Grave, and tumbl'd a great many into it. The longer we live, the ſhorter does our Life become; and in the end all our Vigour, Strength and Beauty turns to a little lump of Clay. The Portion of the Wicked is ſo much leſs, and the Time of their Puniſhment is nearer approach'd: The Sufferings of the Patient are ſo much diminiſh'd, and their hopes of Delivery ſo much encreaſed. They who have ſpent this Day in Sin and Folly, ſee all their Thoughts now vaniſh'd like a Dream: They ſee all the Pleaſure of their guilty Actions is paſt, and there is nothing remains but the juſt Fears of a ſad Revenge. The beſt Conſequence that can be of their Courſe, is the ſadneſs of a bitter Repentance. But ſuch as have wiſely beſtow'd their Time, and made another

new

new Step towards Heaven; they see their Joys come to meet them in their Way, and still grow bigger as they come; till by a holy Death they join in one, and dwell together for eternal Ages. For our bounteous God has made our Souls immortal: And when this House of Clay shall fall into the Dust, and this narrow Cottage be broken down, they shall soar aloft on their own free Wings, and enter into the beatifick Vision of God. If they have train'd themselves up whilst they were here to a fitness for Heaven, and its Joys, they shall instantly fly to those blessed Objects. But if their terrene Thoughts have flagg'd before, and delighted most to hover near the base Earth: If they have not lov'd above all things, and sought most the Enjoyment of their God: They must sit down in the Shades of Sorrow, and be confin'd in the Vale of Darkness and Despair for ever.

MEDITATION II.

WE are nearer indeed to the End of our Life, but what are we nearer the End for which we Live? What have we done, my Soul, this Day, that has given Glory to God, and advanced

vanced us toward our future Bleſſedneſs? Have we encreas'd our eſteem of Heaven, and ſettled its Love more ſtronger in our Hearts? Have we avoided any known Temptation, or faithfully reſiſted what we could not avoid? Have we interrupted our cuſtomary Faults, and check'd the Vices we are moſt inclin'd to? Have we embrac'd the opportunities of doing Good, which the Mercy of Providence has offer'd to our Hands? Have we induſtriouſly contriv'd Occaſions to improve, as we are able, our ſelves and others? Tell me, my Soul, how ſtand our great Accounts? Are we prepar'd to meet our ſtrict and righteous Judge? Who without reſpect of Perſons judges all Men, and will diſpoſe them accordingly to their eternal Abodes. Alas! dread Lord, what do we ſee when ſeriouſly we reflect upon our too careleſs Lives? Many Hours and Days we ſpend in nothing; and many we abuſe in that which is far worſe than Nothing. We ſacrifice our Youth to Sport and Folly, and our Manly Years to Luſt and Pride. We ſpend our Old Age in Craft and Avarice, and think then of beginning to live, when we apprehend we ſhall ſhortly dye. Thus we lead a negligent Life, and Death ſteals upon us unawares.

We

We are apt to bewail the ſhortneſs of our Time, when yet we do prodigally throw much of it away. We loſe the time of working out our Salvation, in the buſy purſuit of very Trifles; and ſo we loſe our neglected Souls for ever. They muſt in eternal Anguiſh lament our preſent careleſs Liberties, and ſuffer unſpeakable Pains for our gratifying the Paſſions and Appetites of our Fleſh. O my Soul, conſider the mighty Work thou haſt to do, to fit Thee for a happy Departure out of this World. Do that Work diligently while it is called to Day, becauſe the Night conſtantly approaches wherein none can work. Every one of theſe Nights ſets us nearer to our laſt and longeſt; which, if we have ſpent the Day of Life in diligence, reſerves for us eternal Wages.

MEDITATION III.

COme, my Soul, let us make our Peace betimes with our God, before the Evening of our Life approach too near. Let us endeavour to find Favour with our Judge, before we ſhall be brought to his awful Tribunal. Confeſs the Follies and Sins thou findeſt in thy Life, and charge them all entirely on thy ſelf. Confeſs them

them with a penitent and contrite Heart; for a broken and a contrite Heart our gracious God will not deſpiſe. Thy Repentance, my Soul, will come too late to meet with Mercy, if thou defer it till this Life is at an end. Seek the Favour of God, in the Name of his beloved Son; he is pleaſed that we ſhould make mention of him: For his ſake he will readily beſtow a Pardon to them that humbly ſeek it; for he deſires not the Death of a Sinner. Moreover, my Soul, all the Good that thou haſt done to thy ſelf, or others, thou muſt aſcribe to his free Grace, as the only Principle of it. Such Humility will be very acceptable to him, and diſpoſe thee to receive larger Benefits from his Bounty. Say then to him, if thou haſt found any Good in thy Courſe; Little, O Lord, thou knoweſt, is the Good we do, and every Grain of it is deriv'd from Thee. We could not have ſav'd our ſelves from any dangerous Temptation, unleſs our God had powerfully ſuſtain'd us. We could not have carry'd on any pious Purpoſe, unleſs thy Hand had bleſt our Endeavours. No, to thy ſelf, O Lord, take all the Praiſe, if thy Creatures have perform'd the leaſt good Work: Take to thy ſelf all the Glory, O Lord, if they have not committed the worſt of Sins. Thy Hand

Hand alone directs us to do well, and the ſame bleſt Hand reſtrains us from ill. 'Tis not in us to eſteem thy unſeen Joys, nor to deſpiſe the charming Flatteries of this deceitful World: 'Tis not the Work of corrupted Nature to mortifie our Senſes, and patiently bear the Croſſes we meet. Of our ſelves we are inclin'd to none of theſe, but the Grace of God enables us for all: Grace gives us Strength to overcome our Paſſions, to make the World and the Fleſh ſubject to us: Grace gives us Faith to fortifie our Reaſon, and helps us to take Heaven by Violence. Oh, how glorious, dear Lord, are the Effects of thy Grace! How ſhameful the Inſtances of our Folly and Weakneſs!

PETITIONS.

O Bleſſed Jeſu! who art a Prince and Saviour, whoſe Kindneſs it is to give Repentance, and Remiſſion of Sin! Beſtow, I beſeech thee, on me, ſuch a hearty Contrition for all the wandring Steps that I have made from my Duty, as to fit me to receive thy Pardon: And then pardon, O meek Redeemer, what my Paſſions have done, and what my Weakneſs has omitted: Let a Senſe that thou, my God, art reconcil'd to me, give me this

Night

Night a ſweet Repoſe, as in the Arms of thy tender Mercy. Make me too hereafter, O Lord, if I ſhall live after this Night, more carefully watch my ſelf, that my few Days do not ſlide unprofitably away, and eſpecially that they be not ſpent in Sin. Make me every Day retire to ſtudy Thee and my Self: My Self, that I may know and correct my many Infirmities; and Thee, that I may adore thy Infinite Perfections. And to thy Perfections, O Lord, and the Strength from them communicated unto me, make me aſcribe all the good that I am able to do: Let me always ſay, as I ought, This is not I, but Chriſt that liveth in me. Make me alſo the more attentively obſequious to the ſteady guidance of thy Grace, and grant I may never want it, while the time of my Warfare and Pilgrimage continues: Inſtruct me, I beſeech Thee, O thou who art the beſt of Teachers, in theſe great and wiſe Truths; that the things of this World are of very little import, ſince its Joys and Griefs will l ſt but a very little while; and that the future State does infinitely concern me, where the Life and Death are for ever. Fix my Heart, O Sovereign Goodneſs, I pray Thee, on thy ſelf alone: Let me not be good only by halves, ſince there is a

glorious Heaven prepared, that is worth all our Labours. Prevent, by the power and prevalence of thy Grace in me, my mingling so much as formerly thy pure Grace with my corrupted Nature. Deliver me, O Lord, from the Temptations of this World, and Mercifully save me from the Wrath to come; that dreadful Wrath which we so justly fear, and which many condemned Wretches do already irrecoverably feel.

HYMN XXII.

AND do we then believe
There is a World to come,
Where all this World shall summon'd be,
To take their final Doom?

Is there a Heaven indeed,
To Crown the Innocent?
Is there a Hell, and horrid Pains
The Wicked to torment?

Are these Eternal too,
And never to have end?
Shall never those Delights decay,
These Sorrows never mend?

Good God, is all this true?
And sure most true it is;

And

And yet we live as if there were
Nothing ſo falſe as this.

O quicken, Lord, our Faith
Of theſe great Joys and Fears;
And make the Laſt Day's Trumpet be
Still ſounding in our Ears.

Still may this glorious Hope
Shine bright before our Eyes;
We ſhall go up at laſt, to meet
Our Jeſus in the Skies.

Come, Jeſu! come, and take
Our baniſh'd Souls to thee:
Come quickly, Lord, that in thy Light,
Our Eyes thy Light may ſee.

Glory to Thee, great God,
One Co-eternal Three;
As at the firſt Beginning was,
May now and ever be.

Amen.

For Thurſday Evening.

MEDITATION I.

HE who made the Sun to enlighten our Steps in the Pilgrimage of this ſhort Life; has he ordain'd no Guide to conduct our Souls in the difficult Way to our Eternal Home? Yes; he ſent his Son, a bright Light, into the World, by whoſe Directions we may find our Happineſs. He who feeds the Ravens when they call upon him, has he not provided Bread for his Children? He has; and ſtill his Mercy furniſhes Means to perform whatever his Juſtice commands. The Son of God himſelf became Incarnate, and took the Humane Nature into a Perſonal Union. Thus it was conſecrated by him to become the Inſtrument wherewith he would accompliſh our Redemption. He was ſacrificed for us upon the Croſs, that ſo he might become Food to our Faith: And that Food he gives, with the Sacramental Bread and Wine, to every the meaneſt meet Receiver. Though he be now exalted to the Right Hand of God, and his glo-

glorify'd Body ſhall ſuffer Death no more: Yet the believing Soul that comes to this Supper, finds him really preſent, and does partake of his Body and Blood. The Lord of Love has eſpous'd to himſelf an Holy Church, and promis'd it his Preſence to the End of the World: He has made her all Glorious within; the Saints are the Excellent of the Earth. With theſe he is preſent at the Celebration of his Worſhip, and feeds them with his own crucify'd Body at his Supper. O Souls redeem'd by the Blood of Jeſus, and nouriſh'd with his ſacred Body! why melt you not away in Tears of Joy, for being ſo regarded by the King of Heaven? What haſt thou promis'd, O gracious and faithful Lord! to him that receives Thee with an humble Love? All that is contain'd in thoſe ſweet and myſtick Words, *He dwells in me, and I in him.* O bleſſed Words, if once my Soul can ſay, He dwells in me, and I in him. He is my Refuge in all Temptations: He is my Comfort in all Diſtreſſes: He is my Security againſt all mine Enemies: He dwells in me, and I in him. What can an Infinite Bounty give greater than it ſelf? And what can an empty Creature receive better than the All-ſufficient God? Bleſſed, O Jeſu! are they who diſcern Thee under

the Vails of Bread and Wine: Bleſſed are the Souls prepar'd by Faith and Love to receive thee at his ſacred Supper: Bleſſed yet more is that devout Heart that deſires thy Second Coming into the World, that longs to ſee thy immediate Self, and to ſee Thee in thy Glory. O thou Lord of Grace and Glory! our chiefeſt Joy, and beſt Portion in the Land of the Living! What haſt thou prepar'd for thy Servants to give them hereafter, when thy Bounty is ſo liberal to them here! What doſt thou reſerve in thy Kingdom, who giveſt us thy Self in this place of Baniſhment! How will thy open Viſion tranſport our Souls, when our dark Faith yields us now ſuch Delight! O my ador'd Redeemer, my Soul longs for the happy Day, when I ſhall ſee thy Face without a Vail; when I ſhall be able to endure the Beams of thy Glory, ſhining out upon me in their full Brightneſs; and my Weakneſs will not need, as now, to converſe with Thee with Clouds and Shadows interpos'd. My Soul, ſeek thy Saviour now, and thou ſhalt find him hereafter; receive him thus vailed, and thou ſhalt enjoy him in his Glory. Take theſe things that he offers thee, with a thankful Heart, and humble Faith; and then they ſhall prove ſure Pledges, that Chriſt himſelf will be ever thine.

HYMN.

HYMN XXIII.

With all the Pow'rs my poor Soul hath,
Of humble Love, and loyal Faith;
I come, dear Lord, and worship Thee,
Whom too much Love bow'd low for me.

Down busy Sense, Discourses dye,
And all adore Faith's Mystery:
Faith is my Skill; Faith can believe,
As fast as Love new Laws shall give.

Faith is my Eye, Faith Strength affords,
To keep pace with those gracious Words:
And words more sure, more sweet than they?
Love could not think, Truth could not say.

O dear Memorial of that Death,
Which still survives, and gives us Breath!
Live ever Bread of Life, and be
My Food, my Joy, my All to me.

Come glorious Lord, my Hopes increase,
And mix my Portion with thy Peace:
Come, and for ever dwell in me,
That I may only live to Thee.

Come hidden Life, and that long Day
For which I languish, come away:

When this dry Soul, thoſe Eyes ſhall ſee,
And drink the unſeal'd Source of Thee.

When Glory's Sun Faith's ſhade ſhall chaſe,
And, for thy Vail, give me thy Face,
Then ſhall my Praiſe Eternal be,
To the Eternal Trinity.

Amen.

MEDITATION II.

DOST thou, my Soul, deſign an approach to the ſacred Table of our Lord? Take heed then that thou put on a Wedding-Garment; and come thither dreſt like a Friend of the Bridegroom: Conſider how chaſte theſe Eyes ſhould be which go to behold the Symbols of his Preſence: How clean that Mouth ſhould be which preſumes to receive the Bread of Heaven: How all celeſtial that Soul ſhould be which aſpires to an Union with our heavenly Lord. Look, look my Heart, look well into thy ſelf, and ſtrictly ſearch every corner of thy Breaſt. Carefully empty thy ſelf of all that which this ſacred Food will not agree with; that thou mayſt ſafely come to the Marriage Supper, and not Eat and Drink thine our Damnation. Empty they ſelf of all ſelf-admiring Thoughts, and take heed there

there be no ſecret Love of Sin. Empty thy ſelf of Worldy Cares, and let thy Deſires ſeek only thy Saviour; ſeek only now the Riches of his Grace, ſeek only the Pleaſures of his Love. Let no turbulent Paſſions now dwell in thee, but only ſerious Thoughts, and devout Affections. This ſpiritual Food affords no Nouriſhment, but what we receive by calm Meditation. Come not with any Malice againſt a Neighbour, when thou ſeekeſt the Favour of thy God: The God of Love will not dwell with Hatred, nor ſhew Mercy, but to thoſe that are merciful. Come hither with a Faith that works by Love, and then thou ſhalt be fill'd with the Celeſtial Manna. But the uncharitable Faith, as a dead Thing, is utterly uncapable of Food or Nouriſhment. Draw nigh with an humble and broken Heart, to partake of the broken Body of thy Lord. Get a diſtinct Knowledge of this Divine Inſtitution, that thou may'ſt be able to diſcern the Lord's Body. Know that Chriſt our Paſſover was crucified for us, the Innocent Lamb of God made a Sacrifice for our Sins. We are invited to feaſt upon this Sacrifice, and therein to be united to it, and have Intereſt in it. Jeſus Chriſt gives himſelf to us at this Ordinance; and expects that we ſhould

give our ſelves to him. Come with a mighty Love to thy loving Saviour; and a very great Eſteem of an Intereſt in him. If thou believe indeed, he will be precious to thee: And in ſuch Thoughts as theſe will thy Soul move towards him: Thou art my only Hope, O bleſſed Jeſu! and thy Favour alone is all things to me. In Thee I ſhall poſſeſs whatever I want, and thy Fulneſs exceeds even my utmoſt Deſires. In Thee I ſhall find the Providence of a Father, and the tender Kindneſs of an indulgent Mother. In Thee I ſhall enjoy the Protection of a King, and the rare Fidelity of a conſtant Friend. I ſhall need no other Advocate with the Father, but Thee; nor want any Inſtruction, if thou wilt be my Teacher. What can I wiſh for more, if I may ſay, O Jeſu! thou art my God, and all things! In that enough is ſaid for them that love Thee, and know the Value of thoſe precious Words. O ſweet and charming Words! My God, and all things! Sweet in exceſs to thoſe that taſte them: Not ſo, indeed, to the corrupted Palates of the World, who reliſh nothing but the Food of Senſe: Words that revive the fainting Mind, and fill its darkeſt Thoughts with Light and Joy. Thus furniſh'd, my Soul, thou may'ſt come to this Feaſt, and ſhalt find:

find the reception of a welcome Gueſt. Though ſome Imperfections do remain in Thee, yet go, that thoſe Imperfections may be healed. He has kindly and earneſtly invited us to his Supper, who ſees, and has great compaſſion on our Miſeries. He bids us come, my Soul, and he will ſurely receive us, and with his bounteous Fulneſs ſupply our Defects. Go then, my Soul, to that ſacred Table, and take thy part of that delicious Banquet: Go all inflam'd with Love, and with Deſire; and quench thy Holy Thirſt at that Spring of Bliſs.

MEDITATION III.

APproach, my Soul, with an amorous Reverence to the Preſence of ſo kind a Majeſty: O be tranſported with Joy, and wonder to think that thou art going to receive thy God, thy great and glorious God, who only out of love thus gives himſelf the Pledge of thy final Salvation. Welcome the glad Day with Thankfulneſs and Praiſe, on which thou mayſt be admitted to this excellent Feaſt: And while the King ſits at his Table, it is meet thy Spikenard ſend forth the ſmell thereof; that thou exerciſe thoſe Graces he has given thee in devout Meditations:

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He delights in the Exercises of these, and thou oughtest to delight in pleasing him. Say then, my Soul, when the Solemnity begins, and thou art bid to draw near and take the Holy Sacrament: Alas, how poor, dull and empty am I! O Lord, how infinitely unworthy so divine a Sacrament! In my best Attire, O Lord, I am so ragged, that I am even asham'd to see my self: Well may I then with shame and blushing come into the presence of Holy Angels, and much rather be abash'd to appear before the purer Eyes of thy infinite Glory. What is Man, O Lord, that thou art thus mindful of him! What am I, the unworthiest of Men, that thou shouldst invite me! O this Kindness is too much for Man to receive, 'tis infinitely more than the mean Creature can deserve; but 'tis a Kindness suitable to a God to bestow, whose Goodness like himself is infinite. It is in Obedience, great Lord, to thy Command, that I now present my self before Thee; and in a due acknowledgmet of thy Faithfulness, I come to partake of thy Blessings. When thou hearest, my Soul, the Words of Consecration pronounced, which separate the Bread and Wine from a common to a divine Use, say, I believe, O Eternal Son of God, thou didst take our Nature into.

into a Personal Union with thy self; Thou didst take it in all its essential Parts, but free from all our sinful Infirmities: I believe thy Soul was made an Offering for Sin, and that Offering was accepted of the Father; thy Sacrifice made a full Propitiation, and therefore are we permitted to eat of it: And seeing the Body and Blood of our Crucified Redeemer, I cannot question the Love of the Father to Mankind. God the Father, it appears, did so love the World, as that he gave his only begotten Son to die for them. God the Son, I see, Is willing that many should be Partakers in his Death, since he has instituted this blessed Sacrament, and invites all Men to it. With Angels then, and Arch-angels, and all the glorious Host of Heaven, I praise and admire the Love of God the Father, and God the Son: I praise and adore the ever Blessed Trinity, for the Redemption of the World by our Lord Jesus Christ: And I come, O Saviour, to take and eat thy Body which was broken for me; I come joyfully to drink that Cup which is the New Testament in thy Blood, which Blood thou hast shed for the Remission of the Sins of many, and invited all believing Souls to partake of: I desire, I long to partake of this my necessary Food; I desire, I long to receive

ceive these incomparable Dainties. As the Hart pants after the Water-brooks, so thirsteth my Soul after Thee, O Christ: I will open my Mouth wide, O Lord, for thy Fulness can suffice my largest Desires. When, O my Soul, thou seest the Holy Bread broken, and the Consecrated Wine apart from it, say: I remember thy Sufferings, O crucified Love, and that bitter Passion which ended in Death it self. I call to mind how thy blessed Body was scourg'd and bruised! how thy sacred Head was prick'd with the sharp Thorns! How thy Hands, which had wrought many a kind Miracle, were bored through and torn with great Nails! How thy Feet, which had carried Thee about to do good, were now, by ungrateful Men, nail'd to the Cross! How thy tender Heart was pierced by the Soldier's Spear; and at these Wounds thy Blood and thy Life forsook Thee. I must grieve, and I must love, O thou great Martyr of Love, when I consider all this was undergone for me. I must needs detest my self, and abhor my Sins, when I consider thou wast made a Curse for me. My numerous Sins increas'd thy heavy Load; my Sins were some of the procuring Causes of thy bitter Death. With a broken and contrite Heart, I deeply lament my

my past Transgressions; and resolve that from henceforth every Sin shall be very odious to me. I resolve to fight against it with all possible Care and Industry, and will not allow any known Sin to be quiet in me. When the Bread and Wine, my Soul, are by Christ's Ministers given to thee, say; These, kind Lord, are thy Instruments of Conveyance, and they make over to me the Blessings of the New Covenant. Welcome dear Signs of my Saviour's Presence: Welcome sure Pledges of his Love, and of my Happiness. Open ye everlasting Doors of my Heart, and let this King of Glory enter in. Welcome, dear Lord, to my poor Soul, and sit thou as Sovereign of my Heart. I shall be very happy under thy Dominion, and very safe under thy Protection. My Beloved is mine, and I am his; I will live to my Love, that died for me. When the Bread and Wine are given to others in thy sight, thou must look upon them as Members of Jesus Christ: Thou must look with Love upon those whom he loves; and resolve to practise all the Kindness to them that thou canst. Conclude the Solemnity with hearty Joy and Thankfulness, and say; What shall I render unto the Lord for all his Benefits? O matchless Love of God to a poor Sinner! O Love

beyond

beyond degree! O Love that passes Knowledge! I can never sufficiently shew my self grateful. Yet bless the Lord, O my Soul; and all that is within me praise his Holy Name. Praise him who graciously forgiveth all thy Sins, and justifies thee freely by his Grace. Praise him who healeth all thy Diseases. Study to make as liberal Returns to thy Lord as thou canst, for thy Lord has dealt very bountifully with thee.

PETITIONS.

O Lord, thou art the great Searcher of Hearts, and thou knowest us altogether: O assist my serious Examinations of my self, that I may over-look no secret Sin. Thou, Lord, know'st how to influence and turn our Hearts even as pleaseth Thee. O prepare my Heart according to thine own Will, to draw nigh to Thee. Breathe, O Divine Spirit, upon my Soul, and then the grateful Odours of my Grace will flow forth. O Lord, I would with all due Affections commemorate and receive my Saviour; and I earnestly desire that every Grace may renew its Strength. Let every Grace, O Lord, be so improv'd, as that I may bring forth more Fruit in doing well; and may more steadily resist the Assaults of all Temptations to Evil.

Lord,

Lord, I believe, help thou my Unbelief, and fill me with all Joy and Peace in believing. Inflame my Heart with a more ardent Charity; let my Love be ſtronger than Death, let me be rooted and grounded in Love. Make me to mind more the things above, and deſpiſe the things below; to be more patient in Adverſity, and more humble and fruitful in Proſperity: To be ſtrictly juſt and honeſt in a deceitful World, and Charitable to thoſe that injure me, and ſet themſelves againſt me. Increaſe in me the Love of all thy Commandments, and the Hatred of every Sin. O God the Father, our Creator and Sovereign Lord, regard I beſeech Thee, thy Son's Death, which we ſhall now commemorate before Thee; remember how well he pleaſed Thee in all things; and when I am united to him, regard me with Favour too. When I partake of his Sacrifice, accept it as a Propitiation for my Sins, and pardon for his ſake all my Tranſgreſſions. O ſpotleſs Lamb of God, once ſlain for us Sinners on the Croſs, have Mercy upon me; O Chriſt hear me, and be my powerful Advocate with the Heavenly Father. Solicite, by thy Merits, his Mercy for my poor Soul. Offer thy ſacred Body before his Throne, and turn away the

Wrath

Wrath that my Sins have deserved. If Thou wilt, O Eternal Merciful God, one God in Three Persons, do all these kind things for me, for the sake and merits of the Redeemer, and out of thy great Love to Souls; then since I can never have given thee Praises enough, grant that I ever live to praise thee.

Glory be to, &c. *Amen*.

For Thursday Evening.

MEDITATION I.

HAst thou, my Soul, been Feasting at the Table of the Lord? Has he given thee himself and his rich Blessings? What thou hast done signifies the renewal of that Covenant, that was made in Baptism between thy Lord and Thee. Thou hast in coming to this Feast profest thy self a Christian, and declar'd a Resolution to live and die so. Thou hast pretended to account nothing so precious to thee as thy Saviour, and that no other Lord but he shall have Dominion over thee. The loving Jesus must now have full Possession of thy Heart, and thou may'st not be govern'd

vern'd by the Love of this World. Thou haſt bound thy ſelf, my Soul, to be the Servant of Jeſus Chriſt, and to obſerve the whole Religion of our Saviour: To be taught by his Precepts, and to follow his excellent Example. Thou muſt not then learn the fooliſh Maxims of this World, nor conform to the ſinful Practices of it: But live as one redeem'd from a vain Converſation, and engag'd to hate every wicked Way. Thou muſt hereafter challenge no right to have thy ſelf at thine own diſpoſal: But deny thy ſelf to pleaſe thy Maſter, and take up thy Croſs when he requires it. When it would coſt thee thy Eſtate or Life to own him and profeſs his Truth, thou muſt cleave to Him with full purpoſe of Heart, and forſake all things as Droſs and Dung for his ſake: Thou muſt endeavour to walk worthy of thy heavenly Calling, and that thy Converſation be ſuch as becomes the Goſpel: And therefore live not after the Fleſh, but after the Spirit; and live Godly, Righteouſly and Soberly in this preſent World. Do good to them that hate thee, and pray for them that deſpitefully uſe thee. Forgive thoſe that injure thee, and live in Charity with all Mankind. As thou haſt opportunity, it is required that thou do good to all Men,

but

but especially to those of the Houshold of Faith. The Law of thy Saviour requires, that according to thy Capacity, thou do clothe these when they are naked, and feed any of them when they are hungry; direct them when they are wandring, restore them when they are fallen, quicken them when they are slothful, fortify them when they are tempted: Bear with their acknowledg'd Infirmities, and encourage them in all their well-doing. And the Lord, having plentifully entertain'd thee at his Table, does expect my Soul, that thou shouldst encrease in strength. He expects that thy Knowledge of Divine Things should be more clear, thy Faith be stronger to resist Temptations: That thou be more patient under the Adversities of this Life, and more ardent in thy Desires after a better. That thou be fruitful in holy Thoughts and pious Words, fruitful in just and charitable Deeds, fruitful to thy self in thine own Improvements, and to others in thy good Example. If thou do not encrease in strength, it is because thou art slothful in Business. Be diligent then in thy Work, and hold on thy way; so shall thy Exercise of Grace make the grow stronger and stronger. For to him that hath, shall be given, and he shall have abundance.

MEDI-

MEDITATION II.

MY Soul, thou didſt diſſemble with God in going to his ſacred Table, if it was not in thy intention and purpoſe to love him, and keep his Commands. And if thou do not continue in that purpoſe afterwards, and endeavour to put in practice thy Reſolutions, thou deſpiſeſt the Obligations of his Love, and art baſely falſe to thy Covenant. Every Act of Sin that thou committeſt after thou haſt been a Partaker of thy Lord's Supper, is not only a Neglect of thy Duty, but the Breach of a renewed Oath. Canſt thou find in thy Heart to take the Cup of Salvation, and not call upon the Name of the Lord? If he delivers thee from Death and Hell, thou art highly oblig'd to worſhip him, and reverence all his Inſtitutions. Wilt thou take an Intereſt in Chriſt, without giving him an Intereſt in thee? Is it not a very fitting Act of Thankſgiving for this, to offer and reſign thy ſelf to his diſpoſal? Is it not great Shame that thou ſhouldſt ever hereafter account any thing too much to part with, or do for his ſake, when he lov'd not his own Life to the Death, that he might ranſom thee from Eternal Miſery? Thou haſt renewed

newed the Remembrance of thy Saviour's dying Love, receiv'd new Pledges of thy Intereſt in it: Theſe things ought to tie thee faſter in Bonds of Love to him, and ſpread the Divine Love further in thy Soul, till all thy Faculties and Powers be under the Command of it, and thy whole ſelf as it were chang'd into Love. Such ſhould thy Love be, as never to forget how great Things his Love has done for thee; ſuch, as never to think of thoſe great Things without the moſt fervent and hearty Adorations; ſuch as to make thee much delighted to think often of his Love, and often to commemorate him at his Supper; to make thee ſtudy what will pleaſe him, and ſtrive to do it in an univerſal Obedience; to make thee deſire that his Honour may be promoted in the World, and his Kingdom enlarg'd to all the Corners of the Earth. Did our Saviour come into the World to deſtroy the Works of the Divil, and ſhall I help to carry on thoſe Works in the World, by retaining and living in any Sin? This ſure were highly to affront the great Redeemer, and deſpiſe his kind Undertaking: To ſuch there remains no other Offering for Sin, but they ought with Fear to expect a terrible Judgment. Wilt thou, my Soul, entertain and cheriſh that

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which has pierc'd the Heart of thy Saviour? Oh, with what Indignation ſhould we regard all Sin, even our moſt beloved Sins! when it was theſe that gave him his many Wounds; theſe brought him to the Agony in the Garden, theſe caus'd his ſecret Sufferings on the Croſs, which his Soul felt, when he ſadly cry'd out, *My God, my God, Why haſt thou forſaken me?* All theſe things will condemn me, if I regard any Iniquity in my Heart. Conſider further, my Soul, what is worthy of them who are waſh'd in the precious Blood of the Lamb. How very much ought they to love, to whom much has been forgiven! How ſhould they love one another, whom the Father ſo lov'd, as to give them his Son? Conſider again, how they ought to walk, who are conſign'd to Immortal Bleſſedneſs! How ſhould they purifie themſelves, as God is pure, and caſt away all Filthineſs of Fleſh and Spirit! With what Contempt ſhould they look upon all the Pomp and Glory of this World, and pity thoſe that fondly admire it, and never envy any the Enjoyment of it! With what Moderation and Indifferency ſhould they deſire to enjoy theſe Things! They ſhould never be proud of any Enjoyments in this World, nor be dejected with any Wants. In vain was

our

our Saviour a Man of Sorrows, and acquainted with Griefs, to purchase for us the Glories and Joys of Heaven, if the Hopes of Glory are not worthy to delight us, and make us rejoice evermore. Thou dost undervalue thy Saviour's Purchase, if the Thoughts of Heaven do not inflame thy Desires; and account his Blood cheaply thrown away, if thou think it not worth thy Endeavours. To answer then the Obligations of thy Saviour's Love, thou must earnestly strive to fit thy self for Heaven, thou must greatly desire to be there, and cherish the Hopes of it as thy chiefest Joys and Consolations on Earth.

MEDITATION III.

I Acknowledge, O blessed Son of God, and Lord of Heaven and Earth, that as I am Thine by receiving my Being from Thee, so I was early devoted to Thee: I was engag'd in a solemn Covenant, by which I stand bound to do Thee faithful Service. I own, O Lord, the Justice and Equity of being so oblig'd; I account it my Interest to be entirely thine. I am saved by being devoted to Thee, and honour'd in Admission to thy Service: it is the greatest Preferment I can attain, to serve

ſerve him who is Lord of Heaven, and Prince of the Kings of the Earth. Thy Service, O Lord, is perfect Freedom, and they have great peace that love thy Law: There is no Riches comparable to thy Rewards, nor any Pleaſures ſo ſweet as thy Conſolations. I am aſham'd, O Lord, and have great Reaſon to be ſo, for that I have liv'd no more ſuitable to ſuch a devoted State: That I have preſum'd to diſpoſe of my ſelf ſo much according to the Devices and Deſires of my own Heart. I have often wander'd from the ſafe and pleaſant Path of thy Commandments, and often ſtept into the dangerous uneaſy ways of Sin; I have greatly diſparag'd my ſelf hereby in thy ſight, and in the ſight of thy holy Angels: O it is fit that Thou, and they who have ſeen my Sins, ſhould ſee my Repentance; that have ſeen me moſt baſely breaking my Covenant with my God, ſhould ſee me heartily renewing again ſo juſt a Covenant. I thank thy Love, dear Jeſu, for 'tis by what Thou haſt done for us, that our Repentance may be accepted: I thank Thee, O gracious Saviour, for inſtituting thy Supper, for the Renewal and Confirmation of our Baptiſmal Covenant; That Thou haſt commanded us at that to re-inforce our Reſolutions, and that

Thou art ready to confirm them by thy Grace. It is, Lord, the ſincere Deſire of my Soul, never to revolt from Thee any more. I believe there is no greater Happineſs, than to be a firm Confederate with the faithful Jeſus: By which I ſhall become a Temple to the Holy Spirit, the Spirit of Light and Love, the Spirit of Grace and Glory. Now, Lord, that I have had a freſh ſight of thy Love, and have ſet under thy Shadow with Delight, thy bleſſed Name ſhall be deeply engraven in my Heart; I will allow no Affection but the Love of Jeſus, and all my Powers, and all their Motions ſhall be ſubject to that: I will ſay to all the Vanities of the World, Be gone, I have no room in my Heart for you, whom I cannot Love too little; I will reſerve it all for my Saviour, whom I can never love too much: I will ſay to thoſe Temptations that would draw me into Sin, Ceaſe your baſe Solliciſation, for I cannot willingly grieve my loving Saviour: If it be difficult to ſerve him, I will ſteadily conflict with thoſe Difficulties: If it will coſt me the loſs of all Worldly Conveniences, I will gladly forſake all to adhere to him: If it expoſe my Life, I will let that go, rather than deny my loving Lord. Now that I have receiv'd the bleſſed Jeſus at his Sup-

per,

per, and thou, Lord, art come to make thy Abode with me, I will ſtudy to give Thee ſuch kind Entertainment as may pleaſe Thee, and keep Thee with me: I will indeavour in my Thoughts, Words and Actions, to ſet always before Thee what I think will be acceptable; I will watch againſt every thing that is impure, and would be offenſive to thy holy Sight. I will often retire from the World to converſe with Thee: Worldly Cares and Buſineſs ſhall not keep me from thy Company. I have been praiſing Thee, O Lord, in thy Houſe, and at thy Table, but I have not praiſed Thee enough; And who can praiſe Thee enough for what I there ſaw, for what I there received! O how low are my Conceptions of thy Love! How vaſtly below it are all my Words! I will try, O Lord, what my Deeds can do in praiſing Thee; and every part of my Life ſhall endeavour thy Honour. Thus, Lord, I may and ought to reſolve; but my Practice depends entirely on thy Grace.

PETITIONS.

O Lord, our kind and gracious Redeemer! Thou art exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give Repentance and Omission of Sins: I beseech Thee, O Lord, as Thou hast enabled me to repent, and to confess the folly of my backsliding Heart, do Thou graciously give me thy Pardon. Forgive me, O Lord, that I have been so false to former Vows, and have so often contradicted my Covenants with Thee. O deal not with me as I deserve; cast me not away from thy Presence, take not thy Holy Spirit from me. I have been weakly striving against my Sins, and could not so far conquer them as I would: And therefore, Lord, I come to thy Table, to receive greater strength against them. O let such a Virtue come from thy Death at this Remembrance of it, as may lay all my Sins utterly dead; and let the influence of that Power so remain, as that they may never revive; that I may never be hinder'd in my Duty by any sin easily besetting me; that I may serve and please Thee in all Purity, Heavenly-mindedness, Integrity, in Charity, Humility and Contentedness, in whatever Condition it shall

ſhall pleaſe Thee to place me. Enable me perfectly to overcome my Paſſions, and keep them all ſubject to the Laws of thy Love. Let thy Love which is repreſented in this Sacrament, ſo deeply affect me, that I may delight to think and to ſpeak of it, and may endeavour, as far as I can, to imitate it. Keep me mindful of my Vows; make my Endeavours ſucceſsful, and my Obedience perfect and compleat in all things. So poſſeſs me with the Love of Thee, my kind Redeemer, as to make me ardently deſirous of ſeeing Thee Face to Face. Refine me at length by that holy Fire, from all the Droſs of my Corruptions; and to ſuch a degree of Holineſs and Purity, that I may be fit to fly away from this World, to the Habitation of thy Holineſs and Glory. *Amen.*

HYMN XXIV.

DO I reſolve an eaſie Life,
With Plenty ſtor'd, and free from Strife;
When, my dear Lord, thy Days and Nights
Were paſs'd in Poverty and Fights;

Do I deſign a gentle Death,
Juſt ſinging out my aged Breath;

When, my Love, cruel Tortures tore
Thy dear Soul out, all drown'd in Gore?

Oh, no! Our Chriſtian Sacrifice,
Still acting in a ſweet Diſguiſe,
My Saviour's Paſſion o'er again,
Shall all ſuch fond Conceits reſtrain.

This muſt keep lively in my Mind,
How I ought ſtill to be reſign'd.
This humble Pattern ſhould deſtroy
My ſenſual Grief, and worldly Joy.

Are Sufferings Ills? No; Goodneſs choſe
His, and our Way to Bliſs through thoſe.
Are Pleaſures good? No; Wiſdom ſcorn'd
Their Dalliance, and has us fore-warn'd.

This, Lord, this make my Song to be,
At leaſt, whene'er I meet with Thee;
Thee, its glad Ground, ſo oft repeating,
As may prevent my Soul's forgetting.

Jeſu! thus arm'd, no Terrours ſhall
E'er make my vertuous Courage fall:
No Flatteries here my bleſt Hopes drown,
Since thy ſad Croſs led to thy Crown.

Oh, live for ever, glorious Lord;
Live by all Heaven and Earth ador'd:

May both their joyful Praiſes give,
They who can ſee, we who believe.

Praiſe to the glorious Three in One,
Let Time aſcribe till Time be done:
Then let the Work continu'd be,
By an endleſs Eternity.

Amen.

For Friday Morning.

MEDITATION I.

COme let us glory in the Croſs of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, in whom is our Life and Health, and Reſurrection. Shall we rejoice, my Soul, to day? Shall we not rather mourn at the Funeral of our dear Redeemer? Such, O my Lord, was the Exceſs of thy Goodneſs, to derive Joys for us from thine own Sorrows. Thou forbad'ſt thy Followers to weep for Thee, and reſerved'ſt to thy ſelf alone the ſhame and grief. Thou inviteſt all the World to glory in thy Croſs, and command'ſt us to delight in the Memory of thy Paſſion. Sing then, all you dear-bought Nations of the Earth; ſing Hymns of

glory to the holy Jesus. Sing every one who pretends to Felicity, sing immortal Praises to the God of our Salvation: To Him who for us endur'd so much Scorn, and patiently received so many Injuries: To Him, who for us sweat Drops of Blood, and drank off the Dregs of his Father's Wrath: To the Eternal Lord of Heaven and Earth, who for us was slain by the Hands of the Wicked; who for us was led away as a Sheep to the Slaughter, and as a meek Lamb, opened not his Mouth. Whither, O my God, did thy Compassion carry Thee? How did thy Charity too far prevail with Thee? Was it not enough to become Man for us, but Thou must expose thy self to all our Miseries? Was it not enough to labour all thy Life, but Thou must suffer for us even the Pains of Death? No, gracious Lord, thy Mercy still observ'd some Wants in our Condition as yet un-supply'd. Thou saw'st our too much Fondness of Life, needed thy parting with it to reconcile us to Death. Thou saw'st our fear of Sufferings could no way be abated, but by freely undergoing them in thine own Person. Thou saw'st our Souls so deeply stain'd with Guilt, that without thy Blood we could have no Remission. O blessed Jesu! whose Grace alone begins and perfects all

our

our Hopes: How are we bound to praise thy Love! How infinitely oblig'd to adore thy Goodness! At any rate Thou wouldst still go on, to heal our weake and wounded Nature; Even at the Price of thine own dear Blood, thou wouldst accomplish for us the Purchase of Heaven.

HYMN. XXV.

TUne now your selves, my Heart-strings, high;
Let us aloft our Voices raise;
That our loud Song may reach the Sky,
And there present to Thee our Praise.

To Thee, bless'd Jesu! who cam'st down
From those bright Spheres of Joy above,
To purchase us a dear-bought Crown,
And woo'e our Souls t'espouse thy Love.

Long had the World in Darkness sate,
'Till thou and thy All-glorious Light
Began to dawn from Heaven's fair Gate,
And with thy Beams dispel their Night.

We too, alas! still there had stood,
As common Slaves, in the same Shade;
But Mercy came, and with his Blood
Our general Ransom freely paid.

Not all the Spite of all the *Jews*,
Nor Death it self could him remove;
Still he his blefs'd Design purfues,
And gives his Life to crown our Love.

And now, my Lord, my God, my All;
What ſhall I moſt in Thee admire?
That *Power* which made the World, and ſhall
The World again diſſolve with Fire?

Oh, no! Thy ſtrange Humility,
Thy Wounds, thy Pains, thy Croſs, thy Death;
Theſe ſhall alone my Wonder be,
My Health, my Joy, my Staff, my Breath.

To Thee, great God! to Thee alone,
Three Perſons in one Deity;
As former Ages ſtill have done,
All Glory now and ever be. *Amen.*

MEDITATION II.

AWake, my Soul, and ſpeedily prepare
thy richeſt Sacrifice of humble Praiſe:
Awake, and ſummon all thy Thoughts to
make haſte and adore our great Redeemer.
To him let us reverently go, and offer our
devout Hearts at his ſacred Feet. Thither
let us fly from the Troubles of the World;
with him, let us dwell among the Mercies

of

of Heaven; Under the Shade of that happy Tree let us fix our Abode: A Tree of safe Defence, and delicious Fruit. Let us remember every Passage of our Saviour's Love, and Desire that none may escape our Thanks. Let us compassionate every stroke of his Death, and one by one salute His Sacred Wounds. Blest be the Hands that wrought so many kind Miracles, and were bor'd with cruel Nails. Blest be the Feet that so often travell'd for us, and at last were unmercifully fasten'd to the Cross. Blest be the Head which was crown'd with Thorns; the Head that so industriously studied our Happiness. Blest be the Heart which was pierced with a Spear; the Heart that so passionately lov'd our Peace. Blest be the intire Person of our crucified Lord, and may all our Powers join in his Praise. In thy eternal Praise, O gracious Jesu! and the ravishing Thoughts of thy incomparable Sweetness. O what Excess of Kindness was this! What strange Extremity of Love and Pity! The Lord is sold, that the Slave may be free; the Innocent condemn'd, that the Guilty may be sav'd. The Physician is sick, that the Patient may be cur'd; and he who was God dies, that Man may live. Tell me, my Soul, when first thou hast well consider'd, and look'd about among all we know; tell me, Who ever wish'd us so

ſo much Good? Who ever lov'd us with ſo much Tenderneſs? What have our neareſt Friends done for us, or even our Parents, in compariſon of this Charity? No leſs than the Son of God came down to redeem us; no leſs than his own dear Life was the Price he paid for us. What can the Favour of the whole World promiſe us, compar'd to this miraculous Bounty? No leſs than the Joys of Angels are become our Hope; no leſs than the Kingdom of Heaven is made our Inheritance.

MEDITATION II.

TO Thee, O God, we owe our ſelves, for making us after thine own Image. To Thee, O Lord, we owe more than our ſelves, for redeeming us with the Death of thine only Son. Nor were our Ruins ſo ſoon repair'd, as at firſt our Being was eaſily produc'd. Thy Power to create us ſaid but one Word, and immediately we became a living Soul: But thy Wiſdom to redeem us, both ſpake much, and wrought more, and ſuffer'd moſt of all. To redeem us, he humbl'd himſelf to this low World, and all the Infirmities of our miſerable Nature. He patiently endur'd Hunger and Thirſt, and the malicious Affronts of enrag'd Enemies. How many times did he hazard

hazard his Life, to sustain with Courage the Truths of Heaven! How many Tears did he tenderly weep, in Compassion of his blind ungrateful Country! How many Drops of Blood did he shed in the doleful Garden, and on the bitter Cross! the Cross, where, after three long Hours of Grief, and Shame, and intolerable Pains, he meekly bow'd his fainting Head, and in an Agony of Prayer yielded up the Ghost. So sets the glorious Sun in a sad Cloud, and leaves our Earth in Darkness and Disorder; but goes to shine immediately in the other World, and soon returns again, and brings us Light. And so dost Thou, dear Lord, and more; Thy very Darkness is our Light. 'Tis by thy Death we are made to live, and by thy Wounds our Sores are heal'd. O my ador'd Redeemer, who took it upon Thee all our Miseries, to impart to us thine own Felicities! Can we remember thy Labours for us, and not be convinc'd of our Duty to Thee? Can our cold Hearts re-count thy Sufferings, and not be inflam'd with the Love that suffer'd? Can we believe our Salvation cost Thee so dear, and live as if to be sav'd were not worth our Pains? Ingrateful we! How do we slight the Kindness of our God! How carelesly comply with his gracious Designs! For all his Gifts, he requires,

no-

no other Return, than to hope ſtill more, and deſire ſtill greater Bleſſings. For all his Favours he ſeeks no other Praiſe, than our following his Steps, to arrive at his Glory.

PETITIONS.

O Glorious Jeſu! behold, to Thee we bow, and humbly implore thy Bleſſing, in whom all Fulneſs dwells. Accompliſh in us, we pray, thoſe gracious Purpoſes for which Thou didſt aſſume the Humane Nature, and ſuffer a painful and ignominious Death. Teach us, O Lord, by thy Word, and thy Example, the ſole way to that Bliſs for which we were created. Give us an aſſur'd Pardon of all our Sins, and the Priviledge of becoming the Sons of God. Poſſeſs us with the joyful hope of an Eternal Life, purchas'd for us by our Redeemer's Death. O Almighty Redeemer, deſtroy in us the Works of the Devil. Deliver us (for none elſe can) from the Power of every Sin. Set us at liberty to run the Ways of thy Commandments; Thy Service is perfect Freedom. Give us the ſpecial Aſſiſtance of thy Grace, that we may wean our Affections from all vain Deſires, and clear our Thoughts from all impertinent

Fancies;

Fancies; that our Lives may be intirely dedicated to Thee, and all the Faculties of our Souls to thy Holy Service: That our Minds may continually study thy Knowledge, and our Wills grow every day stronger in thy Love: Our Memories may faithfully lay up thy Mercy, and both Tongue and Heart be continually disposed, and often employ'd to praise Thee; to praise thy incomparable Love, which has done and suffer'd so much for lost Mankind. O let the continual Memory of thy bitter Passion and Death, make us despise the Goods or Ills that we meet with here, compar'd to the advancing our selves or others in the Esteem of what we hope hereafter; through the Sufferings, and Merits of Thee our Lord Jesus Christ.

Glory be to, &c. Amen.

For Friday Evening.

MEDITATION I.

COme, let us now call off our Thoughts from ranging Abroad, where they but lose themselves. Let us diligently examine the accounts of our Time; and sum up

up the Profit we have made to day. What have we gain'd by all we have seen or heard? For nothing is so barren but it may yield some Fruit, had we the Art to cultivate it right, and fitly apply it to our own Advantage. If we have spy'd some good Example, which our gracious God has presented, to instruct or quicken us; did we immediately entertain the Motion, and resolve in our Heart effectively to follow it? If we have fallen among vicious Company, which, Oh! too often engages into Folly; did the Danger increase our Care, and the Sin of others breed Vertue in us? We have heard, perhaps, some Melancholy News of sudden Sicknesses, or unexpected Deaths; but did we fear to be surpriz'd our selves, and provide betimes for that Day of Trial? We meet with Accidents enough to disparage this World; but do we really feel it lose Credit in our Hearts? Does our Esteem of the other grow strong and high, and every one faithfully tell his own Soul, 'Tis not in this poor World thou must expect Content; 'tis not here thou must hope to enjoy a perfect Rest. Order thy whole Affairs with utmost Skill, and, which is seldom seen, let all thy Designs succeed, still thou shalt find something to trouble thee; and even thy Pleasures will be tedious to thee.

Where-

Whereſoever thou goeſt, ſtill Croſſes will follow Thee; becauſe where ever thou goeſt thou carrieſt thy Self. Who then, my God, is truly happy in this World; or rather I ſhould ask, who comes the neareſt to happineſs? He that with patience reſolves to ſuffer whatever his Endeavours are not able to avoid. Happy yet more is he that delights to ſuffer, and glories to be like his Crucify'd Saviour. When thou art come to this, my Soul, that thy Croſſes ſeem ſweet for the Love of Jeſus; think then thy ſelf ſublimely happy; for ſurely thou haſt found a Heaven upon Earth; at leaſt, the beſt Heaven that this Earth can afford; and take it as a Pledge of a better to come.

MEDITATION II.

MY Soul, when thou art thus retir'd alone, and fitly diſpos'd for quiet Thoughts; never let the greatneſs of another moleſt thy Peace, nor his proſperous Condition make Thee repine. Say not in thy Heart, had I that fair Eſtate, or were I intruſted with ſo high a Place; I ſhould know how to contrive things better, and never commit ſuch groſs Miſtakes. Tell me, how doſt thou manage thine own Employments; and fit the little room thou holdeſt

holdeſt in the World? If thou haſt leiſure, art thou not idle, and ſpendeſt thy precious Time in unprofitable Follies? If thou art buſy, art thou not ſo too much; and leaveſt no time to provide for thy Immortal Soul? Do thy Riches make Thee more wiſe, and generouſly aſſiſt the Innocent Poor? Does thy Poverty make Thee humble, and faithfully labour for thy little Family? Doſt thou in every ſtate give thanks to Heaven, and contentedly ſubmit to its ſevereſt Decrees? Can'ſt thou rejoicingly ſay to God; O my ador'd Creator! I am glad my Lot is in thy Hands? Thou art all Wiſdom, and ſeeſt my Wants; thou art all Goodneſs, and delighteſt to relieve me: Under thy Providence I know I am ſafe; whatever befals me, thou guideſt to my Advantage. If thou wilt have me obſcure and low; thy bleſſed Will, not mine, be done. If thou wilt load my Back with Croſſes, and imbitter my Days with Grief or Sickneſs; ſtill may thy bleſſed Will, O Lord, be done; ſtill govern thy Creatures in thine own beſt way. Place where ever thou pleaſeſt thy other Favours; but ſecure to my Soul a Portion in thy Love. Take what thou wilt of the things thou haſt lent me, but leave, I beſeech Thee, in my Heart, the Poſſeſſion of thy ſelf. Let others be preferr'd, and

me

me neglected; let their Affairs succeed, and mine, if thou pleaseſt, miſcarry: Only, one thing I cannot chuſe but deſire, and may my gracious God vouchſafe to grant me that; That thou caſt me not away from thy Preſence for ever; nor wipe my Name out of the Book of Life: But let my Eternal Hopes remain, and ſtill grow quicker as they approach their End.

MEDITATION III.

MY Thoughts, run over the Paſſages you have met to day; or rather, forge ſuch impertinent Things. What have we ſeen, but diſtracting Vanities; and what brought home, but unprofitable Fancies? How often have we felt our Minds diſturb'd! how often endanger'd by unhappy Accidents! Sometimes we frowardly throw our ſelves down, and, like ſullen Children, will not ſtand: Sometimes the Tempeſt throws us down, and, like weak Children, we cannot ſtand: Yet are we venturing ſtill among the Snares, entic'd by the Appearance of ſome preſent Delight. We weary out our ſelves with running after Flies, which are hard to catch, and Trifles when they are caught. This we purſue, and follow that;

that; but nothing we meet can fill our Hearts, till we have found out Thee, O gracious Lord! our only full, all-satisfying Good; till we have found out Thee, not by a dark Belief; but clearly, as thou art in thine own bright self. Remember, O my Soul, this Truth of the World we live in, which our own Experience too evidently proves: The Eye is not fill'd with seeing its Varieties, nor the Ear with hearing all its Harmony. Remember also this Truth of the World we hope for, which is made sure to our Faith by the Word of Christ; The Eye has not seen such beauteous Glories, nor has the Ear ever heard such ravishing Charms; nor can the Heart it self conceive such incredible Joys, as our God has provided for them that love him, as our blessed Jesus has purchas'd for his Servants; and even for thee, my Soul, if thou art one of them. Then thou may'st in Peace lay down thy Head, and rest secure in the Protection of thy God, whose Mercy has so graciously singl'd thee out from among the Race of guilty Mortals, to give thee the Peace which passes all Understanding, and the Hopes that are strongly establish'd on himself.

PETI-

PETITIONS.

O Infinitely mild, and unexhauſtible ſource of Mercy and Compaſſion! have Mercy upon me poor miſerable Sinner. Have Mercy, Lord, and help me, for I ſpend my Days in Vanity, tho' I am continually haſting down to the Grave. I do not improve as I might in Vertue by the Occaſions I meet with, but they often make me guilty and improve in Vice. O Lord, enter not into Judgment with thy poor Creature, for in thy ſight ſhall no Man living be juſtified. Lord, make me judge my ſelf, leſt I be condemned by thee, and frequently chaſtiſe my ſelf, leſt I be puniſh'd by thee: Make me mortify my Senſes with diſcreet Auſterities, that I may reduce my Body into ſubjection to my Mind, and bring my Mind at length into a due ſubjection to Thee. O Lord, of thy great Mercy pardon my daily ſins, and let thy Grace make even them Occaſions of improvement in Virtue. Let thy provident Mercy, O God, make every Day a new Branch of Knowledge to me, from whence the Evening may gather freſh variety of Fruits to nouriſh my Soul to an Eternal Life; Fruits that may ſtrengthen me againſt thoſe Occaſions by which I have been

been most frequently overcome; that may render me steady in the ways of Virtue. Grant, I beseech Thee, that no Experience of Good or Evil which this Day has afforded, may be lost upon me. Make me more skilful by all, to discern the true value and use of the present state in all its various Postures; wean me more from this World, since thou hast made me for a better: Make me more ready to offer up with our Saviour my whole Concerns and Being here to thy Will, and the sole Advance of thy Glory, that I may at length be crown'd with Bliss among the rest of thy resigned and devoted Servants, through Jesus Christ thy well-beloved Son. *Amen.*

HYMN XXVI.

'TIS not for us, and our proud Hearts,
O mighty Lord, to chuse our parts;
But act well what thou wisely giv'st:
'Tis not in our weak Power to make,
One step o'th' way we undertake;
Unless thou kindly us reliev'st.

What thou hast given, thou canst take,
And, when thou wilt, new Gifts canst make:
As all things flow from Thee alone:
When thou didst give it, it was thine;
When thou retook'st it, 'twas not mine:
'Tis fit thy Will in all be done. It

It might perhaps too pleasant prove,
Too much attractive of my Love;
And so make less my Love of Thee:
Some things there are, thy Scriptures say,
And Reason proves that Heaven and they
Can very seldom well agree.

Lord! let me then sit calmly down,
And rest contented with my own;
That is, with what thou here allow'st.
Keep thou my Mind serene and free,
Often to think on Heaven and Thee;
And those great things thou there bestow'st.

There let me have my Portion, Lord!
There all my Losses be restor'd;
And then no matter what falls here:
Is't not enough that we shall sing,
And Love for ever our blest King;
Whose glorious Goodness brought us there?

Great God, as thou art One, may we
With one another all agree,
All in thy thankful Praise conspire;
May Men and Angels join and sing
Eternal Hymns to Thee their King,
And make up one Adoring Quire.

Amen.

For Saturday Evening.

MEDITATION I.

IF we rejoiced for our Selves, in the Sufferings of our Lord, let us now rejoice for him, that his Sufferings are ended: Now that the Fowlers Net is broken, and the meek and innocent Dove escap'd: Now that the Cup of Bitterness is past away, and never possible to return again: Never again, O dearest Jesu, shall those blest Eyes weep, nor thy holy Soul be sorrowful unto Death: Never shall thy precious Life be subject any more to the bloody Malice of ambitious Hypocrites: Never shall thy Innocence any more be expos'd to the barbarous Fury of an ingrateful Multitude: but thou shalt live and reign for ever, and all created Nature shall perpetually adore Thee. O happy End of well-endur'd Afflictions! O blessed Fruits, that spring from the Cross of Jesus! Look up my Soul, and see thy Crucified Lord sit gloriously enthron'd at the Right Hand of his Father: Behold the ragged Purple now turn'd into a Robe

of

of Light, and the ſcornful Reed into a royal Scepter: The Wreath of Thorns is grown into a ſparkling Diadem, and all his Scars poliſh'd into Brightneſs: His Tears are all now chang'd into Joy, and the Laughter of his Perſecutors into ſad Deſpair: *Herod* long ſince periſh'd in miſerable Contempt, and *Pilate* ſtill trembles with everlaſting Fears: The impenitent *Jews* are ſcatter'd over the World, to atteſt his Truth, and their own obdurate Blindneſs; but himſelf is crown'd with eternal Triumphs, and the Souls he redeems ſhall ſing his Victories for ever. Live, glorious King of Men and Angels; live, happy Conqueror of Sin and Death: Our Praiſes ſhall always attend thy Sufferings, and our Patience endeavour to bear our own: Through fierceſt Dangers our Faith ſhall follow Thee, and nothing wreſt from us our Hope at laſt to ſee Thee: We will fear no more the Sting of Death, nor be frighted at the Darkneſs of the Grave, ſince thou haſt chang'd our Grave into a Bed of Reſt, and made Death it ſelf but a Paſſage into Life. We will love no more the Pleaſures of Vanity, nor ſet our Hearts on unſatisfying Riches, ſince thou haſt open'd Paradiſe again, and purchas'd for us the Kingdom of Heaven.

HYMN XXVII.

MY God, to Thee our ſelves we owe,
And to thy Bounty, all we have:
Behold, to Thee our Praiſes bow,
And humbly thy Acceptance crave.

If we are happy in a Friend,
That very Friend 'tis thou beſtow'ſt;
His Power, his Will, to help our End,
Is juſt ſo much as thou allow'ſt.

If we enjoy a free Eſtate,
Our only Title is from Thee;
Thou mad'ſt our Lot to bear that Rate,
Which elſe an empty Blank would be.

If we have Health, that well-tun'd Ground
Which gives the Muſick to the reſt;
It is by Thee our Air is ſound,
Our Food ſecur'd, our Phyſick bleſt.

If we have Hope, one Day to view
The Glories of thy bliſsful Face;
Each Drop of that refreſhing Dew
Muſt fall from Heaven, and thy Free
Grace.

Thus, then, to Thee our Praiſes bow,
And humbly thy Acceptance crave;
Since

Since 'tis to Thee our ſelves we owe;
And to thy Bounty all we have.

Glory to Thee, great God, alone,
Three Perſons in one Deity;
As it has been in Ages gone,
May now, and ſtill for ever be.
Amen.

MEDITATION II.

BLeſſed be thy Name, O holy Jeſu! and bleſſed be the Mercy of thy Providence; who haſt caſt our Lot in theſe Times of Grace, and deſign'd our Birth in the Days of Light; when we may clearly ſee our ready Way, and directly go on to our glorious End. Till thou appeareds't, O thou only Light of the World! our miſerable Earth lay cover'd with Darkneſs: Till thou wenteſt away, O thou Sovereign Lord of Life! the Kingdom of Heaven was cloſe ſhut up: When thou hadſt overcome the Sharpneſs of Death, thou didſt open the Kingdom of Heaven to all Believers: Thou didſt communicate thy Joys to all the World, and diſplay the bright Glories of thy happy Kingdom, to all that eſteem'd ſo bleſs'd a Sight, and ſtood prepar'd to entertain thy Coming: As for the reſt, whoſe Eyes are ſhut, or

turn'd away by their own Malice, thy Presence yields them no more Joy, than Light to those that will not see; But the Hearts that receive and love Thee, thou fillest with Gladness, and overflowest them with an Ocean of heavenly Delights. Come ye happy believing Souls, that are made Partakers of the Mercies of his Kingdom: Come, let us now raise up our Thoughts, and continually meditate our future Beatitude: Let us comfort our selves with the hope of Rest, and our Sufferings with the Expectance of a glorious Reward, now that the Hand of our gracious Lord has unlock'd the Gates of everlasting Bliss; now that they stand wide open, to admit such as diligently strive to enter in, such as have wisely made choice of Heaven for the only End and Business of their Life; rejecting all the false Allurements of this World, to attend the Pursuit of true Felicity.

MEDITATION III.

PRaise our Lord, O you Children of Men! Praise him as the Author of all your Hopes. Praise our Lord, O you blessed of Heaven! Praise him as the Finisher of all your Joys. Sing, O you reverend Patriarchs, and holy Prophets! Sing

Hymns

Hymns of Glory to the great Meſſias. Sing and Rejoyce all you Ancient Saints, who have ſo long enjoy'd the happy Repoſe of *Abraham*'s Boſom: Bring forth your beſt and pureſt Incenſe, and humbly offer it at the Throne of the Lamb: The Lamb that was ſlain from the beginning of the World; by the ſprinkling of whoſe Blood you all were ſaved. O ſtill Sing on the praiſes of the King of Peace, and bleſs for ever his Victorious Mercy: It was He diſſolv'd the Power of Darkneſs, and broke a ſunder the ſtrong Bars of Death. He has conquer'd Death, and him that had the Power of it, even the Devil, that his faithful Followers might triumph over both. How did your glad Eyes ſparkle with Joy, to ſee the Aſcenſion of your humbled Redeemer! How were your Spirits tranſported with Delight, to behold the Splendors of his glorious Exaltation! to have his Preſence among you, his bliſful Preſence, than can turn even the ſaddeſt Night into a chearful Day; that can change a Dungeon into a Houſe of Mirth; and make every Place a joyful Paradiſe! O glorious Preſence! when ſhall our Souls be fill'd with ſtrong and conſtant Deſires of enjoying Thee! O ſluggiſh Soul! how canſt thou contentedly hover about this Earth, when the loving Je-

ſus is aſcended above the Skies? with longing Hopes look up thither and ſay, When, deareſt Jeſu! ſhall my Deſires be fill'd with the everlaſting Fruition of thy bleſſed Self? Henceforth for Thee, and for thy Sacred Love, O thou great and only Comfort of our Souls! ſhall all Afflictions be welcome to me, as wholeſome Phyſick to correct my Follies; ſhall the Pleaſures of the World be very cautiouſly uſed, as dangerous Fruit that may fill me with Diſeaſes: Will I, by thy Example, neither fear to Die, nor refuſe the Labours of this preſent Life: But while I live, I will obey thy Grace, that when I die, I may enjoy thy Glory.

PETITIONS.

O Bleſſed Jeſu, our only Hope, our all-ſufficient Strength, and the liberal Rewarder of all thy Servants: As thou haſt freely prepared for us ready Wages, ſo Lord, let thy Grace inable us to Work: Let thy Grace excite to diligence in our Work, and make us ſteady and perſevering in the Way thou loveſt: Make us direct our whole Life to thee, O Fullneſs of Bliſs, and undervalue all things compar'd with thy Love. O Seal up our Eyes to the Illuſions of this World, and open them

them upwards to thy ſolid Joys; there let them fix their pleaſed Sight, and look 'till we be trasformed into thy glorious Likeneſs: That when our preſent earthly Tabernacle ſhall be diſſolved, and this Houſe of Clay ſhall fall down into the Duſt, we may aſcend to Thee, and dwell above in that Building not made with Hands, Eternal in the Heavens. O Jeſu! thou didſt expire on the Croſs, and deſcend into the Grave, to deſtroy the Life of Sin in us, and the Fears of Death: Grant then, I beſeech Thee, that theſe may never revive in me, to tempt or affright me from the Ways of Holineſs. Fix in me, O Lord, the firm belief of this very ſure and important Truth, That the greateſt Afflictions, which our Salvation can coſt us here, are but Momentary, and ſhall work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of Glory: Through thy abundant Merits, O dear Redeemer.

Glory be to, &c. *Amen.*

For Saturday Evening.

MEDITATION I.

TOO often are we troubled about many things, when the truly neceſſary is only One. Retire, O my Soul, into thine own Boſom, and ſearch what thou aim'ſt at in all thy Thoughts: Examine where thou doſt place thy chief Felicity, and whither tend thy ſtrongeſt Deſires: Go to the Great and Prudent of the World, and learn of them to chuſe thy Intereſts: Do they not there encreaſe their Eſtates, where they mean to ſpend the moſt of their Life? Do they project their Manſion Seat in a Country through which they only paſs as Travellers? No more, my Soul, ſhould we build our beſt hopes on the ſandy Foundation of this periſhable Earth; where, ſure we are, that we cannot ſtay long, and are not ſure we may have leave to ſtay but a very little while. We muſt then uſe this tranſitory Life, as Pilgrims returning to their beloved Home; that we may take only what our Journey requires, and not think of ſetling in a Foreign Country

Country; but wiſely forecaſt our Treaſures ſo, as to be happy there where we muſt always be: Let us uſe this World as not abuſing it, for the Faſhion of this World paſſes away: Uſe it ſo as to gain thereby the next, in Reward for our uſing this well: So let us lay out this ſhort tranſitory and Mortal Life, as to gain thereby an Eternal. Stable and Immortal One. Let us ſo lay out that which we cannot keep, as to gain that which we ſhall never loſe.

MEDITATION II.

NOW thou haſt found thy happy End, and found it the only Good that laſts for ever; ſtudy, O my Soul, to know ſtill more, and ſtill more to value thoſe immortal Joys. Strive for ſo glorious a prize with thy whole Force, with the utmoſt Endeavours of all thy Faculties: Purchaſe at any Rate that bleſt Inheritance, and wiſely neglect before that any thing elſe; any thing that would divert Thee from thy holy Courſe, or but retard the ſpeed of thy Advance: For tho' the loweſt degree of Happineſs in the Manſions above be happy enough, where every ſatisfied Veſſel is fill'd to the Brim; yet to enlarge our Capacity to the leaſt higher Degree, deſerves the buſieſt dili-

gence of our whole Life. Shall the industrious Be endure no rest; but fly, and sing and labour all Day? Shall the unwearied Ant be running up and down, to fetch and carry a few Grains of Corn? And we for whom all Nature so faithfully works, and tires it self in perpetual Motion; for whom the tender Providence of God commands even his Angels to watch continually; for whom the ador'd Jesus came down from Heaven, and spent a whole Life in continual Labours? Shall we sleep on in a drowsy Sloth, and not stir a Finger to help our selves? Awake, my Soul, and chide thy sluggish Thoughts, and let their stupid Folly plainly know; we have a Store to provide as well as Ants, and infinitely richer than their poor Hoard. We have a Work to do as well as Bees, and that which is infinitely sweeter than all their Hony. What can so nobly enrich an immortal Soul, as still to be gathering a Stock for Eternity; What can so highly delight one that every Day improves, as daily to see the encrease of his Hope. O blessed Hope, thou shalt be my chief Delight, and the only Treasure I covet to lay up: Thou art the quickning Life of all my Actions, and the sweet Allay of all thy Sufferings. So shall I never refuse any the meanest Labour,

bour, while I look to receive such glorious Wages. So shall I never repine at any temporal Loss, while I hope to gain such eternal Rewards.

MEDITATION III.

BUT O! 'tis not so much our Sloth undoes us; as the imprudent Choice in applying our Diligence. Many, alas, take Pains enough; many perplex themselves too much. See how the busy Toilers of the World are chain'd perpetually like Slaves to their Work. How early they rise, and go late to sleep; and eat the Bread of Care and Sorrow. See how the hardy Soldiers follow their Prince, through a thousand Difficulties, to meet with Dangers; See how the venturous Mariners expose their Lives over stormy Seas, and into barbarous Nations: And why is all this, poor ill-advised Wretches! but to fetch, perhaps, a little Fish or Spice? To gain a few Pence, or some pretty Honour; which others often share in more than your Selves? O Gracious Lord, how easy are thy Commands! how cheap hast thou made the Purchase of Heaven! Half these pains would make excellent Saints; half these Sufferings would place us in thy Account among the Martyrs; were they devoutly undertaken

undertaken for Thee, and the higher Enjoyment of thy Glorious promiſes. Thou doſt not bid us freeze under the Polar Star: nor burn in the Heats of the Torrid Zone: But propoſeſt a ſweet and gentle Rule; and ſuch as our Nature it ſelf would chooſe did not our paſſions ſtrangely miſlead us, and the World about us diſtract our Reaſon. Thou biddeſt us but wiſely love our Selves; and attend above all things our own true Happineſs. Thou bidd'ſt us value even this World as much as it deſerves; ſince 'tis the School that breeds up for the other: Only we are forbidden to be wilful Fools; and prefer a ſhort Vanity before eternal Felicity. O the mild Government of the King of Heaven! his Will we can do, whatever elſe we are doing. This we can do even while we ſit ſtill; and only move our Thoughts towards Thee. Yet take care my Soul that this Sweetneſs of thy Lord be never abuſed to a wanton Neglect: But ſtrive ſtill to love thy Lord ſo much the more, as by any means thou diſcovereſt more the Exceſs of his Love.

PETITIONS.

O Thou the Eternal Being, who changeſt not, and yet art the Cauſe and

End

End of all our Changes! Who ſtill remaineſt the ſame rich Fulneſs in thy Self, the ſame bright Glory to all thy Bleſſed: Make me ſenſible of my approaching Change, of the Diſſolution that will call me away from this preſent World: And make me regard this World as a Place of Pilgrimage, as having here no enduring City. Teach me alſo, O Lord, the Immortality of my Soul, and convince me that I muſt dwell for ever in another World; ſo make me endeavour to have Thee the Eternal God for my Everlaſting Portion, and ſpend this ſhort Time in diligent ſtriving to reach the Bliſsful Enjoyment of Thee: Suffer me not, O God, to take up my Reſt on Earth; to be ever unconcern'd about Eternity, whatever my Condition be here. When I ſee with what unwearied Diligence the wretched Adventurers for all ſorts of Vanity, do round about me purſue their vain Deſigns; let this, Lord, be taken as a very juſt Reproach for my Negligence in the purſuit of better things. Make me aſham'd to ſee any others more concern'd for the Applauſe of Men, than I am for the Favour and Approbation of God: To ſee others more eager of the tranſient Pleaſures of this World, than I for the laſting Delights of Heaven. Preſerve me, O Gracious Lord,

from

from the many Dangers which on all ſides aſſault me now, to divert or hinder my Progreſs towards Heaven. O keep my Mind ever diſpos'd to receive thy holy Inſpirations; that being always ſtrongly and pleaſantly carried forward by thy holy Spirit, I may at laſt happily arrive at the heavenly *Jeruſalem*; for the ſake of Jeſus Chriſt the Mediator. *Amen.*

HYMN XXVIII.

MY Soul! what's all this World to thee?
This World of Sin and Woe;
Where only Senſe can taſte its Sweet,
And thoſe unwholſome too?

Truth is thy Food, Truth thy Delight,
Which cannot here be free;
Thy Mind was born to know and love
What this Life ne're can ſee.

Malicious World, how doſt thou lay
And cover thy falſe Baits!
Here thoſe of Pleaſure, there of Gain,
Each for our Ruin waits.

Unhappy we, it is our Fault,
'Tis we our Life abuſe;
The World preſents a furniſh'd Shop,
And we the Tools miſuſe.

So

So have I ſeen a little Child,
If Nurſe but turn her Eye,
Inſtead of Haft, take hold o'th' Blade,
And cut it ſelf, and cry.

This little Child, alas, am I.
Self-will'd, ſelf-wounded too;
But, Lord, turn not thy Face away,
Leſt I my ſelf undo.

O make me ſtill ſo uſe this World,
That I the other gain;
O make me ſo the other love,
That this its End attain.

Its end to breed up Souls for Heaven,
Then be it ſelf new dreſt;
No more Corruption, no more Change,
But one perpetual Reſt.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghoſt,
The un-divided Three,
One equal Glory, one ſame Praiſe,
Now, and for ever be.

Amen.

DEVO-

DEVOTIONS
FOR THE
Holy-Days.

In Two Parts.

FOR THE
FEASTS
OF OUR
BLESSED SAVIOUR

For the Morning.

MEDITATION I.

BRing to our Lord, all you his Servants; bring to our Lord the Sacrifice of Praise: Bring to our Lord all you Nations of the Earth, bring Hymns of Glory to his great Name; at the Name of

of Jesus let every Knee bow, of things in Heaven, and things on Earth; and let his whole Church Militant and Triumphant gladly adore our God that redeem'd us. Come now and hear, you that fear our Lord, and I will tell you what he has done for my Soul: Hear, and I will tell you what he has done for yours, and the wonders of his Bounty towards all the World. When we lay asleep in the Shades of nothing, his mighty Hand awak'd us into Being: Not that of Stones, or Plants or Beasts; o're which he has made us absolute Lords; but an accomplish'd Body he has given us, and an immortal Spirit, and has made us little inferior to his glorious Angels: He printed on our Souls his own similitude, and promised to our Obedience, that we should partake of his own Felicity: He endu'd us with Appetites to live well and happily, and furnish'd us with Means to satisfie those Appetites; creating a World furnish'd with excellent Creatures to serve us while we abode on Earth, and providing a Heaven of Bliss to glorify us when we remov'd hence. Thus didst thou favour us, O infinite Goodness! but we, what return did we make thee? Blush, O my Soul, for shame at so strange a Weakness, and weep for grief at so extream an

an Ingratitude. We childishly preferr'd a trivial Apple before the Law of our God, and the safety of our own Lives: We fondly Embrac'd a little needless Satisfaction before the Pleasures of Paradise, and the eternal Joys of Heaven. Behold the unhappy Source of all our Miseries, which still encreas'd its Streams as they went farther on; 'till they exacted at last a Deluge of Justice to drown their Deluge of Iniquity. And here, alas, had been an end of Man, a sad and fatal End of the whole World; had not our wise Creatour foreseen the Danger, and in time prevented the Extremity of the Ruin, reserving for himself a few choice Plants, to replenish the Earth with more hopeful Fruit: Yet they quickly grew wild, and brought forth sour Grapes, and their Children's Teeth were set on edg. Quickly they aspir'd to an intollerable Pride of fortifying their Wickedness against the Power of Heaven: Justice was now provok'd to a second Deluge, and to bring again a Cloud over the Earth: But Mercy discover'd a Bow in the Cloud, and our faithful God remembred his Promise; allaying their Punishment with a milder sentence, and only scattering them from the place of their Conspiracy; which yet his

his Providence turn'd into a Blessing, by making it an Occasion of Peopling the World. Still their rebellious Nature disobey'd again, and neither fear'd his Judgments, nor valued his Mercies; but with a graceless Emulation they propagated sin, as far as his Goodness propagated Mankind. Then he selected a private Family, and increas'd and govern'd them with a particular Tenderness; giving them a Law by the Hands of Angels, and engaging their Obediance by a Thousand Favours: But they neglected too their God and Heaven, and fell in love with the Ways of Death. When thou hadst thus, O dearest Lord! used many Remedies, and our Disease was beyond their Power to cure; when the Light of Nature proved too weak a Guide, and the general Flood too mild a Correction; when the Miracles of *Moses* could not soften their Hearts, nor the Law of Angels bring any to Perfection; when all was reduc'd to this desperate State, and no imaginable Hope was left to recover us: Behold the Eternal Wisdom finds a strange Expedient, the last and highest instance of Almighty Love: Himself he resolves to cloth with our Flesh, and come down among us, and Die to redeem

deem us. Wonder, O my Soul, at the Mercies of our Lord! How infinitely do they transcend even the utmost that we could have wish'd! Wonder at the admirable Providence of his Counsels, that they are so exactly fitted to their great Design! Had our Saviour been less than God, we could never have believ'd the sublime Mysteries of his Heavenly Doctrine: Had he been other than Man, we must needs have wanted the powerful Motive of his holy Example: Had he been only God, he could never have suffer'd the least of those Afflictions which he so gloriously overcame: Had he been meerly Man, he could never have overcome those infinite Afflictions which he so patiently endur'd. In Thee, O blessed Saviour! the two Natures of God and Man were so mysteriously united, without either Change or Confusion, that they made in Thee but one Person, one Mediator and Lord.

HYMN

HYMN XXIX.

JEsu! who from thy Father's Throne,
To this low Vale of Tears cam'st down
In our poor Nature humbly dress'st!
Oh, may the Charms of that sweet Love
Draw up our Souls to Thee above,
And fix them there, on Thee to rest.

Jesu! who wert with Joy conceiv'd,
With Joy wert born, while no Pain griev'd
Thy blessed Mother's Virgin-womb!
Oh, may we breed, and bring Thee forth
In our glad Hearts; for all is Mirth
Where Thou, kind Lord, art pleas'd to come

Jesu! whose high and humble Birth,
In Heaven the Angels, and on Earth
The faithful Shepherds gladly sing;
Oh, may our Hymns, which here run low,
Shoot up aloft, and fruitful grow
In that more warm, eternal Spring.

Jesu! how soon didst thou begin
To bleed and suffer for our Sin,
Cut by the Circumcising Knife!
Oh, may thy Grace, by making good
Our Souls just Cause 'gainst Flesh and Blood,
Cut off for us that dang'rous Strife.

Jesu!

Jesu! who took'st that Heavenly Name,
Thy blessed Purpose to proclaim,
Of saving self-destroy'd Mankind:
Oh, may we bow our Heart and Knee,
Bright King of Names, to Glorious Thee,
And thy hid Sweetness ever find.

Jesu! who thus began'st our Bliss,
Thus carry'dst on our Happiness!
To Thee, as due, all Praise be paid:
Oh, may the Great Mysterious Three
For ever live, and ever be
By all Ador'd, Belov'd, Obey'd.
Amen.

MEDITATION II.

SOon as this bless'd Decree was made, of sending the Son of God to redeem Mankind, immediately his Goodness was ready to come among us, had our ungracious World been ready to receive him. But as yet we were too gross and sensual, and utterly uncapable of his so sublime Laws: We were immers'd in Worldly Cares and Pleasures, and indispos'd to be allur'd by unseen Rewards. While we were thus unfit for Thee, O God of pure and perfect Holiness! Thou graciously wert pleased to stay for us; and all that time

time to prepare us for thy Coming; from the Beginning entertaining us with Hope, and through every Age confirming our Faith. How early, O my God, didſt thou engage to relieve us! *The Seed of the Woman ſhall break the Serpent's Head?* How often didſt thou repeat thy Promiſe to *Abraham! In thy Seed ſhall all the Nations of the Earth be bleſſed?* How many Ways did thy Mercy invent, by unqueſtionable Tokens, to give notice of thy Coming? *Behold! a Virgin ſhall conceive, and bear a Son, and ſhall call his Name,* God with us. *There ſhall come forth a Rod out of the Stem of* Jeſſe, *and a Branch ſhall grow out of his Roots: The Spirit of the Lord ſhall reſt upon him; the Spirit of Wiſdom and Underſtanding; the Spirit of Counſel and Might; the Spirit of the Knowledge and Fear of the Lord. I will raiſe them up a Prophet, like unto* Moſes; *and will put my Words in his Mouth, and he ſhall ſpeak unto them all that I command him. And thou* Bethlehem Ephratah, *though thou be little among the Thouſands of* Judah, *yet out of thee ſhall he come forth that is to be Ruler in* Iſrael; *whoſe Goings forth have been from of Old, even from the Days of Eternity.* Hark how the Eternal Father introduces his Son! commanding firſt *all the Angels of God to worſhip him! Thou art my*

Son,

Son, this Day have I begotten Thee; I will be to him a Father, and he shall be to me a Son. Ask of me, and I will give thee the Heathen for thine Inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the Earth for thy Possession. It is too little that thou raise up the Tribes of *Jacob*, and convert only the Dregs of *Israel*: Thou art appointed *a Light to lighten the Gentiles*, as well as to be *the Glory of thy People* Israel. Hark how the ancient Prophets rejoice in the Messias; and in soft and gentle words foretel his Sweetness. *He shall come down like Rain upon the mown Grass, as Showers that Water the Earth. He shall feed his Flock like a tender Shepherd; and gently lead those that are with Young: He shall gather his Lambs with his Arms; and carry the weak in his Bosom. The bruised Reed he shall not break, nor quench the smoaking Flax. In his Days shall the Righteous flourish; and abundance of Peace so long as the Moon endureth. Then shall the Eyes of the Blind be opened, and the Ears of the Deaf shall be made to hear. Then shall the lame Man leap as an Hart, and the Tongue of the Dumb shall sing.* Thus did thy holy Servants prophesy of Thee: Thus did their Children sing thy Praises. Blessed be the Lord our God who alone does wonderful things; and blessed be the Name of his Majesty for ever. *His Dominion shall reach from Sea to*

Sea; and from the River to the ends of the Earth. They who dwell in the Wilderness shall bow before him; and his Enemies shall lick the Dust. The Kings of Tarshish *and the Isles shall offer him Presents; the Kings of* Sheba *and* Seba *shall bring their Gifts: Yea, all the Kings of the Earth shall fall down before him; and all Nations shall do him Service. For he shall deliver the Poor when he crieth; the Poor and him that hath no Helper. He shall spare the Poor and Needy, and preserve the Souls of the Poor. He shall redeem their Soul from Deceit and Violence, and precious shall their Blood be in his sight. He shall live, and to him shall be given of the Gold of* Sheba; *Prayer also shall be made for him continually, and daily shall he be praised.*

MEDITATION III.

IT was not thy Joys alone, O dearest Lord! that thou inspir'dst thy holy Prophets to foretel: But thou didst reveal to them also thy Sorrows, and give command to publish them with exact Care. That they should not only speak thy Words, but the more to affect us, sometimes put on thy Person. O let our Eyes run down with Water; and our Hearts faint away with Grief: While we remember the Sufferings of our Lord, and listen to his sad Complaints. *I gave my Back to*

those

those that scourged me; and my Cheeks to those that plucked off the Hair. I turned not away my Face from shame and spitting. My Enemies speak evil against me; they say, *When shall he die, and his Name perish? Yea, my familiar Friend, who did eat of my Bread, has lifted up his Heel against me. As for me, thou uphold'st me, Lord, in my Integrity, and settest me before thy Face for ever. They compassed me about with Words of Hatred, and fought against me without a Cause. They have rewarded me Evil for Good*, and with *Hatred* they requited *my Love. I am poured forth like Water*; *I am taken away as a Shadow when it declineth. My Heart* within me *is as melted Wax*; and *all my Bones are out of joint. My Strength is dried up like a Potsherd, and my Tongue cleaves to the Roof of my Mouth. I looked for some to take pity, but there was none. I looked for Comforters, but I found not one. O my God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me! Thou hast brought me into the Dust of Death. Our Fathers cried to thee, and were delivered; they trusted in thee, and were not confounded. But I am a Worm, and no Man; a Reproach of Man, and despised of the People. All they that see me laugh me to scorn; they shoot out the Lip, and shake the Head*, saying, *He trusted on the Lord, that he would save him; let him deliver him, seeing he delighted in him. Be not thou far*

from me, O Lord, my Strength! for Trouble is nigh, and there is none to help me. The Assembly of the Wicked have enclosed me; they pierced my Hands and my Feet. I may tell all my Bones; they look and stare upon me. They part my Garments among them, and on my Vesture they cast Lots. They Gave me Gall for my Meat, and Vinegar when I was thirsty, to drink. All these sad things, O Lord, thy Prophets foretold, to prepare our Faith for such Truths. All these indeed they expressly foretold; but could there be found such Wretches as would act them? Yes, O my God, thine own selected Nation conspir'd against thee, and after innumerable Affronts most barbarously Murder'd thee. This too, even this thy cruel Death, thou plainly foreshewedst, in saying, *The Inhabitants of* Jerusalem *shall look on me whom they have pierced, and mourn.* But O you holy Prophets! what was the dismal Cause, that shed the Blood of this spotless Lamb? *He had* (they quickly answer) *done no Iniquity, neither was Guile found in his Mouth. He was cut off from the Land of the living: For the Transgression of the People was he stricken. He hath poured out his Soul to death, and he was number'd with the Transgressors: He bore the Sins of many, and made intercession for the Transgressors. All we, like Sheep,*

have

have gone astray, and the Lord hath laid on him the Iniquities of us all. He was wounded for our Transgressions, he was bruised for our Sins: The Chastisement of our Peace was upon him, and with his Stripes we are healed. Thou wert for us, O Lord, *obedient to the Death, even the cursed Death of the Cross; wherefore God also has highly exalted thee, and given thee a Name above every Name.* Live, glorious Jesu! and reign for ever, eternal King of Heaven and Earth; may all thy blessed above perpetually adore thee, and all thy Servants here continually praise thee.

PETITIONS.

O Most blessed and adorable Jesu! who hast graciously vindicated our Nature from the Contempt and Tyranny of the Devil, by taking it into a personal Union with thy Godhead: I earnestly beseech thee, deliver me in my Person from the Dominion of that my great Adversary; let not the Prince of Darkness rule in me as a Child of Disobedience. Make me always a watchful Enemy against any thing that may debase my Nature, which thou hast so much honoured; to hate all sensual and deviliſh Sins, abstain from all appearance of Evil; and not willingly enslave my self to any base Lusts. Make me, Lord, duly to adore thee as God,

who art Lord of Heaven and Earth; and teach me to imitate thee in the excellent Pattern thou haſt ſet us, of a holy, harmleſs and beneficent Man. Thou didſt take upon thee, O bleſſed Jeſu! our innocent Infirmities, to beſtow on us thy Perfections, to cure us of our guilty Infirmities: Heal me then, I pray thee, O thou great Phyſician of Souls; and as thou wert free from Sin, make me ſo: O cleanſe me from all Unrighteouſneſs; Lord, if thou wilt thou canſt make me clean. Let every ſtep thou tookſt in the working of our Redemption, which thy Servants have recorded in thy Life and Actions to be conſider'd by us Men, be often and always profitably conſider'd by me: Let each have ſome good influence upon my Heart and Life, and by thy powerful Grace tend to the healing my Sinfulneſs, and the fitting me for eternal Happineſs. Heal me, O Lord, and advance me in Holineſs by the Myſtery of thy holy Incarnation; inſtruct me by the meanneſs of thy humble Birth. Heal and ſave me by the precious Blood of thy Circumciſion: When thou tookſt upon thee the ſweet and ever bleſſed Name of *Jeſus*, a Name ſignifying thy kind Deſign, which was the ſaving the People from their Sins. Strengthen my Faith in thee, O Lord, by thy won-

wondrous Miracles; confirm my Hope, and inflame my Love by thy kind and meritorious Paſſion. Help me by the Joys of thy victorious Reſurrection, and the Triumph of thy glorious Aſcenſion: So effectually rule me here, O Lord, That I may always obey thy Grace; and do thou ſo favour me hereafter, that I may enjoy thy Glory.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghoſt;
As it was in the Beginning, is now, and ever ſhall be, World without end.

Amen.

For the Evening.

MEDITATION I.

LET us be willing to learn of the bleſſed Jeſus, and he will teach us his Ways; let us follow him, *who is the Light of the World: He that followeth him ſhall not walk in Darkneſs, but ſhall have the Light of Life. The Law* and its Types *were given by* Moſes, *but Grace and Truth came by Jeſus Chriſt. Lift up thy Voice,* O

Jeruſalem, *and be not afraid*; *ſay to the Cities of* Judah, *Behold your God: Behold the Lord your God is come with a ſtrong Hand; his Reward is with him, and his Work before him.* He is come to bring Redemption to all the World, and graciouſly offers it firſt to you his People. *But ye deny'd the Holy One, and the Juſt, and deſired a Murtherer to be granted to you.* Hark with how ſweet and elegant a Compaſſion, thy kind Redeemer complains of the Ingratitude: O Jeruſalem, Jeruſalem, *thou that killeſt the Prophets, and ſtoneſt them that are ſent unto Thee: How often would I have gathered thy Children together, as a Hen gathereth her Brood under her Wings*; and ye would not. Hark with how tender and charitable a Reproof thy Lord unwillingly withdraws from thee his Favour. O *hadſt thou known in this thy Day the things that belong to thy Peace! but now they are hid from thine Eyes.* Harken once more, and if his Kindneſs cannot move thy Love, he will try how his Anger can work upon thy Fear. Harken then, and tremble at thoſe terrible Threatnings with which thy provident Lord forewarns thee of thy Danger. O *Daughter of my People, gird thee with Sackcloth, and wallow thy ſelf in Aſhes*; *make thee mourning as for an only Son, moſt bitter Lamentation. For the Days*

ſhall

ſhall come upon thee, when thy Enemies ſhall caſt a Trench about thee; they ſhall *compaſs thee round and keep thee in on every ſide. They ſhall lay thee even with the Ground, and thy Children in thee, and they ſhall not leave in thee one Stone upon another: Thy People ſhall fall by the Edge of the Sword, and ſhall be led away Captive into all Nations.* They ſhall abide many Days without *a King, and without a Prince*; they ſhall mourn *without Sacrifice or Altar. And* Jeruſalem *ſhall be trodden down by the Gentiles, till the times of the Gentiles ſhall be fulfilled.* But O, how long, Lord, holy and merciful, how long! Wilt thou be angry with them for ever? Haſt thou not ſaid, he that ſcatters *Iſrael* will gather them again, and keep them as a Shepherd does his Flock? When wilt thou remember thy ancient Promiſes, O Lord! and reſolve to ſave the Remnant of thy once lov'd *Iſrael*? When wilt thou take away the Vail from before their Eyes; that they may ſee thy Truth and embrace it? And take away the hardneſs from their ſtony Hearts, that they again may be thy People, and thou again their God? Then ſhall they lay aſide the Garment of Mourning, and put on the Brightneſs which comes from Thee. They ſhall celebrate the Jubilee of this their greateſt Deliverance, and every one ſing in that Day of

Joy; *Come, let us aſcend to the Mountain of our Lord, to the Houſe of the God of* Jacob; *he will teach us of his Ways, and we will walk in his Paths.* As it was our Wickedneſs to go aſtray from our God; ſo now return'd, let us ſeek him ten times more. Too late have we believ'd on thee, O thou ancient Truth! too late have we lov'd thee, O thou the Deſire of all Nations: We were miſled by the Error of our Forefathers; we were abus'd by our own blind Paſſions. The Kingdom we expected deſerves not that Name; a ſhort, vain and troubleſome Proſperity. Thy Dominion, O Lord, is Holineſs and Peace, and of thy Kingdom there ſhall be no End. Such was the Kingdom thou promiſedſt to *David*; *Thy Throne will I eſtabliſh for ever.* Such is the Kingdom thou giv'ſt to thy Servants; they ſhall live and reign with thee for ever. If we love, my Soul, and ſeek firſt this eternal Kingdom, all other things ſhall be added to it: This happy Kingdom we ought to love and ſeek, though nothing elſe ſhould be added to it. Thou art, O Lord, the true Light of the World; they who follow Thee, walk not in Darkneſs.

MEDI-

MEDITATION II.

RIſe Holy Spouſe of the Son of God; riſe and put on thy Robes of Joy: Riſe and ſhine forth for thy Glory is come; and the Splendour of our Lord ſtrikes bright upon Thee. The *Gentiles* ſhall walk in the Beams of thy Light; and Kings in the Luſtre of thy Brightneſs: Lift up thine Eyes round about, and behold; they gather all together and flock to thee: *Thy Sons ſhall come from far; and thy Daughters be nurſt at thy Side: Then thou ſhalt ſee, and flow together; thy Heart ſhall wonder, and be enlarged with Gladneſs. Becauſe the abundance of the Sea ſhall be converted unto Thee; and the Strength of the Gentiles come unto thee. The Sons of Strangers ſhall build up thy Walls; and their Kings ſhall miniſter unto Thee. The Nation ſhall periſh, that will not ſerve Thee; and the Kingdom be utterly waſted, that refuſes Thee. The Sons of thy Afflicters ſhall come bending before Thee; and all they that deſpiſed Thee, bow themſelves down at the Soles of thy Feet.* For our Lord ſhall be thy Everlaſting Light; and the Days of thy Mourning ſhall end in Glory. To thee ſhall be given the Keys of Heaven; and thou ſhalt ſhut and open thoſe

those Eternal Doors. Thy Foundation shall be laid on a firm Rock, and the Gates of Hell shall not prevail against thee. A Way shall be made so direct and plain, that *the Passengers, though Fools, shall not err therein. And the Earth shall be fill'd with the Knowledge of our Lord, as the Waters cover the Sea.* All this we read, all this we firmly believe; for the Mouth of our Lord has spoken it. Heaven and Earth shall pass away; but not a Title of his Word be disappointed for ever. Many of the Sacred Prophecies are already fulfill'd; abundantly sufficient to assure us of the rest. Already a Virgin has brought forth a Son, and given him the Gracious Name of *Jesus*: The Kings of the East have been led to him by a Star; and offer'd him Gold and Franckincense, and Myrrh. His Holy Parents have presented him in the Temple; and the Devout *Simeon* was over-joy'd to see him. In his tender Infancy he fled into *Egypt*, and out of *Egypt* again God brought forth his Son. He past his private Life in Peace and Meekness; and taught a contradicting People in Patience and Humility: He confirm'd his Doctrine with innumerable Miracles; and defended the Truth to the last drop of his Blood. He rose again victoriously from the Grave; and ascended in Triumph

to

to the Right Hand of his Father: And there, O Glorious Jesu, wilt thou sit and Reign; till all thy Enemies become thy Footstool. Nor has thy Judgment slept, O dreadful Lord! but with a swift, and terrible Vengeance crusht them into Ruine: *Jerusalem* long since was made a heap of Stones; and the Children of thy Crucifiers run wandring over the World, But while thou art thus severe in the Predictions of thy Justice, thou hast not forgot those of thy Mercy. Thousands of that ungrateful City have acknowledged Thee their Lord: Thousands of that perverse Generation have submitted to thy Scepter. Whole Nations of the *Gentiles* have embrac'd thy Faith; and remotest Islands obey'd thy Law. Blessed for ever be thy Name, O Lord, and blessed be the sweetness of thy Mercy; who hast reveal'd thy self to those that knew thee not; and art found of those that sought thee not: Who often followest those that fly from thee; and never refusest any that come to Thee, Thou still exactly performest thy part; but we ungrateful Wretches, how do we comply with ours? Where is the profit thou mayst justly require to answer the Care of thy Providence over us? Thou hast planted us, O Lord, in thine own Vineyard; and fenced us about with thy

Holy

Holy Discipline: Where is the Fruit we should always be bearing; since good works are never out of Season. Of our selves, alas, we are very dry and barren; and our Nrture at best brings forth nothing but leaves. In Thee, Lord, while we remain we live, but seperated from Thee we are certainly dead and fruitless. In thee, O Lord, is all our hope; and that thou wilt have Mercy on the work of thy Hands: That thou wilt not curse these too fruitless branches, lest they whither away, and be cast into the Fire: Nor pronounce against us, that dreadful Sentcence; Cut them down, why cumber they the Ground? But mercifully cut them off from their wild stock, and graft them in thy self the true Vine. And then still water us with the dew of Heaven, and bless our low shrubs with thy powerful influence: So shall Grapes grow on Thorns, and Figs be gather'd from those that were Thistles.

MEDITATION III.

REjoice in our Lord, all you Children of *Adam*; rejoice in the bounty of his free Grace: No longer now confin'd to a few choice Favourites, and the narrow compass of a private Family; he has thrown

throw down that Partition Wall, and opened the Way of Life to all Mankind: That all may believe and love him here, and all enjoy and be happy in him hereafter. But, O my God! what do we see when we look abroad into the wide World? We see the sad Effects, but cannot see the cause why so many Kingdoms lie miserably waste. We know, O Lord, thy ways are in the deep Abyss, and humbly adore thy secret Councels: Only we cannot think of their lamentable Condition, without pitying their Misery, and imploring thy Mercy. Some have not yet so much as heard of thee, and others who have heard, have refus'd to entertain thee: Some who have once acknowledg'd thee, have quite fallen away; others have corrupted thy Doctrins by mixing with them their own Traditions. Many, even of those who rightly believe, abuse their holy Faith by a wicked Life. Thus the far greatest part of wretched Mankind, whom thy Goodness created after thine own Similitude; whom thou hast shed thy precious Blood to redeem, and to bring them to an everlasting Happiness; still fail, alas! of their true End, and die in their sins, and everlastingly perish. Where, O Lord, is thy Zeal, and the Bowels of thy Mercy? Where are thy Promises to

thy

thy beloved Son? Hast thou not said, All Nations shall adore him, and all the Tribes of the Earth be blessed in him? Hast thou not said, thy self, O glorious Jesu! *If I be lifted up, I will draw all Men after me?* Hast thou not given thy Disciples express Commission to go into all the World, and preach the Gospel to every Creature? When wilt thou again, O infinite Charity, chuse out burning and shining Lights, and send them forth over all the World; and send them not alone, lest they faint by the way, or miscarry in the end. If thou wilt go with them thy self, and guide them by thy Grace, and crown their Labors with thy powerful Blessing: Oh, then what mighty Works would be done by them! Then shall the humble Vallies be rais'd up, and the haughty Mountains be brought low. So shall the crooked Paths be made direct, and the rough Ways smooth and plain: So shall the Glory of God be every where reveal'd, and all Flesh shall joyfully see it together; the light of the Knowledge of the Glory of God in the bright Face of *Jesus Christ*. Happy the times when this shall come to pass, happy the Eyes that shall see these times? Come glorious Days wherein that Sun shall shine, which enlightens all at once, both the Hemispheres.

PETI-

PETITIONS.

REmember, O God the Father, God of everlasting Truth, thy dear Engagements to the Son: Remember, O God the Son; who art the Author and Finisher of our Faith, thy gracious Promises to the World: Come holy Jesu, in a plentiful Effusion of thy Spirit upon us, and make that glorious Day of Gospel light, which we greatly desire, and thy Promises give us leave to expect: Come, and in the largest sense maintain thy Title, and be effectively the Saviour of the Universal World. Visit, O Lord, thine own House first, and throughly redress what thou findest amiss. Make our Lives holy, as thou hast made our Faith, and let all that name thy Name depart from Iniquity. O thou who art the Author of Peace and Lover of Concord; who did'st so often repeat the Command, that thy Disciples should love one another! Inspire, we beseech thee, thy whole Church with a Spirit of Truth, Unity and Concord. Bring thou into the way of Truth all such as have erred and are deceived. Convince us all, that the Wrath and Fury of Man worketh not the Righteousness of God; and hasten the time when there shall be no hurting

hurting nor destroying in all thy holy Mountain. Kindle, O Lord, in the hearts of Kings, and the great Ones of the World, an heroick Spirit to advance thy Glory: Inflame the Hearts of Prelates and the Priests of thy Church, with a generous Zeal for the Conversion of Souls: Convince them all, it is the End and Duty of their Places, to endeavour the improving of Mankind in Vertue and Religion; and direct them to the use of such just and gentle means, as are suitable to the End, and agreeable to thy Word. Send forth thy saving Light, O Lord, into the dark Corners of the World, and bring them from the Power of Satan into the Kingdom of God. Remember thy great Love which thou hast shewn, and the Mercies which seem yet promised to the *Jews*. Let every People bow their Knees to thy great Name, Oh blessed Jesu! and all Tongues confess thy greatness: Make all to receive thy Truth in the love of it, and mix it with Faith, that it may become an engrafted Word, able to save their Souls. These Things we crave for the Honour of our Advocate and only Mediator, Jesus the Christ. *Amen*.

HYMN

HYMN XXX.

JEſu, whoſe Grace directs thy Prieſts
To keep alive by ſolemn Feaſts
The memory of thy great Love:
O may we here ſo paſs thy Days,
That they at laſt our Souls may raiſe
To that long Feaſt with thee above.

To that long Day of ſacred Reſt,
Whereon our happy Souls ſhall feaſt
On thy celeſtial Joys, and thee:
Our Bodies too thy Love ſhall raiſe,
Thy ſelf to ſee, and ſing thy Praiſe
In a bleſt Immortality.

Jeſu, behold three Kings from far
Led to thy Cradle by a Star,
Bring Gifts to thee their greater King:
O guide us by thy Light, that we
May find thy lov'd Face, and to thee
Our ſelves may for thy Tribute bring.

O thou the pure and ſpotleſs Lamb,
Who to the Temple humbly came,
Appointed legal Rites to pay:
Make our proud Heart and ſtubborn Will
Thine, and thy Church's Law fulfil,
Whate'er reluctting Natures ſay.

Jeſu,

Jesu, who on the fatal Wood
Pour'd'st forth thy Life's last drop of Blood
(For us nail'd to a shameful Cross:)
O! may we bless thy Love, and be
Ready, dear Lord to bear for thee
All present grief, or pain, or loss.

Dear Lord, who by thine own Love slain,
By thine own Pow'r took'st Life again,
And from the Sepulcher did'st rise:
O may thy Death our Spir'ts revive,
And at our Death a new Life give,
A lasting Life, that never dies.

Jesu, who to thy Heaven again
Return'd'st in Triumph there to reign,
Of Men and Angels mighty King;
O may our parting Souls take flight,
Up to that Land of Joy and Light,
And there with Angels ever sing.

All Glory to the sacred Three,
One un-divided Deity;
All honour, blessing, power and praise.
O may thy blessed Name shine bright,
Crown'd with those Beams of beauteous light,
It's own eternal glorious Rays.

Amen.

FOR

FOR THE

FEASTS

OF THE

HOLY GHOST.

For the Morning.

MEDITATION I.

LORD, we are forced to admire the ſweet and natural conduct with which thy Providence governs the Children of Men! leading them on from one degree to another, till thou haſt brought them up to their higheſt perfection: Thou putteſt them to learn in the School of Vertue, and diſpoſeſt their Capacities into ſeveral Forms. In the firſt Ages, when the World was young, thou gaveſt them for their Guide, the Book of Nature;

Nature; there thy divine Assistance help them to read some few plain Lessons of their Duty to thee: They saw this admirable Frame of Creatures, and as far as these could argue, they could conclude: Sure there is a God, the cause of all things; certainly there is a Providence that disposes of all things; he must be very powerful that made so vast a World, and exceeding wise that contriv'd such excellent works: He must be goodness it self, that did all this for us, and we ingrateful Wretches, if we will do nothing for him. Thus far some few could say, and very few could do, with those slender Assistances which they then enjoy'd. Afterward thou gavest thy People a Written Rule, which train'd them up in a set Form of Discipline, which grew and spread into a publick Religion, and which was uniformly profest by a whole Nation: They had some weak Conceit of the Kingdom of Heaven, and some imperfect means to bring them thither: But for those high supernatural Mysteries that so glorioully exalt the Christian Faith, they all, alas, were blind, or in the dark, and dangerously exposed to the Effects of their own Ignorance; wanting those clear Instructions to know their end, and those powerful Motives to love their God: Yet this prepar'd

prepar'd them for the times of Grace, to which thy Mercy, O Lord, reſerved far greater Favours; to which thou haſt promiſed by the Holy Prophets, an effuſion of Bleſſings from thine own full Hands: *I will put my Law in their inward parts, and write it in their Hearts; I will be their God, and they ſhall be my People; I will pour out my Spirit upon all Fleſh, and your Sons and your Daughters ſhall Propheſie: They ſhall teach no more every one his Neighbour, ſaying, Know the Lord, for all ſhall know me, from the leaſt of them to the greateſt, ſaith the Lord.*

HYMN XXXIII.

COme, holy Spirit, come and breath
Thy ſpicy Odours, on the Face
Of our dull Regions here beneath;
And fill our Souls with thy ſweet Grace.

Come, and root out the poys'nous Weeds
Which over-run, and choak our Lives;
And in our Hearts plant thine own Seeds,
Whoſe quickening Pow'r our Spirit revives.

Firſt plant the humble Violet there
Which dwells ſecure by dwelling low;
Then let the Lilly next appear,
And make us chaſt, yet fruitful too.

But

But O! plant all the Vertues, Lord,
And let the Metaphors alone,
Repeat once more that mighty Word,
Thou need'ſt but ſay, let it be done.

We can, alas, nor be, nor grow,
Unleſs thy powerful Mercy pleaſe;
Thy Hand muſt plant, and Water too,
Thy Hand alone muſt give th' increaſe.

Do then, what thou alone canſt do,
Do what to thee ſo eaſie is;
Conduct us through this World of Woe,
And place us ſafe in thine own Bliſs.

All Glory to the ſacred Three,
One ever-living Sovereign Lord;
As at the firſt, ſtill may he be
Belov'd and Prais'd, Fear'd and Ador'd.
Amen.

MEDITATION II.

LOok up, languiſhing World, look up and ſee how punctually thy faithful Lord performs his Word! When he had finiſh'd here that gracious Work which his goodneſs undertook for our Redemption; when he had told us what we ought to do, and what to ſuffer for the Kingdom of Heaven; when he himſelf had done more than

than he required of us, and was about to be offered up for us by his Death on the Croſs; and he had wrought our Salvation ſo far that now his abſence from Earth was more expedient for us: He firſt prepares the hearts of his Diſciples, and comforts their Sorrows with theſe ſweeteſt words; *Children, I will not leave you Orphans, but will pray the Father, and he ſhall give you another Comforter; even the Spirit of Truth, who ſhall teach you all things, and bring to your remembrance whatſoever I have ſaid unto you: Peace I leave with you, my Peace give I to you, let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid: I aſcend unto my Father and to your Father, to my God and to your God; I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am, there may alſo my* faithful and conſtant Followers be. Thus he gave them to expect that the Holy Spirit would be ſent into the World upon his departure from it: That this kind Spirit ſhould apply himſelf to Comfort them by all thoſe ways wherein comfort could be given: That this Spirit ſhould ſupply his Preſence, not only for a Time, but ſhould abide with them, never to remove to Heaven again, as he did: That he ſhould continue in the Chriſtian Church a ſufficient Guide, and a powerful Comforter; to teach them what is to be done, to comfort them under Af-

flictions, to fortifie and support them i
their ſpiritual Conflicts; to aſſiſt the appl
cation and uſe of thoſe excellent Inſtr
ctions which he had left among them; t
take their part in the World, and conve
their Enemies into friends, by convincin
them of ſin in not believing on Jeſus, o
the righteouſneſs which it appears the
may have from him, becauſe he is gon
to the Father; and of Judgment to com
for ſinful men, ſince the ſinning Angel
are judged. And after their kind Maſte
had ſaid theſe and other comfortabl
things to them, he led them forth toge
ther, and gave them his Bleſſing, and part
ting from them, went away into Heaven:
So loving Mothers when the weaning time
is come, withdraw from their beloved
Children; but while they thus deprive
their tender little ones, of their moſt dear
and all ſupplying Preſence, the ſtill depute
ſome faithful Friend to aſſiſt them; for
though they leave, they do not intend to
forſake, them. Such, and far greater wa
the Care of our God, as his love is far
greater than that of tendereſt *Mothers* to
their Infants: He ſaw it neceſſary for ſo
myſterious a Faith to be ſhewn in a clear
and ſupernatural light to the firſt Belie-
vers that they might confidently recom-
mend to others, what they knew with
infallible

infallible certainty themselves: He saw it necessary for so perverse a World, to infuse into its first Converters a fullness of Charity, that with an ardent Zeal they might instruct their Hearers, and with a patient courage overcome their opposers: He saw it necessary for such varieties of Nations, to furnish the Preachers with variety of Languages, that they might teach every one in their native Speech, and understand their doubts, and satisfie their objections.

MEDITATION III.

WHEN the appointed time was come, as all the works of God go forth in their fittest season; the Disciples having tarried at *Jerusalem*, according to direction, to be indued with power from on high; when they were gathered together into one place, and with one accord, and so were excellently dispos'd for the Visits of Heaven; when they had long continued in ardent Prayer, and wrought up their Affections to the utmost point of desire, suddenly there was a sound from Heaven, from whence every good and perfect gift descends; a vehement Wind fill'd the whole House, for the Grace of God is strong and liberal: Behold, on the

Head of each sate a Tongue as of Fire, the properest means to enable them for the Conversation of the World: While they were all illuminated with a pure light, and all enflamed with a fervent heat, and to communicate both to every Nation, they were all endued with the gift of Languages. Thus were the words of the Prophets fulfill'd, and the Promises of our Saviour performed, and the Faith of the Christian Church was thus miraculously begun: Thus were the Messengers of everlasting Peace prepared, they were miraculously baptized with the Holy Ghost and with Fire, and where perfectly qualified for their great Commission; to Preach to every Creature this happy Gospel, *He that believes and is Baptized, shall be saved: When our Lord ascended up on high, he led captivity captive, and gave gifts to men*: He did not affright the world again with the Thunders and Lightnings of Mount *Sinai*, but gently infused the pleasant fire of divine Love into the hearts of his Disciples: How should we bless the Lord our God, who are Members of the Christian Church to which at this Time, instead of the Law of *Moses*, was given the grace of Christ; for the Letter, the Spirit; for shadows, Truth; and for the Spirit of Fear, the Spirit of Adoption. Blessed be thou, O Eternal Father!

ther! God of abundant and infinite goodneſs, for this unſpeakable kindneſs of ſending thy Spirit into our miſerable and wicked World; a Spirit ſo ſuited to our Neceſſities, and able to bring many of us to glory: This Lord, was thy free gift with reſpect to us unworthy Creatures; Mankind did not, could not deſerve it of thee; it ought therefore to be the more marvellous in our eyes. And we may juſtly wonder, not only at thy Bounty, but at thy Patience too herein; for Mankind had highly forfeited this Mercy, and it was directly contrary to his Deſerts. Thou didſt ſend thy Spirit for our good and advantage, after that the ungrateful World had abuſed and put to Death thy Son. Bleſſed be thou, O dear Redeemer! whoſe Blood and Death purchaſed for us this incomparable gift, and whoſe powerful Interceſſion in Heaven obtain'd it. Bleſſed be thy merciful Providence, O Jeſu, who when thou hadſt finiſh'd thy great work on Earth, didſt aſcend into Heaven, to draw our minds even thither after thee. Bleſſed be thy Infinite Goodneſs, who when thou hadſt taught us the Words of Eternal Life, ſenteſt down the Holy Ghoſt to make us obſerve them, and raiſe up our Affections to that glorious Kingdom whither thou art gone before us; that where

Thou our happineſs art, our hearts, as they ſhould, may alſo be. Bleſſing and Praiſe be to the Holy Spirit himſelf, who though Proceeding from the Father and the Son, is equal in nature and glory; whoſe free goodneſs it was to give himſelf to our forlorn World: He is both the Giver and the Gift, from the great Love wherewith he loved us. Thus are we beholden to the ever bleſſed Trinity, not only for excellent and ſupernatural Graces, but alſo for his Preſence, who is the Cauſe and Author of all Grace: And they to whom this Spirit is given, have not only the Streams, but the Fountain of living Waters; in whom therefore they muſt needs be ſpringing up, even unto Eternal Life.

PETITIONS.

O Merciful Lord, who haſt loved us from the beginning; be graciouſly pleaſed to love us unto the end: Pity the unhappy ſtate of fallen Mankind, which neither Nature, nor Law could bring to any perfection. Send out thy Spirit, O Lord, and we ſhall be created again unto good Works; and from our nothing of ſin be raiſed to a Life of Holineſs: O ſend out thy Spirit, and renew the face of the Earth, and then our weeds and thorns ſhall be turn'd

turn'd into a Paradise. O cure our World in thy due time, of all those distempers in the Spirits of men that makes us miserable, confus'd and unquiet: Deliver us from the spirit of Prophaneness and Infidelity; from the spirit of Errour, Heresie and Schism: Deliver us from the Spirit of Pride and Avarice, from the spirit of Anger, Sloth and Envy: Deliver us from the Spirit of Drunkenness and Gluttony; from the Spirit of Lust, and Wantonness, and Impurity: Deliver us, O God, from every evil Spirit, and vouchsafe to give us the Graces of thy good Spirit; that Order and Peace may flourish in the World, and Mankind may not hate, nor fear, nor persecute one another. O may the Christian Church, which thou hast wonderfully begun, and with many wonders yet continued in the World may it go on still to the end of time; and make it, Lord, to encrease and multiply, till every Nation speak in their own language the wonderful Works of God. O blessed Spirit, the Church thou hast been pleased to establish, vouchsafe always to govern: Always keep it from free Usurpation and Tyranny in the Governors, and from Contention unruliness and spiritual Pride in those that should be govern'd: That it may always be in a fit posture to receive the Influences of thy Grace, and may with

those heavenly Dews be as a Fruitful Field. Which things we humbly implore through the Merits of Jesus Christ.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit:

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, World without end.

Amen.

For the Evening.

MEDITATION I.

COme, my Soul, and adore our God that sanctifies us; implore his Grace to make thee able, and then adore him: Him who from the Father and the Son eternally proceeds, and with the Father and the Son must be equally worshipped and glorified. In thy Name, O Lord, together with that of the Father and the Son, we are by divine appointment Baptized, and so directed to believe in Thee: Thou art therefore a Distinct Person in that adorable Trinity which is the one eternal God:

God: Thou doſt make Interceſſion for the Saints with the Father; and therefore art not only the power of the Father. Thy coming, O Lord, into this World, did depend upon the departure of the Son; therefore I believe thou art diſtinct from the Son. I believe, O Lord, thou waſt manifeſtly diſtinguiſht from the Father and the Son, when at the Baptiſm of our Saviour thou didſt deſcend upon him in the likeneſs of a Dove; when at the ſame time there was a voice from the Father, ſaying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well-pleaſed. Thou art, O Lord, not a created Perſon, but with the Father and Son art God bleſſed for evermore. By thee was our Saviour conceived in the Womb of a Virgin, and therefore was her Birth called the Son of God. Thy dwelling in one of us, converts a poor Creature into a ſacred Temple; therefore we ought to adore thee as God: And I humbly adore thee as the moſt high, eternal God; as of the ſame Nature, Attributes and Operations with the Father and the Son. I adore thee, as having inſeparable from thy Nature an infinite, eſſential and original Holtneſs as God. And it is peculiarly and eſpecialy thy Undertaking or Office to make us poor Sinners holy; therefore I adore thee under the glorious Title of holy Spi-

rit. It was thou, O Lord, that didſt ſpeak to the World by all thy holy Prophets that have been ſince the Beginning. And thus it came to paſs, that all the holy Scripture was given to us by the inſpiration of God. Thou art the Author and Finiſher of our Faith, by an internal illumination of our Minds: Thereby thou inclineſt us to the obedience of Faith; and to give our aſſent to thoſe divine Truths, which our carnal, corrupted Natures would reject as Fooliſhneſs. By thee it is, that we are renewed in all the faculties of our Souls, and our Affections and Will are made conform'd unto the Will of God. Thou doſt infuſe into us the Breath of Life, and bring us forth into our ſecond Birth; in which Birth we become the Children of God, and Heirs of the Kingdom of Heaven. By thee are all ſincere Chriſtians baptized into one Body, even the Myſtical Body of Chriſt; and it is thy Teſtimony alone that comfortably aſſures to any of them their Adoption. In order to theſe great things, it is thy kind Office to ſanctifie and ſet apart Perſons for the Duty of the ſacred Miniſtry: By whoſe Miniſtry thou doſt perfect the Saints, and build up the Body of Chriſt to the end of the World.

MEDI-

MEDITATION II.

BLessed for ever be thy Name, O holy Spirit, and blessed be the bounty of thy Goodness. When the Eternal Father by creating the World had declar'd himself and his Almighty Power; When the Uncreated Word by redeeming Mankind had reveal'd himself and his infinite Wisdom; When now there remain'd but one Seal more to be open'd of the Book of divine Mysteries: Behold a strange condescendence to our weak Nature, the invisible Spirit visibly appears: He descends from Heaven in the shape of a Dove, and gently alights upon the Prince of Peace. Again he descends in the likeness of Fire, and miraculously sits on the Heads of his Disciples. Mingling thus together in one blest compound those chief ingredients of excellent Vertue; Mildness to allay the heat of Zeal, and Zeal to quicken the indifference of Mildness. Innocence to adorn the light of Knowledge, and Knowledge to direct the simplicity of Innocence. O blest adorable Teacher! Who can instruct the like Spirit of God? He needs no years to finish his course, but with a swift and efficacious touch consummates all things. He entred the Soul of a young delighter in Musick,

Musick

sick, and presently sanctified him into a composer of Psalms: He took a poor Shepherd from following of the Flock, and immediately rais'd to him the degree of a Prophet. He by one Lesson perfected the Disciples, and polisht rude Fishermen into eloquent Preachers: He toucht the Heart of a persecuting *Pharisee*, and instantly chang'd him into a glorious Apostle. There is none, O Lord, can resist thy efficacious Grace; but it accomplishes whatsoever thou intendest: And the most Stubborn refusers thou makest to become a willing People in the day of thy Power. All this thou hast done, O Infinite Goodness, and all the good that we do, is wrought by thee. By thee is every condition sanctified to us in this mutable World; and we are inabled through all to walk steadily towards our Eternal Rest. By Thee our Souls are comforted on our Beds of Sickness; and thou alone fittest us for the Mansions of Glory. If in the Church there be any Wisdom or Knowledge; If any real Sanctity, or decent Order; if any Faith of the Mysteries of Religion; if any Hope of everlasting Salvation: If any Love of God, as our Sovereign bliss; if any mutual Charity of one towards another: If any Miracles have been wrought to convert unbelievers, and to confirm the weak in Faith

against

against the violence of Persecution: All these things flow from thy free Grace, O thou boundless Ocean of Eternal Mercies: All flows from thee, and all our little streams ought to return in tribute to thy Bounty. Blessed be thy Name, O Holy Spirit of God, who divideſt thy Gifts to every one as thou pleaseſt, and workeſt all in all.

MEDITATION III.

STill, my Soul, continue thy Meditations on this adorable Person, and humbly present thy further acknowledgements and praises to him, who is the Eternal Love of the Father and the Son, and the Glorious Finisher of the Sacred Mystery: To him the quickening Spirit of regenerate Souls; in whom they live, and move, and have their Being: To him the Sovereign Balsam of our wounds, and only comfort of all our Sorrows: To him our refuge in this Place of Banishment, and faithful guide in this wandring Pilgrimage: To him the Sacred pledge of our free adoption, and enduring Seal of our Eternal Salvation. What do we say of Thee, O Adorable Spirit of God! What do we say, when we utter such words as these? We say what we can in our low capacity; but,

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but alas, how ſhort of thy unſpeakable Excellencies! O that we had the Tongues of glorified Saints, and of Angels! O that we had thine own miraculous Tongues! Thoſe which ſate flaming on the Heads of the Apoſtles, and made them ſpeak thy wonders in every language. Still all our Praiſes would be poor and narrow, ſtill infinitely leſs then thy infinite Perfections. But if we cannot ſpeak as our God deſerves, ſhall we therefore hold our Peace, which God forbids? Wo be to them, O Lord, who are ſilent of thee, and ſpend the Breath thou giveſt them on any but thy ſelf. When we have tried our beſt endeavours, and taken a Meaſure of our own effects; when our own Hearts can conceive no more, and our Tongues have expreſt their utmoſt; we will then call upon all others to praiſe thee, who have been beholden to thy infinite Bounty, and ſay; Praiſe the Eternal Spirit. O all you Quires of rejoicing Angels, for his early Grace confirm'd you in Glory; Praiſe him ye Reverend Patriarchs, whoſe ways he govern'd, and by particular Providence led you to felicity. Praiſe him, ye ancient Prophets, whoſe Souls he inſpired to teach his choſen People the Mind of Heaven. Praiſe him, you glorious Company of the Apoſtles, whoſe Perſons he em-

empowered to be Ambassadors of Peace between Heaven and Earth. Praise him you the noble Army of generous Martyrs, whose Spirits he encouraged, and gave you the Victory over the Terrors of Death. Praise him, ye blessed Confessors, whose Lives he sanctified; and gave you Victory over the World and your selves, Praise him ye holy Virgins, whose Souls he espoused, and consecrated your chast Bodies into Temples for himself. Praise him, O thou the blessed Virgin-Mother of our Lord by whom the Worlds Redeemer was conceiv'd in thy Womb. Praise him all you the faithful departed this Life, whose hope he sustains of a glorious Resurrection of your Bodies. Praise him, all ye that make up the Holy Church throughout all the World; bless him, and magnify him, for ever. Praise him in the Power and Freedom of his Grace; praise him for the Eternity and greatness of his Glory. Praise him, O my Soul, for his Mercies to thee; praise him for his goodness to all the World. Praise him on the choicest Instrument, that of the Heart. Praise him in the fittest Place, the publick Assembly of his Saints.

PETITIONS.

O Kindle in my Heart, holy Lord, thy divine Fire, that I may offer to thee the hallow'd incenſe of Praiſe. O thou who openeſt the Mouths of the Dumb, and makeſt the Tongues of Children eloquent, inſpire thy devoted Servant, if not with Expreſſions ſuitable to thy ſelf, at leaſt with ſuch as are profitable to me: Such as may inſtruct me what I ought to do; and ſuch as may move me to do what I ſay. Come holy Spirit, who art the free diſpenſer of all Grace, viſit my poor Heart, and repleniſh it with thy ſacred inſpirations. Refuſe not, O Lord, to hear me now I call upon Thee, and make me ſtill hear Thee when thou calleſt upon me; do thou by thy mighty Operations in my Soul eſtabliſh ſuch an Intereſt in me, as may always diſpoſe me to ſo advantageous a Duty. Illuminate my Underſtanding, inflame my Affections, and ſanctifie all the Powers of my Soul and Body, that I may know, love, and conſtantly do the things that belong to my everlaſting Peace. Fill my underſtanding with the Knowledge of ſuch Truths as may fix it on thee the Eternal Verity. Inure my Will to embrace ſuch objects as may bring and unite me to thee, the

the Sovereign Goodneſs. O ſuffer me not obſtinately to perſiſt in any known Wickedneſs, nor maliciouſly to impugn any known Truth: Grant I may never be deceiv'd by any falſe Spirit, nor be overcome by the vicious Suggeſtions of Fleſh and Blood. In all my doubts do thou direct me into the way of thy Truth; in all my Weakneſs grant me the aſſiſtance of thy Grace. Help me devoutly and moſt thankfully to commemorate thy Deſcent to this World in the likeneſs of fiery Tongues, which ſate on each Head of thy Diſciples, and fitted them to preach the Goſpel to every Nation. And let it ſo increaſe the holy fervour of my Heart, that my Life may atteſt by all Fruits of Grace the ſame Spirit's ſtill abiding with me: To the Glory of Thee, O God the holy Spirit, who with the Father and the Son liveſt and reigneſt ever one God, World without end.

Amen.

HYMN XXXII.

COme mild and holy Dove,
Deſcend into our Breaſt;
Do thou in us, make us in thee
For ever dwell, and reſt.

Come,

Come, and ſpread o'er our Heads
Thy ſoft, all-cheriſhing Wind,
That in its ſhade we ſafe may ſit,
And to Thee Praiſes ſing.

To Thee who giv'ſt us Life,
Our better Life of Grace;
Who giv'ſt us Breath, and Strength, and Speed:
To run and win our Race.

If by the way we faint,
Thou reacheſt forth thy Hand;
If our own weakneſs makes us fall,
Thou mak'ſt our Weakneſs ſtand.

When we are ſliding back,
Thou doſt our Danger ſtop;
When we again, alas, are fall'n,
Again thou tak'ſt us up.

Elſe there we ſtill muſt lie,
And ſtill ſink lower down;
Our hope to riſe is all from Thee,
Our ruin's all our own.

O my Ingrateful Soul!
What ſhall our dulneſs do
For him that does all this for us,
Only our Love to wooe?

We'll Love thee then, dear Lord,
But thou muſt give that Love; We'll

We'll humbly beg it of thy grace,
But thou our Prayers muſt move.

O hear thine own ſelf ſpeak,
For thou in us doſt Pray;
Thou canſt as quickly grant as aſk,
Thy Grace knows no delay.

Glory to Thee, O Lord,
One Co-eternal Three;
To Father, Son and Holy Ghoſt,
One equal Glory be.

Amen.

FOR

FOR THE

FEASTS

OF THE

SAINTS

For the Morning.

MEDITATION I.

TELL me, you eager Lovers of this preſent World, what is it you aim at in all your pretences? You weary your Bodies with wreſtleſs labour, and afflict your Minds with perpetual care; Day and Night you are ſtill perplext, ſtill buſily plotting to compaſs your ends: Tell me what are thoſe ends you ſo long have ſought, and I will tell you what you ſoon will find; while they are many, they but diſtract your Thoughts, and often engage

engage them to quarrel among themselves: One end, and one alone is the way to true and lasting Peace, and on that one must all the rest depend. It is true, perhaps you will say, and by that rule we guide our Lives; whatever we undertake, our ultimate design is only to be happy; It is to be happy that we strive to be great, and enrich our selves by defrauding others: It is to be happy that we run after Pleasures, and covet to have in every thing our own proud Will: But you, alas, mistake your Happiness, and foolishly seek it where 'tis not to be found. As silly Children think to catch the Sun, when they see it setting at so near a distance, they travel on and tire themselves in vain, for the thing they seek is in another World. Just so we foolish Mortals commonly judge and are just so deceived, when we think to meet with Heaven upon Earth. This World, alas! has now no Paradise, but all its Fruits are mixt with Weeds and Thorns; all dangerously mixed with occasions of sin, all sprinkled over with the bitterness of sorrow: what did we ever passionately love, but still in the end it made us repent? Nay, the best end was heartily to repent, and learn by our falling to tread more sure. It is not then here that we must seek our happiness, and yet

it

it is Happineſs that we all muſt ſeek. Happy are thy Saints, O Lord, who wiſely choſe their End, and conſtantly purſu'd the means to attain it. Come, let us adore the King of Saints.

HYMN XXXIII.

AWake, my Soul, chaſe from thine eyes
This drowſie ſloth and quickly riſe,
Get up, and to thy Work apace:
No leſs than Kingdoms are prepar'd,
And endleſs Bliſs for their reward,
Who finiſh well this ſhort Life's race.

'Tis not ſo poor a thing to be
Servants to Heaven, dear Lord, and thee,
As this miſtaken World believes:
Not even here, where oft the wiſe
Are moſt expos'd to Injuries,
And Vertue, poor and friendleſs grieves.

Sometimes thy Hand lets gently fall
A little crop, that ſweetens all
The preſent bitter of our Cup:
O what hereafter ſhall we be,
When we ſhall have whole draughts of thee
Fill'd to the brim, and drink them up?

Say, happy Souls, whoſe Thirſt now meets
The freſh and living ſtream of ſweets,
Which

Which ever spring from that blest throne;
Did you not find this true even here?
Do you not find it truer there,
Now Heaven's strong Joys are all your (own?
Oh yes, the Sweets we taste exceed
All we can say, or you can read,
They satisfy, and never cloy:
On Earth our Cup was sweet, but mixt;
Here all is pure, refin'd and fixt,
All highest Quintessence of Joy.

Here, in Heaven's splendid Court, have we
Our blest abode, and ever see
The kind and radiant face of Love;
Whose Beams make us with Glory shine,
Our glad hearts warm with Love divine,
And these our Tongues with Praises (move.
Hear'st thou, my Soul, what glorious things
The Church of Heaven in triumph sings
Of their Seraphick life above?
Chear thy faint hopes, and bid them live;
All these thy God to thee will give,
If thou embrace his bounteous Love.

Great God of rich Rewards, who thus
Hast crown'd thy Saints, and wilt crown us;
As we do both to thee belong,
O may we both together sing
Eternal praise to thee our King,
In one Eternal thankful Song. *Amen.*

MEDI-

MEDITATION II.

IF thus our Nature tends to Happineſs there is ſure ſome Happineſs to content our Nature. Sure the All-wiſe Creator has provided means to ſatisfie the Appetites which himſelf has made. Doubt not, my Soul, the Bounty of thy Lord, but turn all thy fear on thine unworthineſs; and yet correct that fear again, that it do not degenerate into deſpair, by conſidering the worthineſs of our kind Mediator. Look up then, and ſee a rich delicious Land, that flows with Sweeter Streams than Milk and Honey; Look up, and ſee a glorious City, incomparably braver than the ſplendid Courts of Kings. Behold the bleſſed Angels ſhining on their Thrones, and all the holy Saints triumphing with their Hymns: Great is their Clemency of our gracious Sovereign to pardon the offences of repenting Sinners: Great is the bounty of our glorious Lord, to Crown with Rewards his faithful Servants. Thouſands of Saints attend in his preſence, and Millions of Angels wait on his Throne, all beauteouſly rang'd in perfect order, all joyfully ſinging the praiſes of their Creator. But look up yet higher, O my Soul, in thy Contemplations, and ſee the glo-

rified

rified Humanity of thy dear Redeemer, that bleſſed Jeſus who died for us on the Croſs, and now invites us to partake his Crown: See and rejoice in thoſe eternal Honours which Heaven and Earth juſtly pay to their King. Look up once more, and if thou could'ſt, look infinitely higher, and humbly admire the unconceivable Myſtery: Wonder now, and adore the Sovereign Deity, eſſentially full of his own bleſs'd Light; full, and overflowing into all his Creatures, which ſhine but as little Beams deriv'd from him. But low thy Head and Knees to him before whom the Seraphims cover their Faces: But low a humble Heart to him, before whom all the happy Saints caſt down their Crowns. When thou haſt ſeen all this, my Soul, and ſtaid, and dwelt a while among theſe pleaſing wonders; then turn thine Eye down towards this Earth again, and ſee the petty things that are wont to entertain our minds: What is a name of Honour, and a momentary Pleaſure, compar'd to the Bliſs of an eternal Paradiſe? What is a bag of Money, or a fair Eſtate, if counterballanc'd with the Treaſures of Heaven? How narrow there do our greateſt Kingdoms ſeem! how ſmall a Circle the whole Globe of Earth! Cities and Towns appear like little Hills, and the

busie World, but as a swarm of Ants, running up and down, and justling one another, and making all this stir for a few grains of Corn. O Heaven, let me again lift up my Eyes to thee, and take a fuller view of that glorious Prospect: There I will stand, and fix my steady sight, till I have look'd my self into this firm Judgment: All that the most prosperous Fortune can here possess, or even the largest Fancy possibly imagine; all is an idle Dream to those real Joys, an absolute Nothing to that solid Felicity. O how glorious is the Kingdom of Heaven, where our Lord reigns in the midst of his Saints!

MEDITATION III.

IT is true; there is, I see, a glorious State prepar'd above for the Spirits of just men made perfect: But how shall we poor dust and ashes, and laden too with the burthen of our sins! how shall we hope to ascend those higher Regions, or obtain a Portion in that holy Land? Fear not, my Soul, but send up thy Sighs and Prayers to the gracious King of Saints: Seek to him, and he will guide thee by his Counsel, till he has brought thee also safe to this Glory. If thou would'st know what makes the bright Angels so happy;

his

his Word will tell thee, that they readily obey their Creator: If thou would'ſt know what rais'd the bleſſed Saints to that high Felicity which they now enjoy, it will be told thee, They faithfully lov'd their Redeemer, and follow'd the Dictates of Love till it brought them thither. If thou would'ſt know what bred in thoſe happy Creatures the excellent Vertues that are thus rewarded; if thou could'ſt hear their acknowledgments, thou would'ſt find them often repeating ſuch as theſe: Bleſſed for ever be the Grace of our God, which alone has wrought all our works in us: Bleſſed for ever be the Bounty of our Lord; which firſt freely gave to us, and then as bounteouſly Crown'd thoſe his own gifts. O you bleſt Saints, who now arriv'd at the quiet Manſions of Eternal Joy: Rejoice ye in the King of Saints, eternally rejoice; and ſing for ever the wondrous Mercies of our Lord: His bleſſed hand has wip'd away all tears from our eyes, and now you no more ſhall weep, you ſhall no more complain: Now the ſad Evening of ſorrow is over with you, and the Day of eternal joy is come: Now you no longer ſhall ſigh to be deliver'd out of this dark and tedious Priſon, but ſhall dwell for ever in that glorious Light; the light which ever ſprings from the face of

God. And fear thou not, my Soul, though now thou dwelleſt below, and art yet ſighing under the weight of Fleſh and Blood: Fear not to aſcend at laſt to this place of Joy, and take thy happy ſeat among thoſe joyful Quires; ſince they once liv'd in this ſame Vale of Tears, and were ſet to ſtrive with the ſame unruly Paſſions. He that made them overcome, can as eaſily ſtrengthen thee; he that has crowned their Victories, will as ſurely glorifie thine: Fear not; for the way is ſmoother than the Adverſary of thy Soul would make thee believe; and the time of thy Warfare perhaps is ſhorter, than even thou thy ſelf art diſpoſed to deſire. Take the Direction of thy Saviour's Word, and the direction of the Saints Example, to know and love but thine own true Intereſt; which ſure can be thought no very hard task: And do this but whilſt you live, which you ſeldom think too long; and this being well done, you have no more to do but to riſe and ſing, and rejoice with them.

PETITIONS.

TO thee, O Gracious King of Saints, and to thy mild Throne, we direct our Eyes and Prayers: To thee whoſe Love (we know) ſtands ready to meet our

our wiſhes, will we humbly repreſent our fears and wants; and both, alas! O Lord, will be many while we remain below in this miſerable World: Often therefore muſt we make our Addreſſes to thee, till thy Goodneſs and Mercy ſhall take us to thy ſelf: and when we come to poſſeſs thee in Heaven, we ſhall want nothing, and dwelling ſo near thee we ſhall fear nothing. But Pitty us now, O Lord, who are lanched on a tempeſtuous Sea, and and are ſo variouſly toſs'd with our paſſions and luſts, that we cannot ſteer as we ſhould any certain courſe: Pitty us who are ſo blinded by the miſts of Ignorance, and we know not to what Port we ſhould direct our courſe to find a harbour of reſt. Shine thou upon us, O Lord, with thy beauteous Light, and convince us throughly that their is a better World than this, a happier People than any that we know here; that we may at length begin our courſe thitherward, and be all the while preparing our ſelves for that bleſſed Company. Behold us, O Lord, ſtruggling in this Sea of Storms, and guide us ſafely through all our dangers. Save us, O thou whoſe power the Winds and the Sea obey; ſave us, O merciful Lord, or elſe we periſh: Save us who call on thee in our diſtreſſes; ſave us for whom thy immortal

Self wert pleased to die, and graciously receive us into thine own blest arms; for thou art, O Lord, the Haven of our Repose; bring us to thy self, and our Souls shall be safe: Deliver us from that sad and deplorable end which thy Justice has prepar'd for the Wicked: Deliver us from those vain deceitful courses, in which many make an eternal shipwrack of their Souls. Bless us, O Lord, with a happy Death, that our Souls may depart in Peace, and go up to dwell among thy Saints and Angels: Bless us with a holy Life, and then our Deaths cannot but be happy. Grant these things, O Lord, for the sake of our Redeemer, Jesus Christ.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the Beginning, is now, and ever shall be, World without end.

Amen.

For

For the Evening.

MEDITATION I.

LORD, what a lukewarm Life is this of ours, compar'd to the zeal and fervour of some of thy primitive Saints! Often and long many of them fasted to chastise their Bodies, and bring them under the command of Reason: On all their Senses they set a constant guard, to let nothing in that might disturb their peace. Part of the night they would watch, when most of the day they had labour'd; and both night and day continually pray'd. All things about them went on in perfect measure, just fit for their pious purpose, and no more: Their Cloaths, their Food, their Sleep, their Recreation; all taught to serve the improvement of their mind; their mind, the only aim of all their cares, the only scope of all their severities; that disengaged from the embroilments of this World, they might quietly consider the Felicities of the other: That they might daily grow more enamour'd of their Lord, and more enflam'd with his

divine perfections; till at last dissolv'd in those holy fires, they melted away with longings to enjoy him: Sharp to themselves they were, but sweet to others; obliging all the World with their candid Charity: Whatever any wanted they gladly supply'd, and gave away at once, sometimes both fruit and tree: they studied not how to raise their Families here, but to entail on their Posterity the Example of their Virtues. It was not their Plot to leave a fair Estate behind them, but to benefit the World by their useful Labours: To instruct the ignorant, and confirm the week; to comfort the sorrowful, and protect the helpless innocent: This was their constant work, this their beloved design; to promote with their utmost strength the happiness of all. Lord! what a little 'tis our frowardness endures, compar'd to the heroick patience of some former Saints! when they were revil'd, they reviled not again; when spitefully scorn'd, they meekly held their peace; when they were curst, they blest their Enemies; when barbarously oppress'd, they pray'd for their Persecutors. They serv'd their Lord in hunger and thirst, and all the incommodities of an impoverish'd life: Often they were threatned, and they stood the danger; often entic'd, and they repell'd

pell'd the flattery: Prisons and chains they willingly accepted, Tortures and Racks they chearfully embrac'd; even Death it self they undauntedly encountred, Death furiously arm'd with every shape of Terrour: All this they endur'd, and a great deal more, of which unmindful we keep no remembrance: All this they endu r'd, and under all rejoic'd, that they were counted worthy to suffer for Jesus. O generous Souls, you conquer'd Heaven it self, and entred by force those everlasting Gates! you would not sit down in the lowest Forms, but still press'd on to new degrees of perfection! and while you carefully wrought out your own Salvation you endeavour'd the Salvation of others. Excellent Copies of our great Master's Original Life, which he drew himself in Holiness and Righteousness, and Goodness. My Soul, do thou endeavour also to be a Follower of Christ, as thou hast the Saints for an Example.

MEDITATION II.

LIttle, we know, O Lord, is the good we do; little the ill we suffer with patience: But what, alas! should we have done or suffer'd, had not thy Grace assisted us, and given us such excellent examples;

thy provident Hand has helpt us, by hanging out thoſe Lamps bright as Stars to ſhine before us: But more by thine own appearing, O Sun of Righteouſneſs, to light and warm us with the cheriſhing Beams. Our Faith had been dark, our Charity cold, and the Flower of our hope had languiſh'd away. Now we are ſure the way to Heaven is paſſable, ſince it has been trod by ſo many Paſſengers. And all of them Men cloath'd in Fleſh and Blood like us, and weakned with the ſame imperfect Nature: Now we are ſure the Promiſes of God are true; confirm'd by as many Witneſſes as there are Saints in Paradiſe: Who by their own experience are fully convinced, and with Joy acknowledge that they are ſo. And by raviſhing Sweets they perpetually taſte, are perpetually excited to adore and ſing, Faithful is our Lord in all his words, and overflowingly bounteous in all his Gifts: While we liv'd, we receiv'd the hundred fold; and now we are tranſlated to an infinity of Bliſs. What he freely promis'd he has fully perform'd; what he engag'd to give us, he has abundantly paid: He told us of treaſures and golden crowns; but the Joys we find are incomparably greater; Joys of a far more high and noble Race; which neither we can expreſs, nor you below conceive. 'Tis enough for

us

us that we feel them in our Breast; 'tis enough for you as yet that ye see them in your Faith. Even our lesser Happinesses infinitely surpass the greatest Pleasures of your dull World. O how agreeable is the Company we enjoy! how delightful the meeting of our old Acquaintance! with whom we have pray'd, and wept, and suffer'd; with whom we spake of this Day, and of this Place: With whom we now can safely sing, free from the scorn and malice of our Enemies; Blessed for ever be the goodness of our God, that has brought us hither to his own Palace. This is not like our Cottages of Clay, nor the loathsom Prisons where we lay in Fetters. This chearful Melody is not like our old Complaints; nor the threatning Words of our stern Oppressors. The Scene is chang'd, and, for our World of Miseries, behold we enjoy a Paradise of endless Felicity. Here we shall live, and ever live; here we shall praise our God, and ever praise him. Thus sings the Church triumphant, and thus shall we; if we practise diligently the Lessons they have taught us. If we inure our selves to the same blest Notes on Earth, and live in tune with our holy Songs, we shall hereafter be admitted to their Quires, and sing as long, and as loud as they.

MED-

MEDITATION III.

TAke courage now, my Soul, and chase away thy Doubts; far more are with us than against us. The Almighty God is on our side, and all his Hosts of Ministring Spirits. Our great Creator looks on to excite us; our gracious Redeemer comes down to instruct us: The blessed Spirit is within us, to confirm our Hearts; and the whole Trinity ready to crown our Victories: Whom shall we then fear, when we are thus safely guarded? Who can resist so invincible a strength? None but our own corrupted nature dare contend, and the unlucky accidents that conspire with it against us; Sometimes surprizing our unwary negligence; sometimes defeating even our strongest resolves. Not that they can compel our Wills, unless we yield; or make the least wound without our consent Much less prevail against the Power of Heaven, and frustrate the purpose of the Almighty Wisdom: Whose Mercy has us'd more arts to save us, than the craft of Vice can invent to destroy us. Such a Redemption so miraculously wrought; such holy Sacraments, so often repeated, such glorious promises so faithfully assur'd; and which revives our hope, so easily attain'd.

O infinite goodneſs, how generous is thy Love! how liberally extended over all the World! Thou inviteſt little Children to come to thee; and the lame, and the blind to ſit down at thy Feaſt. None are ſhut out of Heaven, but ſuch as will not goin; none made unhapy, but thoſe who care not to be otherwiſe. Chear then thy ſelf, my Heart, and let no fears moleſt thee; nor even Death it ſelf abate thy courage. Death is a paſſage that was always ſhort, and our Saviour's death hath made it ſafe to them that follow him in their lives: By the practice of the Saints it is grown familiar; and by their happy ſucceſs become deſirable. Loſe not then thy hope in ſo glorious an enterpriſe; where Eternity is at ſtake, and Heaven is the Reward. That Heaven for which the Ancient Hermits ſought devout retirements in the Deſerts: That Heaven for which the holy Confeſſors ſpent all their time; and innumerable Martyrs laid down their deareſt Lives: That Heaven, where Millions of Angels continually ſing; and all the bleſſed make one Quire: That Heaven where the adored Jeſus eternally Reigns; and the Immortal Deity ſhines bright for ever: That very Heaven is promis'd to thee, my Soul; that bleſt Eternity thou art commanded to hope for. Raiſe now thy head, and ſee thoſe

beauteous

beauteous Prospects, that ravish the Hearts of all their beholders. Yonder, far above the Stars is thy Saviour's Kingdom; yonder we must dwell when we leave this Earth. Yonder must our Souls remove to rest; when the stroak of Death shall divide them from their Bodies; And when the Almighty Power shall join them again, yonder must we live with our God for ever.

PETITIONS.

O Most gracious and bountiful King of Saints! It was by thy sufficient grace afforded to them, that any of thy Saints were able to do much good, and to suffer much evil for thy sake: They acknowledged it was not they that did any good, but it was Christ that lived in them. O Lord! to whom then should we go but unto thee, for assistance to follow those that have been Followers of Thee: To thee, O Lord, we must address our selves, and to Thee alone; for thou alone art the Dispenser of that Grace we need: And we thank thee, thou hast given us such assurance of thy good Will, in taking our nature and dying for us, that we know not, nor need desire one more tender than thou, and more ready to help us. O Lord, direct us we Pray, to find the footsteps of thy Flock, and inable

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us to follow the bleſſed track, that we may come at laſt to the happy reſt thou giveſt them. Pity, O Lord, the Infirmities of thy Servants, and quicken our ſlowneſs by the example of thy Saints: What we ſee they have done for the love of Jeſus, let us be ambitious to do; what they patiently ſuffer'd, let us neither ſinfully decline, nor undergo with murmuring and diſcontent: Make us eſpecially, O Lord, to remember what thou haſt done and ſuffer'd, to ſet before our ſelves thy bright example, the Light of which directed them: And make us mindful too of what thou promiſeſt, what they have gain'd by following thee, that their Names according to thy promiſe are writen in the Book of Life; and they ſhall be exalted to ſit with thee on thy high Throne. O bounteous Lord, the only Author of all we have, the only object of all we hope! As thou haſt prepared a heaven for us, O may thy grace prepare us for it: O make us live the Life of the Juſt, and let our laſt end be like theirs; that we may die the death of the Juſt, and live for ever in that bleſt Society; and in that bleſt Society may for ever ſing thy Praiſe, and ſay, To him that loved us, and waſhed us from our ſins in his own Blood, and hath made us Kings and Prieſts unto God and his Father, to him be Glory and Dominion for ever and ever, *Amen.* HYMN

HYMN XXXIV.

TELL me, ye glorious Stars that ſhine
About the Lamb's celeſtial Throne,
How, from ſuch Bodies once as mine,
Are you to this great brightneſs grown.

Hark, with one Voice they thus reply,
This to the Lamb's deſert is due;
His humble Death rais'd him ſo high,
And us his faithful Followers too.

With one Voice, this too they will ſay,
Our Lord taught us the happy Skill,
By his bright Steps to guide our way,
And follow his bleſt Followers ſtill.

As we ſaw they had ſet their Mind,
And rul'd their courſe, we order'd ours;
This State alone we both deſign'd,
And up towards has ſtrein'd all our Powers.

Taught by wiſe Temperance, we abſtain'd
From Earth's low Joys for greater Goods;
And ſlighting little Drops, we gain'd,
Full ſweet and everlaſting Floods.

Well arm'd with Fortitude, we bare
All leſſer Evils, worſe to fly;
And mortal-death we durſt out dare,
That we might not for ever die. Strict

Strict Juſtice we obſerv'd, by giving
To every own their utmoſt due;
That all in peace and order living,
All freely might this Heaven purſue.

But Prudence govern'd all the reſt,
Prudence, that made us ſtill apply
That which was fitteſt, and was beſt
To advance greateſt *Charity*.

On theſe ſwift golden wheels of Grace,
That Loves bright fiery Chariot bear,
We all arriv'd at this bright place,
O follow us, and do not fear.

O certain Truths! O bleſt Atteſters!
O that all yet on Earth might prove
Of both theſe things ſuch ſtrong digeſters,
That both theſe things might feed their (love.

Him who hath made us all for this,
Him who hath made himſelf our way,
Him that will lead us into Bliſs,
May all Men praiſe, and all obey.

Amen.

DEVO-

DEVOTIONS FOR THE Holy-Days.

The Second Part.

FOR THE FEASTS OF OUR BLESSED SAVIOUR.

For the Morning.

MEDITATION I.

COme, let us ascend to the House of our Lord, and celebrate this day with a holy Joy; imploring his Mercy in all we need, and blessing his Bounty for all we have: He is our God, and we are his People created by his goodness to be happy

happy for ever: He is our Redeemer, and we his Purchace, restor'd by his Death to a forfeited Happiness; to Day let us adore our God that Redeem'd us. Praise our Lord, all ye Nations of the Earth; Praise him with the Voice of Joy and of Thanksgiving; Praise him with the well tun'd strings of our Hearts; Praise him with the sweetest Instrument, a chearful Obedience: Let every one that pretends to felicity, sing immortal Praises to the God of our salvation: He is our full and all sufficient Redeemer, he has perfectly finish'd what he graciously undertook; for all our Trespasses he has made Satisfaction, for all our Forfeitures he has paid the Ransom: We by our Disobedience were banisht from Paradise, and he has received us into his own Kingdom: He has set up a Kingdom of Grace on Earth, to prepare us for his Kingdom of Glory: We wandred up and down in the Wilderness of Error, and he has guided us into the way of Truth: We were by nature Children of wrath, and he has mediated our Peace with his offended Father: We were become the Slaves of sin, and he has bought our Freedom with his own Blood: We were in Bondage to the dominion of Satan, and he has overcome and confin'd his Power: We were in danger of sinking into Hell, and he has

ſav'd us from that bottomleſs Pit: The gates of Heaven were ſhut againſt us, and he went up himſelf, and opened them to all Believers; diſſolving for ever the terrours of Death, and rendring it now but a paſſage into Life. O deareſt Lord, who mad'ſt us firſt of nothing, and reſtor'd us again when we had undone our ſelves! Who wouldſt at any rate redeem us from Miſery, at any rate procure our Felicity: How came we wretches to be ſo conſidered! How came we ſinners to obtain ſuch Favour! that from thy Throne of Glory, where Seraphims ador'd thee, thou ſhouldeſt deſcend on our Earth, where Slaves would affront thee: That thou ſhould'ſt lead a Life of Poverty and labour, and in perfect Innocence die a Death of ſhame and ſorrow: That thou ſhould'ſt do all this for ſuch contemptible worms as we, without the leaſt concern or benefit to thy ſelf; only to raiſe us up from our humble duſt, and ſet us to ſhine amongſt thy glorious Angels. O infinite Goodneſs, the bounteous Author of all our hopes! What ſhall we ſay to thy exceſſive Charity? O gracious Lord, and mighty deliverer from all our fears! What ſhall we render for thy unſpeakable Mercies? We cannot chuſe but ſearch over all we have, but we can find nothing to return but what thou haſt given

given us: We will therefore uſe the gifts thou haſt beſtowed on us, according to thy direction, and give the Praiſe to Thee of what we do well: All the Glory of our Salvation we will aſcribe to thee, and to thee alone, as the great cauſe who haſt begun, and will at length finiſh it: By thee we will always ſay we do good, and not lean to our own Underſtandings; by thee we will expect our Reward, and never rely upon our own Merits.

HYMN XXXV.

SWeet Jeſu, why, why doſt thou love
Such worthleſs things as we?
Why is thy Heart ſtill towards us,
Who ſeldom think on thee;

Thy Bounty gives us all we have,
And we thy Gifts abuſe;
Thy Bounty gives us ev'n thy ſelf,
And we thy ſelf refuſe.

My Soul, and why, why do we love
Such worthleſs things as theſe;
Theſe that withdraw us from our Lord,
And his pure Eyes diſpleaſe?

Break off, and be no more a Child,
To run, and ſweat, and cry,
While all this ſtir, this huge concern
Is only for a Fly: Some

Some silly Fly that's hard to catch,
And nothing when 'tis caught;
Such are the Toys thou striv'st for here,
Not worth a serious Thought.

Break off, and raise thy manly Eye
Up to those Joys above;
Behold, all those thy Lord prepares
To wooe, and crown thy Love.

Alass, dear Lord, I cannot love,
Unless thou draw my Heart;
Thou, who thus kindly mak'st me know,
O make me do my part.

Still do thou love me, O my Lord!
That I may still love Thee;
Still make me love thee, O my God!
That thou may'st still love me.

Thus may my God, and my poor Soul
Still one another love,
Till I depart from this low World,
T' enjoy my God above.

To Thee, great God, to thee alone,
One Co-eternal Three,
All Pow'r and Praise, all Joy and Bliss,
Now and for ever be.

Amen

MEDI-

MEDITATION III.

PRoceed, my Soul, to celebrate the Praiſes of thy Lord; go on with freſh attention to remember the Mercies of thy God; whoſe Wiſdom has contriv'd to ſave Mankind by ſo compendious a method as may be expreſt in one ſhort Word: He ſaw the only cauſe of all our ruin, was our Love miſplac'd on this preſent World: He ſaw the only remedy of all our Miſery, was to fix our Love on the World to come: This therefore was his great Intent, and in this concentred all his Merits; to poſſeſs us with Love, the end of Faith, and greateſt of divine Graces; to change the byaſs of our wrong-ſet Hearts, by eſtabliſhing among us new motives of Charity; ſuch as might ſtrongly incline our Affections, and efficaciouſly draw us to Love our true Good; ſuch as might gain by degrees upon all Mankind, and render Salvation eaſie and univerſal: For this he came down from his Father's Boſom, to teach us the Rules of eternal Life; that we might firmly believe thoſe Sacred Truths, which God himſelf with his own Mouth has told us: For this he Converſt ſo long on our Earth, to encourage and provoke us by his own Example; that we might confi-

dently

dently embrace those unquestionable Virtues, which God himself in his own Person had practised: For this he endur'd so sharp and many Afflictions, and became at last obedient to the Death; that we might patiently suffer whatever should befall us, when God himself was so treated by his Creatures: For this he so often preacht of the Joys of Heaven, and set them before us in so clear a light; that seeing so rich a Prize hang at the end of our Race, we might run, and strive with our utmost force to obtain it: For this he ordain'd all the means of Grace, and left us the Sacraments of his Body and Blood; that he might breed and nourish in us the Life of Charity, and ravish our Hearts with the sweetness of his Presence: For this he establisht a perpetual Church, and sent the Holy Ghost to inspire and govern it; that it might be maintain'd through all Ages in Truth and Sanctity, and plant the same heavenly Seed over all the World: For this he assum'd those strange indearing Names of Friend, and Brother, and Spouse to us Wretches; doing far more for us, O wondrous Love! than all those Names import, than all our hearts can wish. Blessed, O Glorious Jesu! be the wisdom of thy Mercy, that has found so sweet and short a way to save us: Thou art, O Lord, the

cause of all our Love, and Love the cause of all our Happiness: By Love we fulfil all thy Commands, and in keeping thy Commands, there is great reward: By Love we are reconcil'd from Enemies to Friends; by holy Love we are translated from Death to Life; by Love we are deliver'd from the fears of Hell; by Love we are the regenerated Heirs of Heaven; by Love we are dispos'd for that blissful Vision; by Love we are secur'd of the enjoyment of our God, who by the sole perfection of his own free Goodness can never deny himself to those that love him; else would their very loving him be a cause of great misery; since the misery of a Soul is the want of what it loves: Indeed he that is possest with love, is so far already a partaker of a divine nature; for thou hast told us, O Lord, that God is Love, and he that dwelleth in Love dwelleth in God, and God in him. He then that loves must needs be proportionably happy too, for so much as he has of God, so much he possesses of his true good. Thus, Lord Jesus, whatever thy holy books do record of thee, in expressions suited to our low capacities: Whatever they say of thy restoring all things, and repairing again the Ruins of Mankind: All is exactly verified with this one line, which our thankful Hearts should repeat with Joy:

Heaven

Heaven is attain'd by Love alone, and Love alone by thee.

MEDITATION III.

STill, my Soul, let us repeat a few Lines more, to the praiſe of him whoſe Mercies are no fewer than infinite. Of him whoſe pity took us by the hand, and kindly led us into his own light. Of thee, O Bleſſed Jeſu, O Lord, our God, who alone art the ſource of all our Happineſs: The World till thou cameſt ſate wrapt in darkneſs; and few deſcern'd ſo much as a ſhadow of thee: They follow'd the Appetites of Senſe and Humour; and placed their felicity in being proſperous here: Little conſidering the Life to come; and leſs the Joys that entertain that Life: This was, alas! their miſerable State; and which was worſe than this, they had no power to help it. How could they believe what they never heard of; or love what they never believed? How could they deſire what they never lov'd, or be glad to receive what they never deſir'd? It was thou, O Lord, didſt firſt teach us our true end, the bliſful Viſion of the Eternal Deity. It was thou didſt firſt teach us the true means to attain that end; by a hearty love and deſire to attain it. O the bleſt change which

thy hand has wrought! the happy Improvements which thy coming has produc'd! Now every Woman, and illiterate Man can discourse familiarly of the highest Truths. The Creation of the World, and the fall of *Adam*; the Incarnation of God, and Redemption of Man; the Mystery of the Trinity, and Miracle of the Resurrection; the Day of Judgment, and State of Eternity. All these we know, but it was thou, O Lord, who taught'st us; and by thy holy Church first spread them over the World. Now thou hast opened our Eyes, we plainly see what unassisted nature could never have reacht. We see the framing right of our Affections here, is both cause and measure of our Happiness hereafter: If we supremely esteem the goods of the future Life, we shall find them there and be happy. If we love Heaven with our whole Soul, and press on strongly with all our force, we shall enter it's Glories with a strange surprizing delight; and possess them for ever in a perpetual extasie: We see our Souls are made to know and perfect themselves by the worthiest objects: We see their Nature is free, and unconfin'd; and nothing can fill them but that which is infinite. All other knowledges inlarge our faculties, and breed new desire to know still more; which if unsatisfied,

unſatisfi'd, we yet are miſerable; ſince none can be happy who want their deſire. Only the ſight of God fills us to the brim; and infinitely overflows our utmoſt capacities: It fills and overflows all the powers of our Souls, with joy and wonder and inconceivable ſweetneſs. O bleſt and glorious ſight! when will the happy day appear, and open to my Soul that beauteous proſpect! When, deareſt Lord, ſhall I ſee thee face to face! when ſhall I heartily at leaſt, deſire to ſee Thee! Thou art my full and high felicity; and only and alone ſufficient for me.

PETITIONS.

O Moſt gracious and adorable Jeſu, who ſo lovedſt this ſinful World as to die for us, we cannot think thou wilt deny us any thing that we humbly ask of thee according to thy will. Thoſe that believing come unto thee, thou wilt in no wiſe caſt out: Let me then obtain, I beſeech thee, theſe important favours, and whatever elſe thou ſeeſt conducing to my Happineſs. Teach me, I pray effectually, that this low world can never make me happy, that I muſt ſet my Affections on things above. Make me ſeek therefore in the firſt place the Kingdom of God, and

the Righteousness thereof; to love with my whole affections the enjoyment of God, since nothing but love can qualifie me for that enjoyment, and nothing without that enjoyment can ever render me happy. O my God, make me ardently love thee that I may eagerly desire thee, and eagerly desire thee that I may with joyful transport enjoy thee. Make me, O blessed Jesu, so meditate on thy infinite Mercies, that my whole Soul may be fill'd with the memory of thy love; that the frequent remembrance of it may diffuse a vigorous love of thee into all my powers; let the mark and badge which they all bear, be the love of Jesus. Let every step of thy love, dear Lord, in redeeming lost Mankind, confirm my Soul in Love and Duty; fortifie me thereby against all Persecution and Discouragement, and so effectually draw me into thine own Kingdom of Glory, by thy holy Life and precious Death and glorious Resurrection: Make me to persevere in thy obedience to the end, that I may die in thy favour, and rise again to rejoice with thee for ever: Who with the Father and the Holy Ghost, livest and reignest one God, World without end.

Glory be to, &c.

Amen.

For

For the Evening.

MEDITATION I.

RETire now, my Soul, from thy common Thoughts, that are permitted to entertain thy leſs ſerious Hours: Retire, and call thy wandering Fancies home, and ſpeedily range them in Peace and Order; that thou may'ſt be ſo prepar'd to hear thy Lord, who invites thee among the reſt, to taſte his ſweetneſs. The Prince of Love and Bounty ſays; *Come to me all you that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you reſt: Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek, and lowly in Heart; and you ſhall find reſt to your Souls: For my yoke is eaſy, and my burthen is light.* Enough, dear Lord, enough is ſaid, to draw all the World to thy holy Diſcipline. What can be offer'd ſo agreeable to our Natures, too much, alas, inclin'd to pleaſure and profit? What can be offer'd ſo powerfully attractive, as to make our Work delightful, and then reward it? As to propoſe an Employment, like the Muſick of Churches, devout, ſweet and gainful to the perfor-

mers? Whither, O my God, ſhould we go, but unto thee? Thou alone haſt the words of eternal Life. Thou art our wiſe Inſtructer to know what to do, and our only Enabler to do what we know: Thou art the free beſtower of all we have; the faithful Promiſer of all we hope for. Thy kind Saviour, my Soul, has given thee a gracious Call; to thee has he ſent the Invitations of the Goſpel: Shall he call, and wilt thou not hear his voice, and conſtantly follow it till thou come to him? Wilt thou be ſo fooliſh, as ſtill to go aſtray like a loſt ſheep, wandring up and down in thine own By ways? Wandring out of his ways and the ways of Happineſs, purſuing only thine own Perdition. By ſeeking our ſelves in this World of Vanity, we loſe both thee, O Lord, and our own Souls. By ſeeking our ſelves in thee, and in thy Love, we find both thee, and our own Happineſs. O how unſpeakable are thy ſweetneſſes, O Lord, which thou haſt hid for thoſe who fear thee, which thou haſt partly reveal'd to thoſe who love thee, and keep their taſte uncorrupted with the World. But O! what are they then to thoſe who ſeek thee, and in that ſight ſee all that is neceſſary to their Happineſs; to thoſe who rejoice perpetually before thee; and in that joy find all joys beſide! O beauteous

teous Truth, which known inforces Love and which well lov'd, begets Felicity. Live thou for ever in my faithful Memory, and be my constant Guide in all my ways. Still, my Soul, let us think of the Joys above, and undervalue all things compar'd with everlasting Salvation: Still contemplate thy dear Saviour's Love, that purchased for thee all those unutterable Joys.

MEDITATION II.

MY God, when I remember those Words of thine, *Repent, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand*: When I consider they were the first thou spakest in publick, the chosen Text of the Eternal Wisdom; I cannot think but they contain a very important Precept, and that I ought to be deeply affected with the power of the Motive. My Soul, did Christ begin his publick work with this Command? Apply then those searching Words to thy self, and bind them fast upon thee. Repent, O my Soul! for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand; repent, for the Kingdom of Heaven depends upon thy Repentance. Unhappy me, that I cannot live without sin, but blessed be our God, that I may obtain Pardon by thy Repentance. Practise then, my Soul, that safe and easie

method of censuring thy self, to be acquitted by him. Every night sit as an impartial Judge, and lay before thee all thou canst of the past day: Severely examine every thought and word, and strictly search every Deed and Omission: And since thou art not strong enough to be perfectly innocent, at least endeavour to be humble enough to be truly penitent: Say, Woe to the day and hour wherein I sinn'd; woe to the many days and hours I have follishly mispent: Or rather, woe to me, who abuse my days and hours allow'd by thy goodness to work out my Salvation. Be heartily sorry for what thou hast done amiss, and make firm and wary resolutions not to do again what will make thee sorry: Implore for the past Mercy of Heaven, and for the time to come the same indulgent Mercy: Ask it in the Name of Jesus Christ, for 'tis only by his Blood that our Repentance can obtain the remission of our Sins. If perhaps thou find in thy Examination, that some little thing has been well done; return to God all the Glory for this, and beg his Grace to continue thy good, and improve it: His is the hand that sows the seed, his is the Blessing that gives the Increase. Thus I will once in a day at least look home, and seriously inquire into the state of my Soul: Whate'er my Malice

lice or weakneſs may have done, I ſhould now undo it, as it were, by a hearty Contrition: Let not the Sun go down upon thy Wrath, nor upon any other unrepented Sin. O happy man that can write at the foot of his Account; *Reconcil'd to my God, and in Charity with all the World.* Such an one may go to Bed with a quiet Conſcience, and fall aſleep in peace and hope.

MEDITATION III.

LOrd, e'er I take my leave of this Day, which thy Church has devoted to the honour of thy Memory, I would repeat ſome few words more of thoſe many incomparable ones thou haſt left among us: I would attentively meditate their ſubſtantial ſenſe, and ſettle them as Principles of my Life and Actions. Thou haſt ſaid, I remember, O divine Wiſdom, and well worthy it is to be remember'd: *Lay not up for your ſelves treaſures on Earth,* where moth and ruſt do corrupt, *and Thieves break through, and ſteal. But lay up for your ſelves treaſures in Heaven; where neither moth nor ruſt do corrupt, nor Thieves break through, and ſteal: For where your treaſure is, there will your heart be alſo.* Go now, you curious, and ſtudy what you pleaſe, for me; I'll

I'll ſtay, and liſten to my Saviour: He will teach me high, and ſure, and uſeful Truths; he'll teach me Truths that will bring me to Happineſs. Only I muſt receive and keep the Truths he teaches me, and obey their direction in my courſe of Life. In vain am I told this Inſtruction, if I will ſtill dote on the uncertain Goods of this World; utterly in vain, if I will not be concern'd for the more durable and certain poſſeſſions of a better: Notwithſtanding this wiſe inſtruction I ſhall be a Fool, if I ſuffer my Heart to fix below, if I ſet my Affections on that which is not. All our few days we live here, my Soul, are full of Vanity, and our choiceſt pleaſures are ſprinkled with bitterneſs: The things here periſh in the uſing, and our tranſitory joys vaniſh like a Dream. Beſides, conſider, there is no reaſon thy Heart ſhould fix here, when thou thy ſelf art deſign'd for a removal: Thou art but a meer Sojourner and ſtranger on Earth, and art paſſing hence to an Eternal home. Already I am dead to all the years I have lived, and ſhall never live them over again: All muſt go down to the ſame dark Grave; and none can tell how ſoon he may be call'd: To day we are in health among our friends and neighbours, and to morrow Arreſted by the hand of Death: Nature may faint-

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ly ſtruggle for a time, but muſt yield at laſt, and be buried in the Earth. At laſt we muſt take our leave of neareſt Relations, and bid a long Farewel to all the World. And how ſad a thing, my Soul, will it be in that day, to have no Treaſure but what thou muſt leave, and to leave the only Treaſure that thy heart is ſet upon. Let thy choſen Treaſure then be in Heaven, ſince where the Treaſure is the heart will be alſo. Ye careleſs Worldlings, here but this one word more, which our great Maſter has alſo ſpoken; and then I expect you will ſtay and obſerve his Inſtructions too, if any ſenſe of your eternal good can hold you: Hark, he tells us this new and glorious ſecret; We ſhall be hereafter *like the Angels in Heaven.* O precious word to them that reliſh it, and throughly digeſt it's ſtrong nouriſhment; to them that feed on it as often as their daily bread; *We ſhall be hereafter like the Angels in Heaven.* Thoſe that now ſet their Affections on things above, ſhall be hereafter *like the Angels in Heaven.* And what, O deareſt Lord, are thoſe bleſt Angels, but Spirits that know, and love, and delight for ever. Such, O my Soul, we ſhall be, if we follow now the Inſtructions of our Saviour: We ſhall lead that ſweet life, and be, and live *like the Angels*

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in Heaven: We ſhall know all that is true, and love all that is good; and delight in that Knowledge and Love for ever. No ignorance ſhall darken us, nor error deceive us, for we ſhall be *like the Angels in Heaven*: No Cares ſhall perplex us, nor Croſſes afflict us, for we ſhall be *like the Angels in Heaven*: Our joys ſhall be full, and pure, and everlaſting; for we ſhall be *like the Angels in Heaven*. Chear thee, my Soul, and bleſs thy bounteous Lord, by whom thou ſhalt be exalted to that dignity; Comfort thy ſelf, and raiſe thy hopes yet glorioufly higher; raiſe them to the expectation of more than thou canſt conceive, for ſo much yet more is intended for thee; ſo much more is included in thoſe wonderful words: *We ſhall be like him, for we ſhall ſee him as he is.*

PETITIONS.

O Bleſſed Jeſu, whoſe Sacred Body was laid in a Sepulcher, after thou hadſt finiſht in it the work of our Redemption: Make me ſo frequently to renew in my mind the Memory of thy Death and burial, as may put me into a ſerious preparation for my own. Since thou didſt not deſign to abide long on this Earth, let not my Heart be ſet on any condition here; make me to grow daily leſs affected to this tran-

transitory life, and more in love with thy eternal joys: Give me, O thou that art the only giver of repentance, a truly penitent Heart, for all the past neglects of thee: Deliver me, O Lord, from the punishments my Sins deserve, and deliver me from the Sins which deserve those Punishments. Make my self, O my ador'd Redeemer, the Master-wish of my Heart, the scope and end of all my time. Where ever I am in this unconstant World, and whatever business entertains my hand, still let my inward eye look up towards thee, and fix its sight on thy glorious face: Soon as I awake let me look up towards thee, and when I rise first bow my knees to thee: Help me often in the day to call in my thoughts to thee; and when I go to rest, close up mine Eyes in thee: Suffer me not, O Lord, to be any longer distracted about many things from thee, who art the one thing Necessary; but gather me up from the World into my self, and then take me up from my self into thee; there to be ravisht with thy kind embraces, there to be feasted with the Antepasts of Heaven: So shall my time be govern'd by thy Grace, and my Eternity be crown'd with thy Glory: Grant these things, the purchases of thy precious blood, O Lord, for thine own Eternal Honour and Glory. *Amen.*

HYMN

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HYMN

HYMN XXXVI.

LOrd, now the time returns,
For weary man to reſt;
And lay aſide thoſe pains, and cares,
With which our day's oppreſt.

Or rather change our thoughts
To more concerning cares;
How to redeem our miſpent time,
With ſighs and tears and prayers.

How to provide for Heaven,
That place of reſt and peace;
Where our full joys ſhall never wain,
Our Pleaſures never ceaſe.

Bleſt be thy Love, dear Lord,
That taught us this ſweet way;
Only to love thee for thy ſelf,
And for that Love obey.

O thou our Souls chief hope,
We to thy Mercy fly:
In ev'ry place thou canſt protect,
And all we need ſupply.

Whether we wake or ſleep,
To thee we both reſign;
By Night we ſee, as well as Day,
If thy light on us ſhine. Whether

Whether we live or die,
Both we submit to thee;
In Death we live as well as Life,
If thine in Death we be.

Glory to Thee, Great God,
One Coe-ternal Three:
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Eternal Glory be.

Amen.

FOR

FOR THE

FEASTS

OF THE

HOLY GHOST.

For the Morning.

MEDITATION I.

CONsider now, my Soul, the Mercies of my God, consider the Wonders he has wrought for the Children of Men: The Eternal Father created us of nothing and set us in the way to everlasting Happiness; the Eternal Son came down from Heaven, to seek and restore us again to it, when we had lost our selves; the Eternal Spirit sends his Grace to sanctifie us, and gives strength to walk that holy Way. Thus every Person of the Sacred Trinity

Trinity has freely contributed his peculiar Bleſſings, and all together, as one co-infinite Goodneſs, have graciouſly agreed to compleat our Felicity. But, O ingrateful we, Was it not enough to receive of our God all we have and are? Was it not enough that the Son of God ſhould come down and live here to teach us, and die to redeem us? Was not all this enough to make us Love? And Love is all he aim'd at, and Love is all we needed: We will confeſs to thee, O Lord, our miſerable condition, and to the Praiſe of thy neceſſary merciful Relief: Such, alas, was the corruption of our Nature, and ſo many, and ſo ſtrong the Temptations round about us, that without this thy laſt miraculous Favour, of ſending the Holy Ghoſt to guide and quicken, us, we ſhould ſtill have remain'd in our old dull pace, ſlow to underſtand, and ſlower to obey: We ſhould have quite forgotten our God that made us, and neglected the ſervice of our Lord that bought us; had not thy fullneſs been furniſht with one Bleſſing more, and thy goodneſs ready to beſtow it on thy poor Creatures; hadſt thou not providently reſerv'd a better Bleſſing than the Dew of the Clouds, and fatneſs of the Earth; better than Plenty of Corn and Wine, or the multitude of Poſterity, or Dominion over our Bre-

Brethren. These were the great Rewards of the old Law, but behold far greater than these are here: Divine Refreshments from the Heaven of Heavens, and the rare delicious Fruits of the Holy Ghost: Meekness and Peace, and joy diffus'd in our Breasts: Strength and undaunted Courage kindled in our Hearts: The strong and sweet Ardors of Divine Love that make every Duty in our way delightful, and every Cross tolerable: A thousand sweet Embraces of the Spouse of Souls, a thousand dear Pledges of his everlasting Love: These are the great Rewards of the Law of Grace, and are given to prepare us for the Kingdom of Glory.

HYMN XXXVII.

COme, Holy Spirit, send down those (beams
which gently flow in silent Streams,
From thy bright Throne in Heaven above:
Come, thou Enricher of the Poor,
And bounteous Source of all our Store,
Come fill our Souls with thy pure Love.

Come, thou our Souls delicious Guest,
The weari'd Pilgrims sweetest Rest,
The injur'd Suff'rers best relief:
Come, thou our Passions cool allay,
Whose Comfort wipes all Tears away,
And into Joy turns all our Grief. Come,

Come thou bright Sun, ſhoot home thy darts,
Pierce to the Center of our Hearts,
And make our living Faith love thee;
Without thy Grace, without thy Light,
Our ſtrength is weakneſs, our day night,
And we can neither move nor ſee.

Lord, waſh our ſinful ſtains away,
Water from Heaven our barren Clay,
Our many mortal Bruiſes heal;
To thy ſweet Yoke our ſtiff Necks bow,
Warm with thy fire our Hearts of Snow,
And ſoon our wandring feet repeal.

O grant thy Faithful, deareſt Lord,
Whoſe only hope is thy ſure Word,
The ſaving gifts of thy good Spirit;
Grant us in Life t' obey thy Grace,
Grant us at Death to ſee thy Face,
And Heaven's Eternal Joys inherit.

All Glory to the Sacred Three,
One ever living Deity,
All Power aſcribe, and Bliſs, and Praiſe;
As at the firſt when time begun,
May the ſame Homage ſtill be done,
While time does laſt, when time decays.

Amen.

MEDI-

MEDITATION II.

HOW glorious, O Lord, is thy Grace over all the World! How admirable are the influences of thy Spirit: They who through dulneſs ſo ſlowly underſtood the often repeated Leſſons of their divine Maſter; now when the Spirit deſcended upon them, did with the firſt ſwift glance ſee through all, and no Myſtery could poſe, nor Error deceive them. They who through fear forſook their Lord, and fled away from the danger of being his; now do rejoice in ſuffering for his Name, and neither Life nor Death can forbid them to confeſs him: They who knew only their Mother-tongue, and that no better than as ſimple Fiſhermen; now ſpeak to every Nation in their ſeveral language, and with their powerful Eloquence raviſh their Hearts: They who after our Saviour's Reſurrection ſhut faſt the doors for fear of the *Jews*; now in the open Streets and publick Synagogues confidently proclaim the Name of Jeſus. Theſe were new bottles fill'd with new Wine; Wine that made them quite forget their former ſelves: Wine that exalted them into a generous Spirit of deſpiſing all things for the love of Jeſus. Wine that in the midſt of

of Racks and Prisons, made them often break forth into that sweet extasie; no joy like the pain of suffering for Jesus, no Life like the Death endur'd for his Love. O were there now such tongues of fire, to kindle in the World those divine flames! O were there now such Hearts in the world to receive the holy Sparks that fall from Heaven! The Apostle *Peter* preach'd but one Sermon, and immediately they were converted to Thee three thousand Souls; he preach tagain, and wrought but one Miracle, and five thousand more were added to the Church: Thus every day they encreas'd in number, and which was better, their number encreas'd in Vertue. They were all inebriated with the same heavenly Wine, and all fill'd with the same Heroick Spirit: They sold all they had, and brought the price, and laid it down at the Apostles feet: they liv'd in an Innocent community, and call'd nothing their own, even in their will and understanding they were all united. Every one had enough, and that is to be rich; none had too much, and that is to be free; free from the cares that perplex the wealthy, free from the temptations that wait on superfluity. Hadst thou been there, my Soul, to have seen the flaming ardour of those first converts; it would have made thee utterly asham'd of all sloath, and coldness,

neſs. You may eaſily ſuppoſe, you might have heard them ſaying ſuch paſſionate words as theſe from a mixture of grief and love: Ah, deareſt Lord, why were we not ſo happy, as to be converted by thee, whilſt thou lived'ſt amongſt us? Why not to entertain Salvation, when thou broughteſt it to our homes; and didſt prefer our little Nation before all the World? Unhappy we in our neglect and perverſeneſs, which were the cauſes of our Infidelity: We lookt on thy many kind miracles, O Lord, and did not ſee them. Before our Eyes thou didſt give ſight to the Blind, and our Souls were dark with Sin and Prejudice: Thou didſt cleanſe the Leprous, and heal all manner of Diſeaſes; thou didſt raiſe the Dead, and caſt out Devils with a Word: Yet we, alas, how many of us blaſphem'd thy Name! how many conſpir'd with thy bloody Crucifiers! We cried out among the tumultuous rabble, Away with him, away with him, crucifie him, crucifie him: for we knew thee not then to be our Lord of Glory. Bleſſed be thy holy Spirit, who has opened our Eyes, and made us ſee through the veil that eclips'd thy luſtre: Now we believe thee the *Meſſias* we expected, now we acknowledge thee the King of *Iſrael*.

MEDI-

MEDITATION III.

PRoceed, my Soul, a little further to meditate on the mighty works of the Holy Spirit: and with their greatneſs admire his Power; and with their goodneſs his Bounty and Love. When, Lord, thou didſt deſcend into our wretched World, then was that Word of thy faithful Prophet fulfill'd: *The Wolf ſhall dwell with the Lamb, the Leopard ſhall lie down with the Kid: the Calf and the Young Lion, and the Fatling ſhall be together; and even a little Child ſhall lead them.* They who in the day of our Saviour's Paſſion, fiercely perſecuted him like Lions and Wolves; thou didſt eaſily convert many of them into innocent Sheep, and join them with the reſt of his harmleſs Flock. Thoſe that were covetous as wolves, thy powerful Grace made them liberal; thoſe that were fierce and proud as Lions, it made humble and meek: Thoſe that had been intemperate as Swine, were made ſober; and they that were luſtful as Goats, became chaſt: They were all join'd together in the bonds of pure Charity, and ſubmitted to the government of the meek and poor Apoſtles: Then was the worſhip of God not a burden but a delight; not a diverſion but a buſineſs to

the ardent love thou didst inspire. The Disciples continued daily in the Apostles Doctrine; humbly attending to their saving instructions: Daily they broke the holy Bread; and celebrated the appointed Supper of our Lord; inflaming thereby their love to him, and confirming their holy Faith, and resolutions: Daily they assembled to unite their Prayers; being fill'd with the Spirit of Grace and Supplications: Thus they obey'd thy dictates, and thus they encreas'd in the measure of thy Gifts and the strength of thy Graces: Such were the fervours of those happy times; and, Oh how Happy were our times had he those fervours too: But our times alass, are become miserable, by Schisms, and Heresies and the darkness, that covers a great part of the World: Ours are become miserable by the defect of Charity; and by the scandalous examples of too many Christians: Many are scandalous in the Principles which they profess, to the disparagement of our Lord's instructions; and many others in their vicious Conversations, which disparage his wise and pure Precepts: Too many, alass! there are of these, yet the Gates of Hell can never prevail against the power of God: Still the same Spirit visits the World, and keeps alive in some

the ſame Primitive Fire: Still there are ſome Hearts full of the Holy Ghoſt, full of the raviſhing Wine of Divine Love: Still there are ſome who renounce the World, and readily take up the Croſs, and follow our Lord: Still the Almighty Goodneſs is true to his Church, and keeps it One, and Holy, and Univerſal: Still the Holy Spirit, thanks be to his unwearied goodneſs, maintains in his Church ſome burning and ſhining Lights. He that as a Wind breaths where he liſteth, and is the free Diſpenſer of his own Gifts, is often found of thoſe that ſeek him not, and vouchſafes to ſtrive with them that reſiſt him. Though the ungrateful World abuſes his bleſſings, yet he has not utterly withdrawn himſelf from the ungrateful World. Yet O, ye Sons of *Adam*, conſider what your maker has ſaid; my *Spirit* ſhall not always ſtrive with Man. If this refining Fire does not purge you from your wickedneſs, the flames of his wrath will devour your World and you.

PETITIONS.

O Kind and gracious Spirit, who art often near to us, when we are far from thee; often ready to grant, when we are unmindful to ask: Vouchſafe now to

hear these few humble Petitions which thy Grace disposes me to present. I pray, O Lord, for the good Estate of thy Catholick Church: Fit and dispose thy Servants first to entertain thee, then graciously vouchsafe to descend into our hearts: Fill us, O Holy Ghost, and our little Vessels, and as thou fillest us enlarge our Capacities: Make us the more we receive of thee, still grow in desire of receiving more, till we ascend to those satisfying joys above, where all our Faculties shall be stretch'd to the utmost; where they shall all be fill'd to the brim, and overflow'd with a Torrent of Pleasure: Make us fit to entertain thee, and then possess us with the holy fire of Meekness and peace; that all the World may know whose Disciples we are by seeing us love one another. O deliver us from the contrary fire, the fire of the false and evil Spirit, that scorches without warming, and smoaks without shining, and consumes without enlightning. Deliver us from Schism and Heresie, and every the least uncharitable Passion. Vouchsafe to give us the spirit of Fortitude, the spirit of Temperance, Justice and Prudence, the spirit of Wisdom, Understanding and Councel; the spirit of Knowledge, Piety, and the fear of thee; the spirit of Patience and Benignity; the spirit of Humility

mility, Sobriety and Chaſtity. And bring, we pray thee, the whole World into thy one Flock; that all may enjoy the ſame mind hereafter. Grant theſe things, O Lord, for the Merits of our only Mediatour, Jeſus Chriſt.

Glory be to, &c. *Amen.*

For the Evening.

MEDITATION I.

WE are not our own, but the Temples of the holy Ghoſt; let us dedicate our ſelves intirely, to his Service. Come, let us now again prepare our Hearts, and humbly offer this our evening Sacrifice. Who will give me this happy favour, that I may now find my God alone; that I may find him in the ſilence of retirement, where the noiſe of this World can no way interrupt us, but that my God may ſpeak to me, and I to him, as deareſt friends converſe together: That I may unfold before him all my wants, and frely ask the Charity of his Counſel. What ſhall I do, O gracious Lord, to be happy here? What ſhall

I do to be happy hereafter? Nature already has thus far taught me, that in all I undertake I seek mine own good: Only I have cause to fear I may mistake that good, and set up a vain Idol instead of thee; unless, my God, the Spirit of Truth vouchsafe to instruct me, and shew my Soul it's true Felicity. Hark, my Soul, how the eternal Wisdom gives thee Advice, and let every word sink deep into thee: Seek with thy first endeavours the Kingdom of Heaven, and all things else shall be added to thy wish. Love with thy whole Affections the enjoyment of thy God, and all things else shall conspire to thy Happiness: All these my lips confess are excellent Truths, but my Life, O God, is not so ready to confess them. I cannot perfectly overcome my Passions, nor guide them so as to tend steadily towards thee. Often do they draw me into sin, by setting me upon the pursuit of this World. While they are mine I cannot govern them; behold, dear Lord, I offer them to thee, to be subjected in all their Motions to thy Laws, and entirely employ'd in thy Service: That my fond heart may be wean'd from the follies of this World, and it's Appetites quicken'd to thy solid Joys: That I may hunger and thirst perpetually after thee, and those glorious Promises thou hast

haſt made to thy Servants: That my whole Soul may ſeek thee alone, ſince thou alone, O Lord, art all my Heaven. O glorious God, my Life, my Joy, and the only fit Center of all our Hopes; were my too unſteady Soul once firmly united to thee, and could I reliſh the true ſweetneſs of thy preſence, how would all other Company ſeem dull and tedious, and the whole World be even bitter to my taſte! How would my thoughts cleave faſt to thee, and gladly Seal this everlaſting Covenant: If thou, O Lord, wilt dwell with me, my Heart ſhall continually attend on thee. Night and Day will I ſing thy Praiſes, and all my life long adore thy Mercies.

MEDITATION II.

WHen, O my Soul, ſhall thy God find thee alone; free from thoſe buſie thoughts that fill thy head? O with what ready Charity would he then inſtruct thee, and let thee into his bleſſed Secrets! Himſelf would become thy familiar gueſt, and dwell with thee in perpetual joy. Strive then to clear thy ſelf of all other thoughts, that fill thee at beſt with nothing but emptineſs. Remember, thy God is a pure Spirit, and delights to dwell in a clean Tabernacle. He will not entertain a Soul that regards any Sin, nor ſtay where he finds

his Grace neglected. If he Vouchsafe the blessing of a Visit, and O how sweet and ravishing is his presence! let us open wide our bosoms to receive him, aud summon all our powers to entertain him. Say, Come my Understanding, and bring all thou knowest; all that enlightens thee in the way to Felicity. Come my Will, and call in all thy Loves, and contract them into one, and settle them here for ever. Come my Memory, but lay aside thy swarm of Notions, and forget them all but what concerns thy Eternity. Come my whole Soul, with these Faculties about thee, and prostrate adore the Eternal Spirit. Behold he now is nigh, and sits in the devout heart as on the Throne he delights in. In devout retirement and calm silence he will familiarly speak to us, and teach us what shall be for our good. Come then and with devoutest reverence attend, my Soul, to what now thy God will say: Let thy Understanding be ready to assent to his Truths; thy Will to follow his divine Inspirations: Thy Memory to treasure up his sacred Instructions, and all thy Powers to acknowledge his glorious Attributes. The blessed Spirit will not only visit but dwell in thee, if thou entertain and obey him as he justly requires. He will never forsake thee, unless thou chase him away,

but

but will guide and comfort thee with his holy Inſpirations. Reſolve then, that the Fleſh ſhall deceive thee no more, nor draw thee to diſoblige the Holy Spirit. If the Fleſh grow bold, and inſolently demand, How can you live without ſinful Liberties? Hear thou the Spirit, and he will tell thee, they are baſe Slaves that ſerve ſenſual Luſts, and the Service of God is the only true Freedom. If the Fleſh alledge, What joy is their in ſuffering Ills, or doing contrary to our own Inclinations? Harken to the Spirit, who will tell thee, the Croſs of Chriſt is ſweet, and nothing is ſo glorious as the conqueſt of our ſelves. If the Fleſh inſiſt, What do you ſee, or hear, or exerciſe any ſenſe in, but the things of this World? Regard the Spirit rather, who will enter his proteſt, and make every devout Soul ſubſcribe this Truth: I ſee the vanity of this World, and its vexations, and meet in every thing danger and falſehood. Say then, according to the dictates of the Spirit, Away Fleſh and Blood, with your fooliſh Inclinations; away deceitful World, with thy bewitching Vanities. You were only created to ſerve in the way to thy Father's houſe, and to ſet me down at my journey's end; Away with all your fond deluding dreams; be baniſh'd for ever from my awakened Soul.

MEDITATION III.

HAppy were we, O God, could we be ſtill thinking on thee, and could we raiſe our thoughts into deſires to be with thee. Happy were we, could we always feel thoſe fervours, of which ſometimes thou inſpir'ſt a little ſpark: If that ſpark were kindled into a Fire, and that Fire blown up in a continual Flame. But we, alaſs! are hot and cold by fits, and which is worſe, our cold fit is the longer. Some few half hours we ſpend in Prayer, and many whole days in Vanity and Idleneſs. Sometimes we beſtow a little on the poor, and often throw a great deal away on our Paſſions. Sometimes we deny and mortifie our ſelves, but far more often obey our ſenſual Appetites. Sometimes we follow thy Grace, and are drawn by it to do one good Work; but we are again ſeduc'd by our Nature to a thouſand Iniquities, and then we reſiſt and grieve the Holy Spirit. Thus we confeſs to thee, O Lord our God, who perfectly ſeeſt every corner of our hearts: Thus we confeſs to thee, not that thou mayſt know us, but that we may know our ſelves, and thou mayſt cure us: To thee, Lord, I may go on confeſſing, for many are the Graces I want, and none can give

give them but thy Bounty: Many are the ſins and miſeries thy poor Creature is expoſed to, and none can deliver me but thy Providence. Such an occaſion often endangers me, and ſuch a Temptation ſo often overcomes me: My own infirmities are too ſtrong for me, and my ill cuſtoms prevail againſt me: Every day I reſolve to amend, and every day I break my reſolutions: Often am I unhappily engag'd, and blindly running on in the ways of Death; and then I need thy Grace, O Lord, to check my deſperate ſpeed, and to make me ſtay, and look before me, to ſhew me the horrid down-fall into that bottomleſs Pit where impenitent ſinners are ſwallow'd up for ever: To ſtrike my too regardleſs Soul with fear and trembling at the dreadful ſight of ſo ſad a ruine. I need thy powerful Grace, O Lord, to turn my eyes from the allurements of ſin to a ſafer Proſpect: To make me ſenſibly Meditate on the Peace and Pleaſure, and great advantage of a Pious Life: To make me look ſteadily on this, and well conſider it, and beſides to look through and ſee beyond it: To make me delight in the hope it enjoys, a hope of Joys that are unconceivable and glorious: Joys which none, O Lord, but thou canſt give, and none but thou canſt make us capable to receive. O Lord, all our Springs are

are in thee, and all our Happineſs depends on thee: In thee our Sorrows have a Comforter to allay them, our Sins an Advocate to plead againſt them: In thee our Ignorances have a guide to direct them, and all our Frailties a God to relieve them. To thee therefore we will continually addreſs our ſelves, and rely only upon thy care and conduct: To thee we will with humble confidence direct our Petitions, who promiſeſt to help the Infirmity of our Prayers; we will not doubt the graciouſneſs or bounty of thy goodneſs, but hope thou wilt grant whatever thy Words give us leave to ask: And above all things we will ſeek thy ſelf, being aſſur'd that the Holy Spirit ſhall be given to them that ask him.

PETITIONS.

O God the Holy Spirit, proceeding from the Father and the Son, have mercy upon me, miſerable ſinner. O God of infinite compaſſion, and comforter of penitent minds, have mercy upon me, ſorrowful ſinner. I lament, O Lord, and beſeech thee to pardon my ſins paſt, and to prevent the repitition of my ſins and follies for the future. Cure me, O thou great Phyſician of Souls, cure me of all my ſinful diſtempers: Cure me of this anguiſh, intermitting

mitting Piety; and fix it in an even conſtant Holineſs. O make me uſe Religion as my regular diet, and not only as a ſingle Medicine in a preſſing neceſſity: So ſhall my Soul be poſſeſt of a ſound health, and diſpoſed for a long, even an everlaſting Life. Come to all thy Servants, O bleſſed Spirit of Faith, and govern our Lives with thy Holy Maxims; ſubdue our Senſe to the dictates of Reaſon, and perfect our Reaſon with the Myſteries of Religion. Teach us to love and fear what we ſee not now, but what we are ſure will be our Bliſs or Miſery hereafter. Shew us the narrow way which leads to Life, which few without thee can find or follow. Guide on thy Church in the middle path of Virtue; that we never decline to any vicious extream: Let not our Faith grow wild with ſuperfluous branches; nor be ſtript into a naked fruitleſs trunk: Let not our hope ſwell up to a raſh preſumption, nor ſhrink away into a faint deſpair: Let not our Charity be cool'd into a faint indifferency; nor heated into a furious Zeal: Give us, O gracious Lord, the free Beginner and Finiſher of all good actions, give us a right Spirit to guide our intentions, that we may conſtantly aim at our true end; give us a holy Spirit to ſanctifie our affections, that what we rightly deſign, we may piouſly purſue; give

give us an Heroick Spirit to confirm our Hearts, that what we piously endeavour we may couragiously atchieve: Grant these things, O Lord, for thine own Glory, to whom all Glory is due for ever.

Amen.

HYMN XXXVIII.

COme my vain thoughts, that wandring fly
At every Toy which passes by; (fly
Still spending so your Strength in vain
While what you wish, you ne'er can gain.

Come, my fond Soul, who sure must be
Quite tir'd with all this Life can see;
This Life, where little can be seen;
But reigning misery and sin.

And cheating Images of Good,
Most valu'd when least understood;
Which yet to our pursuits are coy,
As they prove vain when we enjoy.

Come, let the Wings of thy desire,
Fond Man, to nobler things aspire;
Implore the Spirit's kind Gales, and He
To nobler Things will carry thee.

Let warm Devotions, holy Fire,
And Love Divine thy Breast inspire;

So

So ſhalt thou Heaven's true pleaſures taſte,
And grow more fit for Heaven at laſt.

Seek thou no more abroad thy reſt,
Seek it at home in thine own Breaſt;
Let but thy Mind from Guilt be clear,
Then ſeek for all thy Comfort there.

With thy ſelf and thy gracious God,
Delight to make thy chief abode;
In him repoſe ſecure and free,
And no miſchance can trouble thee.

Should Death it ſelf thy Walls aſſail,
Still thou art ſafe and canſt not fail;
Still is thy Soul thine own, and ſhe
To a new Houſe remov'd ſhall be.

New, and Eternal there above,
All built and furniſht with pure Love;
There ſhall this dark mud-wall of thine
Repair'd, the brighteſt Stars out-ſhine.

Great Spirit of Love, and Source of Peace,
Our Praiſe of thee ſhall never ceaſe;
To Thee, the Father and the Son,
Eternal Homage ſhall be done.

Amen.

FOR

FOR THE

FEASTS

OF THE

SAINTS

For the Morning.

MEDITATION I.

GReat is the Majesty of the King we serve, and rich the Splendor of his Courts; where the humble Saints all shine as the Light, and rejoice in uninterrupted Felicity: Come, let us that call our selves by his Name, humbly adore the King of Saints; let us meet in Peace and Love, which are highly pleasing to him, and join our Hearts and Voices into one glad Song: And which of his wondrous Works shall we make our Theam? Which shall

ſhall be the worthy ſubject of our Contemplation and Praiſe? Shall we admire the mighty conquerors of this World? Or any of the Great ones whom the World applauds? Shall we admire the Men of deep or univerſal Learning? Or thoſe that manage all their worldly Affairs with a dexterous and ſucceſsful Wiſdom? Oh no, there are greater things than theſe to employ our Admiration; thoſe bleſſed Spirits who bravely overcame themſelves, and that led in triumph their own Paſſions; thoſe who renounc'd the greatneſs of this World to be rid of its incumbrances, and that they might with more eaſe and ſpeed prepare themſelves for a better: Thoſe who learned Jeſus Chriſt ſo as to imitate him well, and were ſo wiſe as to work out their Salvation; thoſe who from mean and poor on Earth, from reproach'd and deſpis'd, are advanced to the bright Courtiers in the Kingdom of Heaven, and honour'd by the King of Saints. Rejoice thou, my Soul, who feeleſt theſe miſeries here, and often complaineſt of the dangers of this Life: Rejoice at their glad delivery from all theſe ſorrows, and heartily congratulate their ſecure Felicity: Rejoice, and with thy beſt inſtructed thoughts admire the exquiſite Wiſdom of the divine Providence; who from ſuch low beginnings can raiſe ſo great

great effects, making every ſtep thruſt connaturally on the next. Behold a little Seed that is buried in the Earth, ſhoot gently out its tender leaves, and nouriſht on with the Clouds and Sun, climb up by degrees into a tall Stalk; there it diſplays its full blown hope, and crowns its own Head with a ſilver Lilly. Such is the Progreſs of immortal Souls, even thoſe who ſhine now among the higheſt Seraphims: At firſt ſhut up in their Mothers Womb, where they lie confin'd cloſe Priſoners in the dark; thence they come forth to ſee and hear, and ſlowly begin to walk and ſpeak; next they advance to underſtand and diſcourſe, then learn to fly with the Wings of Grace, till they get up even beyond themſelves, and believe above their own nature; at laſt the kindly Hand of Death gives them a ſtroak, and they inſtantly become like the glorious Angels: Inſtantly their dark and narrow Knowledge unfolds it ſelf, and ſpreads into a clear and ſpacious view; where they at once ſhall ſee the Glories of Heaven, at once poſſeſs, and for ever enjoy them. Thus from the humble Seed of Grace, con-naturally ſpring the flowers of Glory, and from this Life's green ſtem of Hope, grow juſt on the top the Lilies of Paradiſe: Lilies that never fade, but ſtill ſhine on, and fill the Heavens with beau-

beauteous ſweetneſs: Lilies, that even *Solomon* in all his Glory was not array'd like one of theſe. Sing then, my Soul, his Praiſe, who planted, water'd and encreas'd, theſe beauteous Flowers: But ſtill among thy Hymns thou muſt mingle Reſolves, to imitate whatſoever thou findeſt good in their Lives. This is the Praiſe moſt delightful to him, whoſe kindneſs deſires the Converſion of a Sinner. Learn but of them to be humble and Meek, and ſubmit all thy Wiſhes to the Will of Heaven; to govern thy Senſes by the Rule of Reaſon, and thy Reaſon by the dictates of Religion; to deſign thy whole Life in order to thy End, and eſtabliſh for thy end the Bliſs of Eternity. Theſe holy Leſſons let thy Life tranſcribe, and then the King will accept thy Praiſes.

HYMN XXXIX.

WAke all my Hopes, lift up your Eyes,
And crown your Heads with Mirth;
See how they ſhine beyond the Skies,
Who once dwelt on our Earth.

Peace, buſie thoughts, away vain cares,
That clog us here below;
Let us go up above the Spheres,
And with thoſe Orders bow.

Bow

Bow low to Heaven's Eternal King,
Whoſe bounteous goodneſs 'tis,
That makes the happy Orders ſing,
And fills the place with Bliſs.

With glorious Angels, Heirs of Light,
The high-born Sons of Fire;
Whoſe Heats burn chaſt, whoſe Flames ſhine bright,
All Joy, yet all Deſire.

With Holy Saints, who long in hope
On this Life's green Stem ſate;
But gain'd at length the beauteous top
Of Heaven's reſplendent State.

With great Apoſtles of the Lamb,
Who brought that early ray,
Which from our Sun reflected came,
And made our firſt fair day.

With generous Martyrs, whoſe ſtrong hearts
Bravely rejoic'd to prove,
How weak, pale Death, are all thy darts,
Compar'd to thoſe of Love.

With ſtedfaſt Confeſſors who dy'd
A Death too, Love did give;
Whilſt their own Fleſh they crucifi'd
To make the Spirit live.

With beauteous Virgins, thoſe chaſt Vows
Renounc'd all fond deſires;
Who wiſely choſe our Lord their Spouſe,
And burnt with his pure fires.

With all the happy Spirits above,
Who make that glorious Ring
About the ſparkling Throne of Love,
And there for ever ſing.

To ſome low place of that bright Quire,
While loftier Notes they raiſe,
Let this thy little Wreath aſpire,
And join their Crowns of Praiſe.

All Glory to the Sacred Three,
One ever-living Lord;
As at the firſt, ſtill may he be
Belov'd, Obey'd, Ador'd. *Amen.*

MEDITATION II.

THou art our King too, O bleſſed Jeſu; and we, alaſs, thy unprofitable Subjects: We cannot praiſe thee like thoſe thine own bright Quires above, yet will humbly offer our little Tribute; and while with thy preſent goodneſs to us, we conſider thy great bounty to them; the glorious hopes which we from thence conceive, give our Praiſes the more ſpritely accents:

O praiſe our Lord, we are conſtrain'd to ſay, all the powers of our Souls; praiſe the immortal King of Saints and Angels; Praiſe him as the Author of all their Graces; praiſe him as the Finiſher of all their Glories: Praiſe him for the mighty Hoſts of Angels; whom he ſets about us for the guard of our Lives; that they may ſafely keep us in all our ways, and conduct our Souls at laſt to their eternal home. Praiſe him for the conſecrated Company of Apoſtles, to whom he reveal'd the Myſteries of his Kingdom; that they might teach us too thoſe heavenly Truths, and ſhew us the ſame bleſt way to Felicity: Praiſe him for the generous fortitude of Martyrs, whom he ſtrengthened with Courage to reſiſt even to death; that we might learn of them to hold faſt our Faith, and rather loſe this Life than hazard the other: Praiſe him for the eminent Sanctity of Confeſſors; whoſe whole deſign was a courſe of Heroick Vertue: That we might raiſe our Minds from our uſual lazy flight; and with a quick and active Wing mount up toward Heaven. Praiſe him for the Angelical Purity of thoſe Virgins, whoſe Hearts he ſo enflam'd with his Divine Charity, that they would admit no ſuch Deſires as would bring upon them other cares beſides thoſe of pleaſing himſelf alone:

alone: And pray him to poſſeſs thee too with ſuch a fervent love to him the Spouſe of Souls, as may make thee regard with great indifferency even the beſt of this World's Goods. Praiſe him for the excellent holineſs of all his Saints: whoſe lives he has moulded into ſo various ſhapes, that every ſort of ours might be readily furniſht with a pattern cut out and fitted for it ſelf. O praiſe our Lord, all you powers of my Soul! Praiſe the immortal King of Saints and Angels: Praiſe every Perſon of the ſacred Diety; for every Perſon has concurr'd in theſe glorious works; ſay, Bleſſed for ever be the Eternal Father, who has fixt his Angels in ſo high a Happineſs: Triumph, bright Angels on your radiant Thrones, and ſhine continually in the preſence of your God: Bleſſed for ever be the Eternal Son, whoſe love has exalted weeds of Earth to be flowers of Paradiſe. There as they ſhall Eternally grow and ſhine, their luſtre ſhall always redound to his Glory: Bleſſed for ever be the Eternal Spirit, whoſe Grace prepares the Saints for Glory; where every happy Saint rejoices in his own felicity, and every one in the felicity of all. Bleſſed for ever be the undivided Trinity, whoſe ſight alone is the Heaven of Heavens: O ſing his Praiſe all you the Citizens of Heaven, ſing all together your everlaſting Hymns.

MEDI-

MEDITATION III.

WHO are we, born here below in the Duſt, and ſtill kept down with the thoughts of this World? Lord, who are we, that our polluted hands dare offer to thee the Incenſe of Praiſe? We who ſo often diſobey thy Commands, and ſo ſeldom lament for our many Follies? Yet is Praiſe from us thy undoubted due, and we cannot neglect it without omitting our duty: But becauſe our Praiſes alone are too low to reach the deſerts of thy wondrous nature, and perfect Works; we will in our hearty Wiſhes call upon thoſe to do it who are better able to praiſe thee: O praiſe our Lord, you pure unblemiſht Angels; praiſe him, ye mighty ever-active Flames: Praiſe our Lord all you the Spirits of juſt Men made perfect; now you are free from the heavy clogs of mortal Bodies: And thus they do: Look up, my Soul, and ſee the innumerable multitude of triumphing Spirits: See how they ſtand all cloath'd in white robes, with palms in their hands, and with golden Crowns on their Heads; Behold the glorious Angels fall down before the Throne; and proſtrate adore him that lives for ever. Behold the bleſſed Saints lay their Crowns at his Feet, and

on

on their Faces adore him that lives for ever. Hark how they fill that ſpacious Temple with their Hymns, while night and day they continually ſing, *Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, who was, and is, and is to come*; Hallelujah; *Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hoſts*; Heaven and *Earth are full of thy Glory*; Hallelujah! Glorious art thou in creating all things; glorious in preſerving them in every moment of their being: Glorious in governing them their ſeveral ways; glorious in appointing them their proper ends: Glorious in rewarding thy Servants above their hopes; glorious in puniſhing Sinners below their Demerits: Glorious art thou, O Lord, in all thy Works; but infinitely more in thine own ſelf bleſſed Eſſence. Thus they rejoice above, thus they Triumph; and may their Joy and Triumph laſt for ever: While we who live below may, as faithful Echoes to their Praiſes, repeat every Day theſe few ſhort Ends of their Seraphick Hymns, *Salvation to our God that ſits on the Throne*; *and the Lamb*, that redeem'd us with his Blood; Hallelujah! *Bleſſing, Honour, Glory and Power be to him that ſits on the Throne, and to the Lamb, for ever and ever.* Hallelujah

PETITIONS.

O Moſt glorious and gracious God, we are all ſo beholden to thy abundant Goodneſs, that we owe thee the utmoſt Praiſes our Hearts and Lives can render; O do thou excite us to endeavour, and aſſiſt us to ſucceed in the diſcharge of this mighty Debt. Open our Lips that our Mouths may ſhew forth thy Praiſe, beſtow upon us every divine Grace that our Lives may ſhew forth the Vertues of him that has called us from the dark to his glorious Kingdom: Make us inure our ſelves by degrees to thankful acknowledgments, and Praiſes in this place of our baniſhment; that we may at length be fit to ſing the lofty Songs of the celeſtial *Zion*: O let us ſee thy goodneſs ſtill preparing us for the bleſſedneſs of Heaven; ſanctifying every condition to the promoting our growth in Grace; which as it will raiſe our hopes of the future Glory, will proportionably raiſe our Praiſes. O let thy love, dear Lord, at length be pleaſed to take us to the fellowſhip of thoſe Joys and Glories, which ſo raiſe the thankful Praiſes of the happy Spirits above: Bring us to that perfect ſtate where no defect ſhall weaken us; to that happy place where nothing ſhall divert us from ſeeing, enjoying, loving, and praiſing

ſing thee for ever. Grant, O moſt merciful Saviour, that as thy bleſſed Saints do without ceaſing pray for thy Church below, we may be ready devoutly to praiſe thee for them: And help us, Lord, ſo to commemorate thoſe excellent Graces and good works by which they adorn'd our holy profeſſion, as to be exited thereby, and directed to practiſe the ſame, till we all meet before thy glorious Throne, with one Heart and Conſent to adore thee the kind Saviour of us all; who with the Father and the Spirit art one God bleſſed for ever.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghoſt;
As it was in the Beginning, is now, and ever ſhall be, World without end.

For the Evening.

MEDITATION I.

ALL Things do live to thee, O Lord! thou ſole preſerver of univerſal nature; the bleſſed Saints rejoice in thy glory, and our imperfect Souls are here ſuſtain'd in hope: We know that thou wilt bring us to the Grave, which is the Houſe

appointed for all the Living: And from thence thou wilt raiſe us again to an univerſal Judgment, and then diſpoſe of us to our Eternal Portion: O happy they whom our Lord ſhall honour on that day of his ſolemn Triumph! and riſing from his ſeat of Judgment, go glorioufly before them, and with theſe ſweet and gracious words invite them to follow him: *Come you bleſſed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the Foundation of the World.* The reward of our labours I will give you, I my ſelf will be your rewarder: You have firmly believ'd, you have readily obey'd, you have conſtantly ſuffer'd; Come *enter* now *into your Maſter's joy.* They that are careful, my Soul, to die the death of the righteous, will with them be thus careſs'd at the day of Judgment: Now thou haſt paſs'd another day, another ſtep towards thy long home: thou haſt ſeen the Sun a few hours more, and this day is gone and loſt in its own night: But haſt thou loſt it too, and made no uſe of it while it ſhin'd! then let the dew of the penitent tears for ſhame lament its departure. Thou art nearer thy death, but no more prepar'd for it, if thou haſt made no advance towards perfection. Examine thy ſelf to know the truth, and ask thy ſelf theſe needful Queſtions: Am I grown devout

vout as the Saints of God were? Am I chaſte, temperate, and reſign'd as they, yet? Do I deſpiſe now the World with a Zeal like theirs, and value Heaven at the ſame high rate with them? Would I give all I have juſt now to be there? And part with Life it ſelf juſt now to go thither? Has the conſideration of their Bliſsful reward brought me to a full reſolution to aim at the higheſt imitation of them? At leaſt have I learnt to humble my ſelf, and check the vanity of my Proud conceits? To mourn and bluſh at my own many Infirmities, when I conſider their excellent Lives and Vertues? If thou canſt not equal, my Soul, ſuch glorious patterns, yet let it be thy hearts deſire to do it; and what they really did, do thou really wiſh to do.

MEDITATION II.

LET us humble our ſelves we that are yet in this low State, but not grow faint at the ſight of others ſo far before us. Rather let us quicken our ſloth by conſidering their ſwift pace; and encourage our fears with their happy ſucceſs. We who profeſs the Religion of all theſe Saints, who liv'd and dy'd Members of the ſame Church with us: We who partake of the ſame holy Sacraments, and eat the ſame celeſtial Food; who may partake of the ſame ho-

ly and powerful Spirit, if we diligently ſeek, and readily receive him. Why ſhould we fear, but that one Day we may ſhine above and rejoice together with the glorified Saints? Are we not all redeem'd by the ſame rich Price, and the ſame eternal Crowns propos'd to us all? Are we not bred in the ſame Apoſtolick Faith, and taught of God by his appointed Miniſters? The Leſſons, I ſee, and Teacher are the ſame, but the Hand is dull, and the Inſtrument out of tune: They liv'd in a dangerous World, like this; and were ty'd to Bodies frail as ours. But by a conſtant vigilance they overcame the World, and ſubdu'd thoſe Bodies to the ſervice of their Minds; then overcame with a joyful Heart; and we thus congratulate the Triumph of their Victories: They overcame, but not by their own ſtrong Hand, and now they triumph, but 'tis by the bounty of their God. Chear then thy ſelf, my Soul, and raiſe thy Head, and open thy boſom to the hopes of Heaven: Fear not, our God has a Bleſſing too for us, if we have a Love and Obedience for him: If we delight in the ways of Piety, and diligently attend the Offices of Devotion: If we refrain from the liberties of the World, and curb the looſe Suggeſtions of the Fleſh: If we can look on Gold and Honour, and their

flaming

flaming Beams not dazzle our Eyes; If we perform with them the part of faithful Servants, we ſhall ſurely with them have the Portion of Children.

MEDITATION III.

PRecious in thy ſight, O Lord, is the death of thy Saints, which finiſhes thy greateſt Work, the perfecting of Souls; whom thou eſteemeſt as the Jewels of Heaven, and choicely gathereſt into thine own Treaſury. Precious to themſelves, O Lord, is the death of thy Saints; which takes off the dusky cover that hides their brightneſs, which ſhades and poliſhes them to a beauteous luſtre, and ſets them as Stars round about their Throne. Precious, O Lord, to us is the death of thy Saints, from whence we are furniſht with ſuch means of Vertue. Some teach us courage to encounter dangers, and not for fear make ſhipwrack of our *Conſcience*. Others by their Example inſtruct us to converſe with meekneſs, and patiently bear neglects and injuries. From ſome we may learn how to uſe this World wiſely, and make it ſerve us in our way to the next. From others we may learn how more generouſly to deſpiſe it, and paſs our days in Peace and Prayer: By all, with thy bleſſing, we may learn this beſt of arts,

to live and die like Saints; and do this in the best of methods, thy glorious Example. O gracious Lord, whose Love still looks about, and searches every way to save us Sinners! who camest thy self, bright Sun of Glory, to enlighten our darkness, and warm our frozen Hearts: Who with thy fruitful Beams still kindlest others, to burn as Tapers in thy Church's hand; and by their near proportionate distance, stand fit to shine into every corner of our Lives: We will ever bless thy Name for all these Mercies, and take care to pass by not one with Ingratitude: We will not consider in vain the crown at the Race's end, and sit down lazily in the shades of ease; nor keep in vain the memory of thy Saints, without endeavouring to imitate them, which would be to the reproach of our unprofitable Lives. We will strain all our Powers, and pursue to the Mark for the glorious Prize that is set before us: Still with our utmost speed we will follow them, whose Travel ended in so sweet a rest.

PETITIONS.

O God of infinite, adorable Goodness, who after thy faithful Servants had spent their day of Life in a course of stea-

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dy and laborious Piety and Vertue, did'ſt graciouſly cloſe their Evening with a comfortable Death, and give them inſtead of this an eternal day of Glory: O grant to us below, we beſeech thee, ſo to imitate thy Saints in the wiſe beſtowing our allotted time on our Earth, that we may follow them in their happy paſſage out of this World, and be admitted with them to thy everlaſting Glories in the other. When our Life's laſt day, O Lord, begins to fall, and bids us haſten to prepare for Night; then ſend thy willing Angels to watch about us, and ſuffer not the Enemy to diſturb our paſſage: Send them to receive in Peace our departing Souls, and to bear them ſafely to thy preſence. Then, O thou dear Redeemer of the World, and Sovereign King of Life and Death! thou who deſpiſeſt not the Tears of the Penitent, nor turneſt away from the ſighs of the Afflicted: Thou who preſerveſt all that rely on thee, and fulfilleſt their deſires that long to be with thee: Do thou hear our Cries, and pardon our Sins; and graciouſly deliver us from all our Fears. Call us to thy ſelf with thine own bleſt Voice; Call us, O deareſt Jeſu, in thine own ſweet Words. Say, *Come, ye bleſſed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the World!*

Then will our happy Souls immediately obey, and go forth with gladneſs to meet their Lord and Love; to live with him, and behold his Glory, and partake of his Happineſs, and ſing his Praiſe. Theſe Things, O Lord, we humbly expect from the merit of thy humble Death, and the power of thy glorious Exaltation. O Lamb of God that takeſt away the ſins of the World, have Mercy upon us; have Mercy upon us, and grant us thy eternal Peace. *Amen.*

HYMN XL.

TOO haſty Night forbear; our Praiſe,
And our yet young beginning Hope,
Set to encreaſe on theſe bleſt Days,
So faint, and dull, requires more ſcope.

Night will not hear, but ſullen flies,
And ſummons all the World to ſleep;
Commands us cloſe our Books and Eyes,
What we have gain'd content to keep.

O happy Saints! this broken rate
Bids our faint flowneſs ply its wings;
While your unwearied active ſtate
Does always wake, and always ſings.

Yet ev'n our ſtate your School too was,
And thoſe your now unweari'd Laies
By ſuch a change of ſing and pauſe,
Here among us you learn'd to raiſe.

Here you, thus often too, took breath,
And yet have clim'd thoſe hills of Light:
O may your good ſucceſs bequeath
A hope to reach that glorious height.

Though now our Notes be ſhort and few,
Our reſts too frequent are, and long;
If we but keep in tune with you,
We ſhall at laſt ſing your glad Song.

If with our utmoſt humble Powers
We here our daily Prayers attend;
Theſe poor Devotions ſhall, like yours,
There in a nightleſs fervour end.

Glory, O Lord, to thee alone
Be here below, as there above;
O may the Joys, Great Three in One!
Ever attract and crown our Love.

Amen.

PRAYERS

Prayers Before, At, and After the Holy Communion.

By Dr. E. Lake.

At thy Entrance into the Lords Houſe before the Service of the Church begins.

FOrgive me my Sins, O Lord; forgive me the Sins of my Age, and the Sins of my Youth; the Sins of my Soul, and the Sins of my Body; my Secret, and my Whiſpering Sins; my preſumptuous, and my Crying Sins; the Sins that I have done to pleaſe my ſelf, and the Sins that I have done to pleaſe others; forgive me my Wanton and Idle Sins; forgive me my Serious and Deliberate Sins; forgive thoſe Sins which I know, and thoſe Sins which I know not; the Sins which I have labour'd ſo long to hide from others, that now I have even hid them from my own memory; forgive me them, O Lord, forgive them all; of thy great mercy let me be abſolved from all my Offences; and of thy bountiful Goodneſs, let me be delivered from the bands of thoſe Sins, which by my frailty I have Committed,

that

that the Prayers and Services that I offer in thy Houſe this day, and ever, may be an acceptable Sacrifice unto thee, through the Merits and Mediation of my bleſſed Lord and Saviour Jeſus Chriſt, *Amen.*

At thy approach to the Holy Table, ſay,

O Saviour of the World, ſave me! who by thy Croſs and Paſſion, haſt Redeem'd me! Help me, and Save me, I beſeech thee, O God. *Amen.*

To the King Eternal, Immortal, Inviſible, and Only Wiſe God, who is the ever Bleſſed and Adorable Trinity, be all Honour and Glory, now and for ever. *Amen.*

Then Kneel down and pray for Devotion.

MOſt Great God, who haſt not only permitted, but invited us needy and miſereable Creatures, to preſent our Petitions to thee: Oh let me ſet a true value on this moſt Ineſtimable Priviledge. I come unto thee, O Lord, as a Worm to my Sovereign-maker: I come as a heinous offender to a juſt and Severe Judge: Let, I pray thee, my Addreſſes be with *Reverence*, ſome way anſwerable to thy *Awful Majeſty*; give me an hearty deſire to pray, and ſuch a pure intention, and fixedneſs of Mind upon thee, that I may

no more Incur the guilt of drawing nigh thee with my Lips, when my Heart is far from thee; but may ſo *Ask* that I may *Receive*; *ſeek* that I may *find*; *knock* that it may be *Opened* unto me, that ſo from praying to thee here, I may be tranſlated to the praiſing thee Eternally in thy Glory hereafter, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. *Amen.*

Whilſt others are coming up, and the Prieſt preparing to Read the Sentences, Pray.

ALmighty God, who haſt of thine infinite Mercies vouchſafed to ordain this *Sacrament*, for a perpetual memory of that *Bleſſed Sacrifice*, which once thou madeſt for us upon the *Croſs*; grant me with ſuch Diligent Remembrance, and ſuch due Reverence to participate of this *Holy and Wonderful Myſtery*, that I may be made Worthy by thy Grace, to obtain the Vertue and Fruits of it, with all the benefits of thy *Precious Death and Paſſion*; even the Remiſſion of all my Sins, and the fullneſs of all thy Graces, which I beg for thy only Merits, who art my only Saviour, God from everlaſting, and World without end, *Amen.*

Be pleaſed, O God, to accept this our Bounden Duty and Service; and Command that the Prayers and Supplications, together

together with the Remembrance of Chriſts Paſſion, which we now offer up unto thee, may by the Miniſtry of the Holy Angels, be brought up into thy Heavenly Tabernacle; and that thou not weighing our Merits, but looking upon the bleſſed Sacrifice of our Saviour, which was once fully and perfectly made for us all, maiſt pardon our Offences, and repleniſh us with thy Grace and Heavenly Benediction, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. *Amen.*

Whilſt upon your Knees, caſt in your Offering, ſtop, and ſay,

BLeſſed Jeſu, who didſt accept the poor Widows Two Mites; be pleaſed graciouſly to accept this from thy unworthy Servant. *Amen.*

Whilſt the Prieſt, and others, are Communicating, ſay,

GRant me, Gracious Lord, ſo to Eat the Fleſh of thy Son, and to drink his Blood, that my Sinful body may be made clean *by his Body*, and my Soul waſh'd through his moſt *Precious Blood*, *Amen.*

O Lord, I am not worthy, nor fit that thou ſhouldſt come under the filthy Roof of the Houſe of my Soul, becauſe it is wholly Deſolate and Ruinous; neither haſt

haſt thou with me a fit place *where to lay thy Head*: But as thou didſt vouchſafe to be laid in a Stable and Manger of *Unreaſonable Beaſts*; as thou didſt not diſdain to be entertain'd even in the Houſe of *Simon* the *Leper*; as thou didſt not reject the *Harlot*, a Sinner like unto me, coming unto thee, and touching thee; as thou didſt not abhor her *Profane* Mouth, nor yet the *Thief* on the *Croſs*, confeſſing thee: Even ſo vouchſafe to admit me alſo, an Over-worn, Miſerable, and out of Meaſure Sinful Creature, to the receiving and Communicating of the moſt Pure, Quickening, and *Saving Myſteries* of thy moſt holy Body, and precious Blood. *Amen.*

O Lord God, how I receive the Body and Blood of my moſt Bleſſed Saviour Jeſus Chriſt, the Price of my Redemption, is the very wonder of my Soul! yet I am ſatisfied by my moſt firm and conſtant belief of the Words of my Saviour, as at this time, they are graciouſly tender'd to me and my *Faith*: Lord, make me a Worthy Receiver, and partaker of all the Benefits of this Bleſſed Sacrament. *Amen.*

Upon the Approach of the Prieſt, with the Conſecrated Bread, ſay,

THou, O Bleſſed Jeſu, haſt ſaid, *He that Eateth thy Fleſh, and drinketh thy Blood, hath Eternal Life.* Behold the

Servant

Servant of the Lord, be it unto me according to thy Word.

When the Priest offers thee the Holy Bread, say,

The Body of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was given for me, preserve my Body, and Soul, unto Eternal Life. *Amen.*

Whilst you Eat it, say,

By thy Crucified Body, deliver me from the Body of Death.

After Receiving, say,

By thine Agony and Bloody Sweat, by thy Cross and Passion, good Lord deliver me. I have Sworn, and am steadfastly purposed to keep thy Righteous Judgments. O hold thou up my goings in thy Paths, that my foot-steps slip not.

Upon the Approach of the Priest with the Consecrated Cup, say,

WHat Reward shall I give unto the Lord, for all the Benefits that he hath done unto me? I will take the Cup of Salvation, and call upon the Name of the Lord. And now with the great Devotion of my Soul, I receive this *Cup of Blessing*, humbly praying, that the Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was shed for me, may preserve my Body and Soul unto everlasting Life. *Amen.*

After you have Received it.

O my God, thou art true and Holy! O my Soul, thou art bleſſed and happy! O the depth of the Wiſdom and Knowledge of God! how incomprehenſible are his Judgments, and his ways paſt finding out? Praiſe the Lord, O my Soul, and all that is within me, praiſe his Holy Name; who ſaveth my Life from Deſtruction, and feedeth me with the Bread of Heaven. Glory be to God on High, on Earth, Peace, and good Will towards Men. I Worſhip thee, O Lord, and Magnify thy Name for ever, who haſt vouchſafed to fill my Soul with goodneſs, and to feed me with *the Heavenly Miſteries of Chriſts Sacred Body and Blood*; humbly beſeeching thee, that from henceforth I may walk in good Works, and ſerve thee in Holineſs and pureneſs of living, to the Honour of thy Name. *Amen.*

Moſt Bleſſed Redemer, I do truly believe, That thy Body was Crucified, and thy Blood was ſhed out of thy Body, as verily as I have received this Bread, and this Wine, ſet a part from the Bread; and that for the Remiſſion of my Sins, as well as any others: And I do alſo believe, that with this Bread, and Wine, I have really and ſpiritually received thy Precious Body and Blood, whereby my Sins are fully waſh'd

wash'd away, and my Soul purified and Refresh'd: This, O Lord I believe, help thou my Unbelief. *Amen.*

Almighty God, the Fountain of all Goodness, from whom *Every Good, and Perfect Gift proceedeth*; and to whom all *Glory and Honour should be returned*; I do desire most heartily to thank thee, for that thou hast vouchsafed to feed me, who have now received these *Holy Mysteries*, with the Spiritual food of the most precious Body and Blood of thy Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ, and dost assure me thereby of thy favour and goodness toward me, and that I am a very Member incorporate of the *Mystical Body* of thy Son, which is the blessed company of all faithful people, and am also an *Heir through Hope* of thine everlasting Kingdom, by the Merits of the most precious Death and Passion of thy Dear Son. O the *Height* and *Depth* of that unspeakable Mercy of thine, who art pleas'd to admit me a sinful Wretch, to have any part in those inestimable benefits, which I have so often despised and trampled under Foot! I am not worthy, O Lord, of that *Daily Bread*, which sustaines the Body, but thou hast made me partaker of that *Living Bread* which came down from *Heaven*, which nourisheth the *Soul*, and

and of which whoſoever eateth ſhall live for ever. O grant that my Soul may reliſh this *Divine Food* with Spiritual Raviſhments and Love, great as the Flame of *Cherubims*; and grant that what thou haſt given me for the Remiſſion of my Sins, may not by any fault become the increaſe of them, that this Holy Communion prove not unto me, unto Judgment and Condemnation, but may ſupport and preſerve me in every Temptation; Rejoice and Quiet me in every Trouble; Enlighten and Strengthen me in every *Good* Work; Comfort and defend me in the Hour of my *Death*, againſt all oppoſitions of the Spirits of Darkneſs, and further me in the attainment of everlaſting Salvation, through Jeſus Chriſt. *Amen.*

When you are come home, make uſe of theſe Prayers that follow.

MOſt Holy God, who art of *Purer Eyes* than to behold Iniquity, grant, I pray thee, that no unclean thing may be in me, who have now received *Thee* into my *Heart* and *Soul*; but let the blood of Chriſt, who through the *Eternal Spirit* offer'd himſelf without Spot to thee, purge my Conſcience from *Dead works*, to ſerve thee the Living God: Give

Give me Grace, That from henceforth I put off concerning my former converſation the old Man, which is corrupt according to the Deceitful Luſts, and be Renewed in the Spirit of my mind; and that I put on the *New Man*, which after thee is created in Righteouſneſs and true Holineſs; to which purpoſe be pleaſed to watch over me for Good, to keep me both outwardly in my Body, and Inwardly in my Soul. O God thou ſeeſt that I have no power of my ſelf, to help my ſelf; thou knoweſt me alſo to be ſet in the midſt of ſo many and great Dangers, that by reaſon of the *Frailty of my Nature*, I cannot always ſtand *Upright*; grant to me ſuch ſtrength and Protection, as may ſupport me in all Dangers, and carry me through all Temptations, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. *Amen.*

O thou, with whom is no Variableneſs nor ſhadow of Turning, let thy Holy Spirit direct me in all things, let thy Grace always prevent and follow me, and preſerve me againſt all aſſaults of my Spiritual Enemies, eſpecially of my own *Treacherous Heart*, which is deceitful above all things, Wicked, Deſperately Wicked, O Lord, thou knoweſt it: How often hath it betray'd me to the Breach of thy Holy Laws, to the Violation of all

thoſe Vows and Promiſes, which I have made to thee? How often have I turn'd my back in the Day of *Battle*? O let me no more thus ſtart aſide *like a Broken Bow*, but be ſtedfaſt, Unmovable, always abounding in the Work of the Lord, *Reſiſting* the Devil, that he may flee from me, Subduing my fleſh, and bringing it into Subjection: Crucifying and overcoming the World. And therefore let thoſe Solemn Vows, which I have now made to forſake my Sins, *Never* depart from my mind; but let the Remembrance of them excite me to fight Manfully under thy Banner, and continue thy Faithful Servant and Soldier, unto my Lives end. *Amen.*

O Lord, I do here humbly preſent unto thee, my *Soul* and *Body*, to be a *Living Holy* and a *Reaſonable* Sacrifice unto thee; I beſeech thee Sanctify my Body, that from a Polluted Dunghil, it may become the *Temple of God*, Sanctify my Soul, and Receive it for thy *Dwelling-place*, the Seat of thy Spirit, and the Houſe of Prayer, and Holy Meditation; Sanctify me throughout, that both my Body and Soul and Spirit, may be preſerved blameleſs unto the coming of the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, to whom with thee, O Father, and the Holy Ghoſt, be all Honour

Honour and Glory, World without end. *Amen.*

Thus have you cloſen your Communion Devotions, it only remains that you remember, what a great buſineſs lies upon your hands, in performing thoſe promiſes that you made to God, which Duty, if you diſcharge as you ought, they will be your Refuge againſt all Temptations to your Old Sins, when ever they aſſault you; but if you neglect theſe good Offices, you will incur the Guilt of breaking that Vow, which you Sealed in your Saviour's Blood; which will one Day be a Witneſs againſt you, if a timely caution does not prevent it, which God grant.

To your Evening Prayer that Sunday Night you Receive, Subjoin this Collect.

O Bleſſed Jeſus, who haſt this Day made me a partaker of thy bleſſed Body, and Blood, thy *Mercy* hath given it, and my *Faith* hath received it into my Soul: O let me ever feel the happy Vertue and Effects of it; put thy *Fear* into my Heart, to keep thoſe Vows and Promiſes, which I have on this *Solemnity* rendred unto thee in my Mind, that I may not Sin againſt thee; Enrich me with

with all those Graces, which come from this Precious Body, and Blood, and hereafter, bring me to thine Everlasting Glory, for thy Merits, and Mercy sake. *Amen.*

God the Father bless me! God the Son Defend me! God the Holy Ghost Preserve me! God the Holy Trinity be with me, now, and for evermore. *Amen.*

FINIS.